

A MASTER-BUILDER
ON THE NILE



RENA L. HOGG

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To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.
And the High Soul climbs the High way,
And the Low Soul gropes the low,
And in between on misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low.
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham.

David Reed Miller.



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Yours Sincerely
John Hogg

A MASTER-BUILDER ON THE NILE

BEING A RECORD OF THE LIFE
AND AIMS OF JOHN HOGG, D.D.

Christian Missionary

BY

RENA L. HOGG

Of the American (United Presbyterian) Mission in Egypt

PITTSBURGH, PA.
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To My Mother

IN MEMORY OF THE LABOURS
AND SACRIFICES OF HER PAST
WHICH SHE HOLDS SO CHEAP
AND OTHERS HOLD SO DEAR

3093835



I believe the Millennium
is now (or has been always) within the reach
of the evangelistic labors of one generation
of Christians who have learned like Paul
to live "not to themselves but to Him who died
for them & rose again". I believe also that
this will be accomplished only when pastors
learn that their duty is not only to feed
the flock, but to see to it that each member
is put to his proper work & kept at it.

(See page 236.)



PREFACE

IT is the generous custom in the world of books to allow a writer one last word that none are bound to read. What woman could refuse the privilege?

Like the apostle Paul, this biography is "as one born out of due time"; and this fact, while branding it as a rash venture to a reluctant publisher, has brought to the more reluctant writer both stimulus and strength. For why should her comrades in Egypt have asked her to unearth its buried history did it not contain enduring interest and a special message for to-day?

I want to thank my fellow-missionaries, as I lay down my pen, for the labour they have assigned me. I thank them for two years of intimate companionship with one who was too soon taken from me, and who, as I have worked, has been teaching me lessons that in his lifetime I was too young to learn. God grant that the reader may see what I have seen and feel what I have written!

Other friends, too, I thank for help I spared, friends who I trust will record names. I thank them because not falter when my own was weak, and their kindness, and their prayers were my daily portion. They are also due for more material among these is "Hugh Lauren" and fellow-worker, has been an unfailing helper.

All these I thank from my heart. The book is theirs, not mine; and if it does not disappoint them, if it carries to them stimulus and pleasure, I shall feel that the writing of it has made me rich.

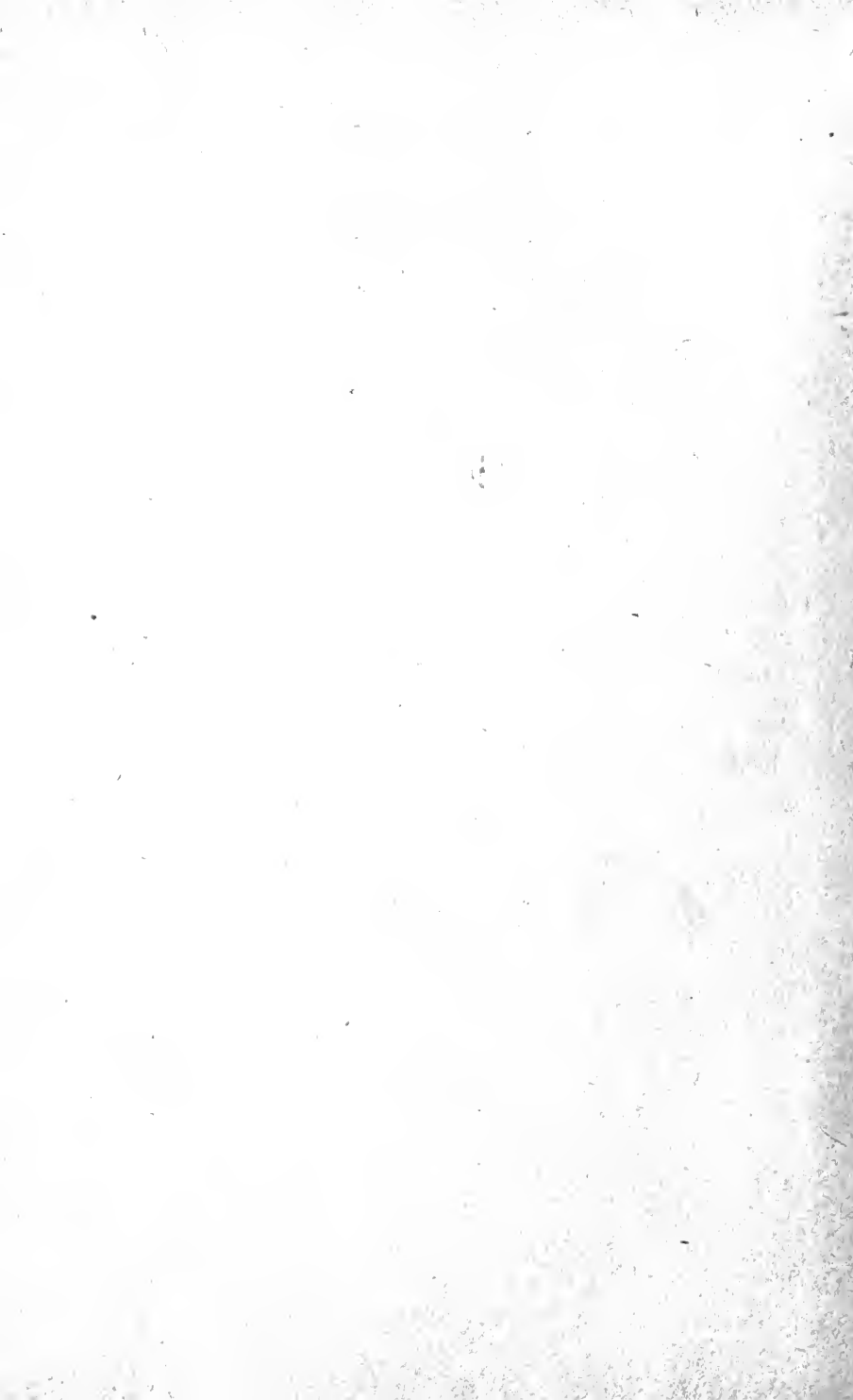
Some may read this book who know little about Egypt, and I would seek to guard them against misapprehensions. Of recent years an Egypt has come into being of which little knowledge can be gained from these pages. A spirit of change has entered the land. It has touched politics and education, journalism and commerce, the Coptic Church and Islam, and the manners and customs of the people. To understand the present, we must know the past; and unaffected by the march of progress are large regions and essential elements that remain unaltered. But for accurate information about the new Egypt, the reader must go elsewhere. It is of an Egypt of yesterday that this book has to tell.

R. L. H.

I have
if unre-
faith did
rise rescued
me my thanks
me my foremost
as brother, critic-
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PROLOGUE

THE days of legend have not wholly fled. There are regions in the Orient where the centuries fall from us and we seem nearer to the beginnings of history than in our modern West. Facts, instead of being buried under to-morrow's news and forgotten, are stored in the memory of an unhurried race, repeated by friend to friend and by father to son, and talked over with the vivid vocabulary of the East in a calm and ample leisure. Thus legend grows.

In many of the towns and villages of Upper Egypt, tales have been preserved which gain in glamour with the years, about a man whom the people call "Hōj," who "brought light to the land." He was "like an Egyptian exactly," and yet "like an angel from Heaven." At his words ignorant Mohammedan robbers were transformed into honest Christians in a night, and his purse, unfailing as the widow's meal and oil, was used not to feed an Elijah but to satisfy all who asked. That converts so lightly made would not have endured, or that indiscriminate generosity would have been the worst of mission policy, does not occur to these loving souls. Without thought of untruth, whatever they consider good they attribute to him. His sermons are remembered; his love of song, his powers of physical endurance, the illustrations he employed to point a lesson, his very gestures (as Egyptian as his accent) and the East-

ern modes of thought that made his words win home, discovering the joints in his hearers' armour, all are treasured and described.

Twenty-eight years have passed since what was mortal of this man, so dearly honoured, was laid in his desert grave, and though love and legend have kept his memory as green as the Nile valley in December, there is danger that the message of his life may be lost under a tangled mass of fact and fiction. Not to be canonised but to be followed is the tribute such a man would claim.

It is no saint or wonder-worker whom we see in the records he has left behind him. It is a man of like passions with ourselves who there reveals himself, but a strong man with one consuming purpose that made a unity of all his days.

"The evangelisation of the world in a single generation" was as yet an unknown watchword, but this ideal was implicit in the thoughts that moved him, and he dared to proclaim it possible if the Church would but yield to her Lord the obedience of faith.

He had certain clearly defined ideas as to the means by which alone the campaign could be conducted to a speedy and successful issue. He laboured to win others to his point of view—his fellow-labourers, the Church of their planting, and the Church that sent him forth—in order that neither time nor money might be squandered on "the good" that should have been hoarded for "the best."

These ideas, rightly or wrongly, he considered to be the greatest thing in his life. Writing of them, he said, "I am willing to have them written in large characters as my epitaph after my mission life has ended, though all else concerning me and my work were blotted out."

We are seeking now to write this epitaph in large characters as he desired; and that its message may lodge where he would have it lodge, in the hearts of men, where the springs of action are found, we are constrained to tell the story of his life.

I

A COLLIER'S WEAN

He's up at early mornin', howe'er the win' may blaw
Lang before the sun comes roun' tae chase the stars awa';
And 'mang a thoosand dangers, unkent in sweet daylight,
He'll toil until the stars again keek through the chilly nicht.

See the puir wee callan' 'neath the cauld, clear moon,
His knees oot through his troosers, and his taes oot through
his shoon,
Wadin' through the freezin' snaw, thinkin' owre again
How happy every wean maun be that's no a collier's wean.

Oh, ye that row in Fortune's lap, his waefu' story hear,
Aft sorrows no sae deep as his hae won a pitying tear;
And lichter wrangs than he endures your sympathy hae
won—

Although he is a collier's, mind he's still a Briton's son.

—WINGATE, *the Miner Poet*, 183—.

IN the year 1863, in an old mission house in Cairo, the man whose life we are to sketch sat imprisoned as nurse by the bedside of a sick wife. As the disease was smallpox a rigid quarantine was enforced, and to while away such leisure as his ministrations allowed him, he turned back in thought to the days of his childhood and wrote down in shorthand reminiscences of his past that otherwise would have been buried in oblivion, "In the hope," as he said, "that some of my children may read these notes to their mother when their father is in his grave."

The annals thus preserved carry us at once to a spot remote from that in which they were penned.

We turn from the closely built sun-baked city, the oriental Cairo of fifty years ago, to an open countryside in East Lothian on the east coast of Scotland, where strong winds from the sea make the blood tingle and nerve a man for action. Eastward the Firth of Forth opens out to the German Ocean, and the Bass Rock and Berwick Law stand out as natural pyramids against the sky. To the north and west, beyond a stony shore and the waters of the Forth, grey, green, or blue according to the weather, are the hills of Fife, with an occasional glimpse on a clear day of the peaks of Perthshire in the distance. Directly west, Edinburgh and Leith mark the limit of the view, in smoke by day and in city lights by night, with Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills visible amid the haze. Southwards no hills appear, but a stretch of rolling country where fields of grain or pasture are interspersed by woodland and dotted with villages.

In one of the smallest of these, Penston, not to be found on any map, on April 30, 1833, John Hogg was born. In this region he had his home till he reached the age of twenty-three, and back to it till the day of his death memory carried him, any time that music, the words of a Scotch song, some familiar proverb of his youth, or a touch of the broad accent of the countryside, set the old chords vibrating and transported him to the land of his birth.

That he felt a certain pride in his origin is perfectly apparent. He had the pride that every one must share who has come from such a home as his, a home of the kind that Burns has left pictured for us as typical of his native land, pride in the solid worth of his parents, and in the virtues which in a humble sphere had marked

them out as belonging to the noble of the land, clothing poverty in the retrospect with a sort of lustre, wedding it to strength and courage, and crowning it with grace. He had, too, the pride that a strong man feels in difficulties and hardships so met that instead of marring him they had strengthened his moral fibre and added a keener helpfulness to his outlook on life.

Sir Walter Scott in beginning his autobiography assures us that "Every Scottish man has a pedigree," and that it is "a right as inalienable as his pride and his poverty!" Strange to say, the Scot who sat penning his own history in the sick-room, while claiming poverty and, as we have seen, not altogether concealing pride, seems to have waived the first of his "inalienable rights," the right of pedigree. He traces his line of descent no farther back than to his father and mother, John Hogg, overseer of Penston Colliery, and Mary Richardson, daughter of a small country farmer and mother ere she died of a family of eight—six stalwart sons and two daughters. John was third of the family, and though bearing the same name as his father, no confusion could occur, for his father was known in the district as "the Jake." Under this title the father's memory still lingers among the oldest inhabitants as the "benefactor of the miners of East Lothian and Fife," the man who ventilated the mines and almost doubled their output—"No an eddicated man, ye ken, but jist a nateral genius"; while the son has been forgotten, or when inquired about, is cursorily dismissed with—"Oh, ay, I mind, the Jake had a son that went out to Egypt as a missionary."

The Jake's genius, though it may have increased the prosperity of his employers and the comfort and safety of his fellow-workmen, brought to himself no wealth. The position of overseer carried with it the right to free

house and coal, with a weekly wage of four or five dollars. But there were periods in his life when he was reduced to working as a common collier. The diary represents this as due to his having lost his position through a misunderstanding; but those who worked with him declare that he actually resigned it on two separate occasions for some reason which he did not choose to explain to his fellow-workmen, and which remained a mystery, as he continued on friendly terms with the mine-owner. Considering the sacrifice involved, the reason must have been a strong one.

During one of these intervals of common labour, the demand for coal being so small that the daily output was kept at a low limit, the combined wages of himself and two of his boys, amounted to but two and a half dollars a week. Yet the family was never in debt.

"Sobriety, industry, and thrift," writes the son, "enabled father and mother to rear up their large family well, giving them an education suited to their circumstances, and keeping them well-clothed, while others had eaten up the earnings of the week by Tuesday or Wednesday, and were almost famished ere pay-day. During a long strike of not below sixteen weeks, we had always food enough, and were even able to lend to some of our friends who else must have died of starvation."

The diary happily gives some description of the frugal methods of living that made it possible to lay up against such a mischance.

The mother and children gleaned during harvest season. By using their gleanings sparingly and treating wheaten bread as a luxury to be doled out on special occasions, their gleanings were sufficient for their needs during the greater part of the year. Their bread and scones for common use were made of pea-flour. Oatmeal

porridge was the daily breakfast for old and young alike. Those not yet doing a man's work dined on pease-bread and sour milk. The older ones had for dinner during winter, broth with a little meat and potatoes and pease-scones; in summer, herring and potatoes, potatoes and milk, or chipped potatoes with a little fat. This may sound a monotonous régime, but once a week came the day of feasting. On Sabbath morning the whole family sat down to a diet of "fat brose" which was greatly relished, followed by tea or coffee of which each was allowed one munificent cup! They had, however, to live on the memory of this till evening, helped by a lunch of two hard biscuits eaten between services.

Tranent United Presbyterian Church was three miles distant. The father was an elder there, and he and his bairns were usually seated in their pew before most of the people of Tranent had begun to dress for church. The boys as they grew older joined the choir, and as the presence of the family was as much to be counted on as the appearance of the precentor with his tuning-fork, or the beadle bearing the pulpit-Bible, survivors in the district have not yet forgotten the weekly procession of father and sons marching down the aisle, some of them "giants in Israel," and none stopping in growth short of six feet. It may be left to the imagination to picture the appetite of a growing boy by five o'clock on a Sabbath afternoon, after six miles of walking in fresh country air and two long church services, through which he had been sustained by two hard biscuits. Can we wonder that the dinner that followed, of fried beef or roast pork "and sometimes a haggis," followed by tea and "fat scones," seemed royal fare, and its memory worth transmitting to children yet unborn?

Frugality affected clothes as well as food, so that John

wore no clothes but of his mother's making till well on in his teens, and rarely donned a suit that had not been already worn by one or both of his elder brothers. There was one glorious exception, however, for which he paid full dear.

"Well do I remember," he writes, "getting a new velvet jacket all to myself. Three were made at the same time for the three eldest of us. Mine had a big hump in the middle of the back, but I did not much care for that, and when father put a penny into my pocket to hansom it, I was as happy as a king. But I was sick of velvet jackets before I got through them. When George outgrew his it came to me, and then I wore James's, and when they were past wearing in daylight, they were worn in the pit until they had entirely changed their colour."

Coppers were a rarity and worth remembering, and it is recorded that each year on Hansel Monday, Mrs. Deans, the mine-owner's wife, gathered the children at the "Great House" and gave each a halfpenny. When all had received their dole, she asked, "And where is the good scholar?" and little John being pushed forward by the others, received an extra halfpenny as a special reward for superior scholarship, and was once more as happy as a king!

In considering the circumstances that governed his upbringing, the fewness of his childhood's pleasures, its rigid economies, its habitual stint, one wonders to what extent they were responsible for the development in him of certain characteristics that marked him throughout life. In some natures their effect would have been the strengthening of the disposition supposed to be latent in every Scotsman to weigh a farthing before spending it, and to keep not the Sabbath only, but everything else

he can lay his hands on. In him the effect was the reverse. It was as though he were in revolt against the calculating spirit that had been a prime necessity in those days of his youth, and the generosity that had fretted against the barriers that poverty set up, inclined to overflow in a sort of joyous license. He hated anything shabby or scrimp. Never again must there be one cup of tea apiece! At his table the provision must be such that he could supply any number, freely and fearlessly, leaving still enough for more. He inclined always towards a choice of the better of two qualities, with the comfortable philosophy that it must always be true economy to purchase what would last longer. He liked, too, to buy in quantity, as when during one of his furloughs, in need of a new toothbrush, he came happily home with a dozen in his pocket, as they would be sure to come in useful, and it saved time to buy a number at once!

The same largesse marked his giving, and he was readier than most to lend, though he suffered for it, as lenders must. He loved to surprise a friend with a cheque when times were hard and needs pressing, and the gift was sure to be a handsome one, surprising in its amount as much as in its spontaneity, given with keenest pleasure and in the firm faith, which time proved not ill-founded, that "our children will never be allowed to suffer for what we have given to help others."

The "good scholar," in spite of the superior excellence which had been so munificently rewarded at the "Great House," did not carry into after-life golden memories of his schooldays. According to his own account, though by the age of four he had learned to read and spell in "the fourpenny," he was "not particularly bright," and a reputation for cleverness which crowned

him for a time was attributable only to his being trained at home in Bible knowledge and the Shorter Catechism more than his companions. With this judgment all might not agree. There are many amongst us who have conquered the land that lies between 2×2 and 12×12 only after severe toil and a series of pitched battles extending over a long campaign. Such may think that a child who could, in a single afternoon, master that whole territory so as to have it forever after at his command must have had, in one line at least, native ability somewhat beyond the average. This feat, the diary tells us, he accomplished at the age of five. He had the previous year been drafted from Penston Infant School to Gladsmuir Grammar School, and there his troubles began.

Methods of education have altered since 1837. The problem of a schoolmaster in those days has been stated thus, "Given the book, the boy, and the rod; how to get the first into the second by means of the third." John having fallen heir to a grammar-book from which the first part had been torn, the rod had but a blank to work upon. That blank it drove effectually into the boy's mind. As the rest of the class were reviewing the book for the second or third time, few explanations were made. The schoolmaster made no effort apparently to understand his difficulty, and to his parents grammar was a science unknown. Often he would learn carefully from memory an exercise that should have been parsed, to receive in consequence, as though he were indolent or worse, the punishment that had become his daily portion. With childhood's impotent patience he bore dumbly the injustice, but the shame of it ate into his soul.

Relief came at last. At the age of nine and a half, times being hard, he was allowed to leave school and join the rank of workers. The rise in dignity was grateful

to a small boy's soul, and as his tasks for a time were light, he imagined himself in a land of liberty. But if at first a miner's lamp seemed a badge of honour, he was not long in learning that such badges may be dearly bought. A miner's life is no child's play even now, and the primitive conditions of seventy years ago involved "toil and pain ayont conceivin'." Before many weeks had passed, the child was labouring in daily weariness and suffering at work which the law of the land was soon to forbid to such as he. Merely to reach the pit involved hardship, and one does not wonder that his memory retained vivid pictures of rising three hours before the sun, whose face he saw but one day in the seven, stumbling along in the dark with heavy, sharp implements under his arm, and crouching in his thin, patched clothing behind hedges to shelter from the cutting east winds of winter; pictures, too, of the fearsome descent of 120 feet by means of rope and ladder when the pit's mouth was reached, of the inclination to slip when older workers impatiently hurried him, and of occasions when his lamp went out, leaving him in midnight darkness to grope his way to the bottom of the shaft.

But these things were trivial as compared with the labour itself. His father soon became overseer of two mines, and was kept so busy that John and his brother were left to themselves. "Generally," he says, "we dīd the work of two men"; but in truth it was not man's work that occupied them, but work fit rather for beasts of burden and now relegated, in many mines, to electricity. The men broke out the coal; the boys dragged it in small waggons to the surface up a steep underground passage, 900 yards long, 4 feet wide, and for the most part about 3 feet high. The little boy went in

front, a chain in each hand, to drag and guide the waggon on its wooden rails, often knocking his head or grazing his back on some projecting ridge in the uneven roof, till the slightest touch on the unhealed sores caused the acutest pain. His older brother James pushed the waggon from behind. The work was hard on the temper. The feeble rails were apt to split and the waggons to go off the line, on which occasions the bigger boy relieved his feelings, as big boys will, by throwing the blame on the younger, whom the slightest word of reproof always cut to the quick, making him miserable for hours.

He did not bid a final farewell to a miner's life till he reached the age of eighteen and had spent two sessions at the University. Years of this period were passed largely in the work of dragging trucks, now in one pit and now in another, sometimes for what was considered a good wage and sometimes for the merest pittance. In one pit the workings were half a mile from the shaft-bottom, and in some places the roads very steep.

"George and I," he writes, "could push out a box with considerable facility, but for one of us, especially at certain places, it was life-and-death work. As we had strong men to compete with, and there were only two roads and fifty putters, we were often followed closely up from behind. I well recollect, at the distance of seventeen years, how I used to push with my head, pulling myself forward by seizing the rails and sleepers with my hands, and often I would have to stand for a few seconds unable to move an inch and in danger of the heavy box coming back on me and running me over. . . . I always blame this work for impeding my growth, as for three years at this time I did not grow in height by a single hair's-breadth. I became very stout, however, and capable of enduring much fatigue without suffering from it."

This power he carried with him through life, and it stood him in such good stead as a missionary that he learned to look upon the hard training of his youth as a providential preparation for the work that was to follow.

He won from his work also another compensating blessing that gave more immediate satisfaction—the added lustre shed by toil on intervals of leisure. Of one summer which specially impressed him as “a time of slavery,” he writes:

“And yet this was in many respects the happiest time of my life. No sooner had we got home, than after washing off the coal dust from our faces, we seemed to wash away all our cares, and no one who saw us afterwards playing with ball or kite and running races on the village green, would imagine that we had anything to do but play all the day long. It was with difficulty that father could get us in at nine o’clock for family prayers, and even after that an excuse was often found for getting a little extra time for more play. But oh, how sweet was sleep, when wakening in the morning I found that I had still a few minutes before the ordinary time for rising! How quietly would I slip under the clothes again, lest I should awake my elder brother, that I might have another five minutes! What supreme luxury to wake up and find it was Sabbath morning, and oh! what horror, to dream it was Sabbath and wake to find it was some other day!”

So far it has been but the life of a child we have been sketching, a life therefore for the most part irresponsible and unself-conscious, its course shaped by the will of others, as the river’s by the contour of the land, its colour decided by the life and thought of those around, as the colour on the surface of still waters by the verdure on their margin or the sky above. It is true that a dis-

tinctive personality was already revealing itself. The intensity of the child's absorption now in games and now in work, his ambition not to be outdone even by competing men, and his extreme sensitiveness to praise and blame, are all suggestive of the man full grown. But as yet he accepted his lot unthinkingly,—his happiness play, his horizon the night's rest.

A time, however, comes in the life of every man, when he awakens to a sense of personality, of a life to live that is his own, and when he begins to shape that life consciously from within, instead of passively allowing it to fall into whatever mould external influences would shape for it. The awakening may be sudden and startling, or as gentle a process as the dawn. The essential for a strong life is that it be thorough, and that there be no second sleep. In the present case the event was precipitated by an accident that occurred before the boy completed his twelfth year.

One morning in January, 1845, his brother James and he were down the mine together and alone. Their task was to break in pieces and convey up the shaft a huge mass of coal of several tons weight. It proved tough and unmanageable. They were endeavouring by driving in wedges to break it into two, when there came an unexpected crash, and before John could save himself, half of it had fallen away, knocking him down and pinning him to the ground. His brother rushed for help, while he lay in the dark alone. In a few minutes nine or ten men gathered and succeeded with a mighty effort in slightly raising the fallen block, while one of their number dragged from underneath the injured boy, who was then laid in a waggon and wheeled amid excruciating pain to the pit-bottom.

His mother being worn and weak from the prolonged

and anxious nursing of a sick child, John on reaching home felt bound to hide his suffering to the best of his ability. In this effort he attained an unfortunate success that came near to costing him lameness for life; for the doctor judged from the mild account of the patient's condition given by a messenger that no fracture had occurred, and that the desired visit might await his convenience. In the hours that intervened the broken thigh swelled to such enormous extent that the task of setting became almost impracticable. The consequence was a limb shortened and bent, and though in time he outgrew the defect so that he carried through the years no painful reminder of his accident, he faced for months the probability of a cripple's life.

For six weeks all movement was forbidden, and during this period of confinement there came to him a revelation of the delights to be found in a world accessible to him, yet still unexplored, the world of books that he was ever after to find so alluring. The day of cheap story books had not dawned, and so it came to pass that he read his Bible almost from cover to cover, and feasted his imagination on Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Arabian Nights*. He came back from his imprisonment, as he says, "a changed boy." New thoughts seethed in his brain and new ambitions possessed him. His life no longer fell into the same groove as that of his associates. As soon as he could use a crutch he was once more on the school bench, not as a galley-slave, but as one rejoicing in a new lease of life and opportunity. Books were henceforth his pastime. When he was again able to enter the mines, study proved a more tempting bait in leisure hours than the old games on the village green, and evening classes were eagerly taken advantage of which had hitherto been attended with reluctance.

To such good purpose did he use what margins of time were at his command, that during the next three years he attained "a pretty extensive knowledge of geography, grammar, and arithmetic, went through a course of Chambers's in mensuration of surfaces and solids, navigation and trigonometry, studied algebra as far as quadratic equations, Euclid's elements to the end of the third book, sundry books on astronomy, Joyce's *Dialogues*, Goldsmith's *England*; in Latin, the *Rudiments*, *Dilectus*, Cornelius Nepos, four books of Cæsar's *Gallic War*, four books of the *Æneid*, and the greater part of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*;" and in Greek secured "a smattering of the grammar, and read most of the four Gospels."

Meanwhile in the silence of his soul a struggle was going on which was eventually to decide the whole trend of his future. The atmosphere of his home was so strongly religious that even as a little boy, "in frock and daidly," he had been visited by many a thought about God and salvation. He had been stirred by sermons preached occasionally for the children of the church. He dimly hoped himself a Christian. But a time had now come when no dim hope would satisfy him. He must reach certainty.

"I was about fourteen years old," he writes, "when a dear little sister, the pet of all the family, was suddenly cut off at the early age of three. This event, along with the reading of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and a sermon on Phil. iii, 18,* set me a-praying as I had never prayed before for the salvation of my soul. On my way to work in the morning I would pray, and when I could be apart during the day I would kneel down and

* "Many walk of whom I told you often and now tell you even weeping that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."

pray, and often in the evening I would come out and, kneeling down behind the hedge, would lay open my heart in long earnest prayer to God for my conversion. My great delight at that time was in mingling with the older people and hearing them converse on practical religion, and when on coming home from church the conversation took a religious turn, I was always an eager listener; but if it diverged into a more worldly strain I would feel pained, and often fall back or push ahead, in order to indulge in undisturbed meditation on the subjects on which the minister had been preaching."

He at last gained the assurance he desired, and early in 1848, along with his brother George, was received into the communion of the Church. "I have since," he remarks, "in thinking of my religious experiences during this period, lifted up the prayer: 'Oh that it were with me as in the days of old.'"

II

STUDENT DAYS

I say that man was made to grow, not stop.
That help he needed once and needs no more,
Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn.
For he hath new needs and new helps to these.
This imports solely, man should mount on each
New height in view.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

Tenui musam meditamus avena—"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

—Motto proposed by Sydney Smith for the
"Edinburgh Review."

IN November, 1849, the boy laid his pit clothes aside and was enrolled as a student in Edinburgh University. The door of opportunity could not have opened for him at a more favourable juncture. Both mind and soul were straining upward, and he was prepared to throw all his energies into the new life.

His older brother James, who had entered the University a year before him, fully intended to become a minister. Whether John had made the same resolve is not apparent, but it was the dearest wish of his parents' hearts that he should do so. It was the strength of this wish that had nerved them for the sacrifice involved in sending to Edinburgh and supporting at college two of the ablest breadwinners of the family. The ministry was regarded with extreme veneration by the Scottish peasantry of the time, and as a sacred calling, possessed

for them a glamour that seemed to throw into shadow the possibilities for Christlike service latent in other lines of life. This attitude of the community in general, the desire of his parents in particular, and the example of his brother, must have combined to form an influence to which the feelings of the boy were in a condition to give quick response. His ideas, however, were still nebulous. The aims and ideals that were the passion of his after-life came to him not as a sudden revelation but as a slow growth. He tells us plainly that he did not realise at this time that what had recently occurred in the recesses of his heart made him debtor to the world, and a natural tendency to reserve in the expression of his deepest feelings warred with any impulse to share the new joy that had come into his life.

It was a great day in the life of the country lad when he first went up to college. A Scottish mining village with its shrewd and hardy intelligence was no unfriendly soil for a growing mind. But under the quickening influences of an old university and in a city whose very stones spoke of a storied past, the young life would unfold its faculties with a new vigour.

In the Scottish metropolis he was entering a wider world than he had yet known. It was 1849, when men still heard echoes of that "year of revolution" which had shaken every capital in Europe. Edinburgh, too, had felt the impact in the Chartist Riots of 1848, showing that the class to which the young student belonged was rising to political consciousness. But what would likely appeal more strongly to a lad coming from a devout village home would be the ecclesiastical associations of the city. In Edinburgh the Scottish Churches hold their annual assemblies, an event always of great interest to Scotsmen, but especially so in those days when Scot-

land had just emerged from one of the great crises of her religious history in the "Disruption" of the national Church.

The University, however, with its keen intellectual life, was the natural centre of the young student's interests. At the time when he matriculated Edinburgh University enjoyed a European fame through the eminence of three of its professors—Hamilton, Aytoun, and Wilson ("Christopher North"). Within its halls were gathered the pick of Scotland's youth, drawn from many a thrifty home. One of his fellow-students was Henry Calderwood, a Peebles lad who five years later crossed swords in the field of philosophy with Sir William Hamilton himself, and was destined to succeed him in the professorial chair. But the life of the Scottish undergraduate was a hard discipline—plain living and high thinking. "As a training in self-dependence," says Froude, speaking of Carlyle's student days in Edinburgh, "no better education could be found in these islands."

The two brothers lived in a small cheap room in the house of a nice motherly body in Potterrow. Their home village being not far from Edinburgh, their mother still attended to their laundry, and the session was shortened for them by occasional visits from father or brother bringing fresh linen and samples of their mother's baking. The home-faces were the more welcome that the boys at this time seem to have been comparatively friendless. The older brother, James, was quiet and shy. The younger, who had more popular gifts, was beset by a fear of being despised for his former occupation, an unworthy fear, of which he learned later to be ashamed, but which meanwhile shut him in from the companionship he yet craved and needed. He could not forget



Old University

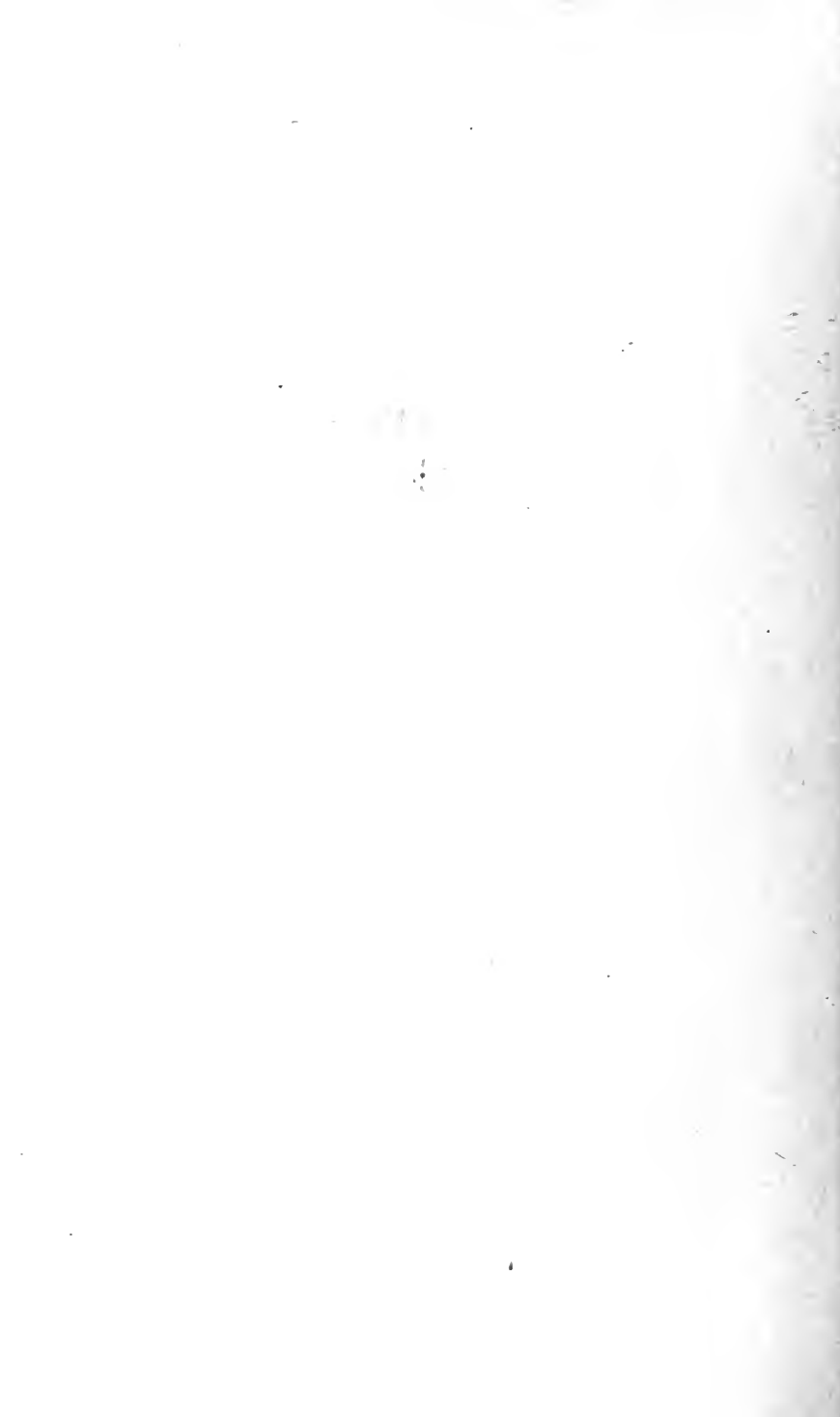


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View of Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags
COLLEGE DAYS AT EDINBURGH



the pit in which he had dug, and of which his peeled knuckles were a constant reminder. His broad Scotch dialect marked his humble rank, and he expected Peter's fate if he mingled with the crowd. He was ready to imagine supercilious smiles and read in them the taunt: "Thou art a common collier; thy speech bewrayeth thee."

In consequence he acquired, as he tells us, unsociable habits that he had afterwards great difficulty in overcoming. But he also acquired an unusually pure accent, an interest in phonetics, and a habit of close attention to minute variations in pronunciation that may have been the secret of his power in later days to talk Arabic "like an Egyptian." For no sooner had he become sensitive to his inability to talk like his fellows, than with characteristic determination he set himself to correct his defects. He attended an elocution class for several sessions, and with a swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other, became for the time being so critical of all utterance that he could hardly find a man in the kingdom whose speech was not faulty in some respect! Broad Scots was dear to him to the end of his days, and he would use it upon occasion, but the impure mixture so largely current continued distasteful to his fastidious ear, even when his hypercritical stage was in the distant past.

His whole college course was marked by a tendency to attempt a crowded programme, while his tastes being too varied for any subject to fail of attractiveness, he could not agree to content himself with a mere pass-grade in certain classes in order to specialise in others. In reading he travelled far afield, and as the habits of the recluse dropped from him, missionary and debating societies, the Young Men's Fellowship Association and

Sabbath School work all claimed a growing share of his attention.

Whatever he took up he could not but take up with energy, so that already in the university student we see the man of after years, who with a tendency to complete absorption in whatever matter he had in hand, combined an extraordinary capacity for cramming his fire with irons and keeping them all hot.

This could only be achieved by one who had learned the value of time and the art of taking care of spare moments. This art he was conscious of possessing, and he traced its origin to the necessity of working down in the mines during the long summer vacations of '50 and '51, when he was hungry for study and anxious to follow out a special scheme of work that the brothers had drawn out for themselves in accordance with some hints received from one of his professors. For to his honour be it said, however much he disliked his peeled knuckles and the stigma that might attach to him as a miner, such feelings did not interfere with its ready return to the old labour, for his own support and aid to the family funds, and it was not until he was able to get a more lucrative post as teacher that he bade final adieu to life in the pit.

During these summers the intervals spent above ground were insufficient for the study undertaken. When working as under-manager and rail-layer he had occasional spare hours, but these were too few, and he was sometimes engineman and sometimes common collier with no opportunities of leisure. In any case there were odd minutes to be utilised, and every scrap of time being needed, he would draft at night lessons to be conned down the mine. So drafted, much could be accomplished by an occasional glance without hindrance to the work in hand,

and sometimes the paper or book was set up in a niche in the irregular wall of the dark passage, a miner's lamp so arranged that its light fell on the open page, and the task mastered to the tune of the blows of his pick on the coal.

Shadows that soon gathered and deepened made the vacations of the year 1850 stand out in sunny outline in the memory of those who shared in their pleasures. The family were living at the time in Macmerry, a tiny village that straggles along the Haddington highroad at four miles distance from that town. The home was a low cottage, one of a row, with the customary white-washed stone walls, red-tiled roof, and small-paned windows of houses of its class, but surprisingly roomy if one entered expecting to find only the usual "butt and ben." It contained two good-sized bedrooms, and between them the long, low-ceilinged, stone-paved kitchen in which the family was wont to forgather. One window opened on the road and on the opposite wall another looked out across fields towards the sea. At the farther end was the wide-open fireplace which, however far from ideal to modern ideas of cookery, cannot be equalled for a certain generous warmth it has the magic power of diffusing into the hearts of the circle it attracts, and for the air of cosy comfort it bestows upon the room its ornaments. For the rest, there was the usual deal table and wooden chairs, "grandfather's clock," sturdy wooden bedstead and patchwork coverlet, kitchen dresser with rows of plates and shining tins, and all the other et ceteras of a clean, comfortable, Scottish kitchen. In a certain corner stood a barrel used for flour, and enthroned upon this on certain occasions sat a little girl, who, no longer little but with many silver threads

amongst the black, still delights to revive those treasured memories.

Though the boys had their time carefully planned, the plan seems to have included recreation, and the favourite recreation was music, which was as engrossing a passion as study. Into the big kitchen gathered on Saturday evenings all the music-loving souls of the district, specially the young men and women. Impromptu concerts followed, the father playing the fiddle, James a small violin, John the violincello, or sometimes by way of variety the flute or accordion, while all joined in song. Their store of Scotch songs was endless, songs pathetic and songs quaint and comic, the latter often given off in dramatic style with suitable gestures, and parenthetical remarks thrown in on occasion to accentuate the nonsense or point a harmless joke at any one present whose head the cap might fit. They usually ended up with some reels and strathspeys, when the little girl would climb down off her barrel and join other little ones in dancing to the music.

On the last Saturday of the winter vacation, when they had reached this point in the usual programme, the family were surprised by their mother catching infection from the children and dancing a hornpipe for them to the tune of the fiddles, an art she had learned to perfection when a girl. But behind the merry mood there were thoughts in the mother's heart that none had guessed, that would have darkened the days for all of them had they known.

When the boys returned to college, she stood out in the road on the cold January morning watching them for the last time till they rounded a corner and were lost to sight, and meeting a neighbour as she returned to the house, she remarked: "Puir laddies, I'll never see

them again." She had been fighting disease ever since the death of her little girl, and in a few weeks succumbed rather suddenly, after acute suffering, but with a mind at peace and a Christian's fearlessness for the future.

When the brothers returned in the summer of '52 to their motherless home, they were greeted by other troubles that had followed in the wake of their bereavement. Trade was dull. Mr. Cuthbertson, of whose mine their father was manager, was bankrupt, and had lost along with his own money all the savings of his manager's family. In an effort to regain his footing he had taken into partnership a man of difficult temper, hard to work under. The father, discouraged, mooted emigration. John, at his suggestion, wrote to a friend in America, and receiving an encouraging answer, began to dream dreams that turned his studies into the line of geology and engineering. He had the prospect of a fairly lucrative position as a start, and thoughts of rising to worldly prosperity grew alluring. But the further he drifted from the idea of the ministry, the more did the father swing back from his momentary weakness. To see his boy in the pulpit would be a greater privilege than to see him wealthy. He gave up the thought of emigrating, decided to fight his battle through on Scottish soil, and prayed in secret that his boy's ambitions might return to their previous channel.

The boy felt the silent pressure of his father's longings, but for a time his day-dream still allured him. James now entered the Divinity Hall, which opened every summer for two months only, the entire curriculum stretching over five years. The leaven of his weekly letters fermented in the younger brother's mind. He

began to be restless and ill at ease. At last the silent conflict reached a climax. A night came when he felt that he could not sleep till the question of his future was decided. When he had delivered his maiden speech, a missionary address in Tranent Church, his father had borne him so much on his soul that, unable to face the nervous strain of listening in the pew, he had spent the time on his knees at home praying for his boy, that all danger of public failure might be averted. But now the father lay unconscious, while graver issues were at stake and momentous questions were being faced and settled at his very side. In the small hours of the morning a choice was made from which John never wavered, and knowing his father's heart, he could not keep from him till day dawned news that would give him such great happiness. They were alone together, sharing a bed. He awoke him and announced the decision that closed to him the door of secular life forever and sealed his dedication to the ministry. It was the father's turn now to lie awake—not in anxious thought or prayerful conflict, but in the joy of answered prayer and the glow of a great gratitude.

Next morning the boy's books on geology and engineering were replaced by Whateley's *Logic*, Thomson's *Laws of Thought*, Lewis's *History of Philosophy*, and the notes of Sir William Hamilton's lectures. A few weeks later, having funds enough for one session's necessities, he rejoined his brother in Edinburgh to continue his university course.

It has been said to be the experience of teachers of philosophy that students who excel in classics or mathematics rarely show metaphysical ability. This rule did not hold good in the present case. A prizeman in Latin and Greek and attaining distinction in mathematics, he yet

but narrowly missed prizes in Mental as well as in Natural Philosophy; and to the end of life a new philosophical volume had more fascination for him than a novel, and could happily beguile for him the tedium of missionary travel.

There now occurred an interval of fifteen months, during which he taught, first in Forfar and then in Rothesay, to secure funds for completing his course. When at length he returned to Edinburgh, and after two months spent at the Divinity Hall re-entered the University in November, 1853, for his fourth and last session, he was still forced to spend half of each day in teaching.

Private study had been carried on meanwhile by sheer force of will. For months his daily programme had included seven hours of teaching, and oversight of boys, whether at work, at meals, or at play, from 6 A.M. till 10 P.M. Lights being extinguished promptly at ten, the only way to secure time for his own use had been by early rising. He had consequently risen for study at four every morning. It was long before he regained the power to sleep past that stroke of the clock, no matter how little he had slept earlier in the night. Violent headaches ensued, which threatened to become chronic, and when sorrow followed in the wake of overwork, he lost sleep entirely for a fortnight and felt as if his brain were giving way.

The family prospects had greatly brightened since the days when emigration seemed their one door of hope. Not only were the three oldest sons now making their own way in the world, but the father had secured a good situation near Dunfermline at a higher wage than had ever yet been granted him, and as he speedily

established in Fife the same reputation he had won for himself in East Lothian, all promised fair for the future.

But no sooner had John returned to Edinburgh than shadows began to gather. His brother James had, like himself, been straining every nerve to the accomplishment of one great aim. With his brother, the absorbing ambition of life was "to carry the Gospel to the heathen." He had offered for the foreign field and was under formal appointment, though with years before him still of special preparation which he was striving, under many hindrances, to secure. In his case, intellectual powers of no mean order, intense devotion, and indomitable purpose were lodged in a weak frame. A breakdown came at last, and consumptive tendencies developed rapidly. Instead of remaining with his younger brother in Edinburgh, he was forced to go home, and the younger brother knew that he went home to die.

This of itself might have made the winter of 1853 the saddest he had yet known, but blow followed upon blow. The session had not advanced far when he was suddenly summoned to nurse his father through an attack of acute bronchitis from which he never rallied. The son in after life had few equals as a nurse, and the father clung to him in his sufferings and was uneasy if he left his side. The tie between them was a specially tender one. For five days and nights the nurse remained faithful to his post, but the danger then seemed over and, not daring to absent himself longer from his teaching, he unwillingly returned to Edinburgh. He was followed three days later by news of his father's death.

The event was viewed by all as a public calamity. He was only forty-five years of age, and had already won his way into the hearts of the community. His employers

evinced their appreciation of him by showing the greatest consideration to the family, who felt dazed by the blow. They offered to George, the second son, the position his father had filled, which he gladly accepted; but George had a family of his own to support. James, the eldest, was on his deathbed. Eliza, the only daughter, was suddenly stricken down also with disease of the thigh-bone, which kept her in bed for a year. John took Andrew, the youngest, back to Edinburgh with him, becoming responsible henceforth for his board and education, and an aunt undertook the charge of the others.

Three months later James passed away. John had been with him a fortnight before the end, and some things then whispered to him by the failing voice left an indelible mark on his life. Nearly fifteen years later he wrote of him to an aunt who was nearing death: "If you see James before me, tell him that the remark which he made to me before he died—'I have done nothing for Christ—nothing! Oh, if I had only strength left to preach but one sermon!'—has never been forgotten and has been as good as many a sermon to the brother to whom it was addressed and through him to hundreds in Egypt." In his diary he writes in the same strain. He speaks feelingly of his brother's high character, his intellectual power, the wide range of his literary knowledge, his heroism under excruciating pain which was of chronic recurrence from childhood, and the intensity of his consecration to the mission cause for which he had hoped to live. The younger brother felt that it was James who had broken up the way before him, that but for him he might still have been labouring in a coal mine, and that he was accordingly pledged to fill the place left vacant by his death. From this view he never swerved. The foreign field was henceforth definitely his goal.

Of his life at the Divinity Hall the diary gives no details, merely telling that he greatly enjoyed it and that there grew out of it prized friendships, one of which incidentally shaped his future. This does not mean, however, that the Divinity Hall played an unimportant part in his preparation for the work to which he was afterwards to devote himself. The five professors who formed its staff were a singular group of men to be found at the same time in the same institution, and that an institution belonging to so small a denomination as the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. One, Dr. Eadie, was a man of wide reputation for massiveness of learning. All were men of sound scholarship and deep piety, and these gifts were blended with rarer qualities of heart and soul that rendered each in some distinctive way a striking and attractive personality.

The tone of religious feeling among the students seems to have been on a level worthy of the teachers provided for them. They were men who all year had been facing the problems of life, some of them working at trades to supply the wherewithal for their support, others teaching and others in mission work. Having worked hard for the privilege of entrance, they were in little danger of becoming satiated and weary of lectures. Familiarity with the strain of teaching and preaching made a seat on the student's bench a luxury. How they regarded the privilege, and in what spirit they gathered, is revealed by the fact that many were in the habit of coming to Edinburgh a week before the session began, to meet for prayer in each other's lodgings. Five sessions, however short, spent in this atmosphere, with such congenial companions, and under the teaching of professors of the type we have described, could not fail of lasting influence on a nature already attuned to high issues.

Change of country cuts deep into a life. Friendships must not only have been well rooted, they must already have achieved a somewhat sturdy growth, if they are to live past that cleavage and attain further development during years of separation. With a few of the students such ties were formed, but these friends have long since journeyed, as he has journeyed, to a better land, and from them we can gain no light upon the life we are trying to trace. One friend still survives, however, Rev. James Henry of Melbourne, Australia, one of the closest and most valued of all.

"I cannot tell you why," he writes in a recent letter, "but somehow I fell in love with him at first sight, and the love has not in the least abated. We agreed to live together economically in Edinburgh, occupying one room, . . . and I was very happy in his companionship. We studied, debated, wrestled, sometimes even to tempestuous glee. I felt him my superior in many ways. . . . We maintained a regular and loving correspondence to the end, and when I received word of his death I went to my room and wept like a child. With a bright and winning manner—in those early days playful—he was absolutely devoted to the person and kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amongst all the young men I ever knew, he had the purest spirit—all his thoughts were pure. . . . I can truly say that not a day has passed without my thinking of him."

After their student days had ended, these friends met on only three occasions. Their last meeting was followed by twenty years of unbroken separation, bridged only by occasional letters, and by twenty-five years more of utter silence, the slender bridge having fallen at the touch of death. When one reflects on these things the simple words with which our quotation closes become

luminous—the most eloquent tribute friend could pay to friend.

The students were not left entirely to their own resources while the Hall was not in session. Tasks were assigned them that involved periodic appearance before Presbytery, and they were under the superintendence of some minister in their district. This arrangement led to a close friendship between our future missionary and the man through whom his steps were led towards Egypt. Dr. Logan Aikman, who superintended the United Presbyterian students residing in Edinburgh, was secretary of the Scottish Society for the Conversion of the Jews. Letters came to him from Rev. Dr. Philip, missionary to the Jews in Alexandria, proposing the establishment of a large Protestant College in that city, and urging that with an experienced teacher in charge, such an institution must achieve rapid success. Dr. Aikman and other members of his Society favoured the scheme, and at once thought of John Hogg as the man for the place.

The proposal proved attractive to him, offering as it did an apprenticeship in foreign mission work. To be the better equipped for the sphere, he at once threw himself impetuously into the study of Italian and Arabic, and devoured every book on Egypt on which he could lay hands. He relinquished a good position as teacher of Classics and French in July, 1855, as the new project was to be launched before the year closed.

Meanwhile, men interested and friendly had formed themselves into committees in Alexandria, Edinburgh, and Glasgow to aid in raising funds, and Dr. Philip came to Scotland to engage in the same work. But a radical difference of policy soon became apparent.

To Dr. Philip's mind all effort was useless unless

equipment was secured of a type to attract the eyes of Alexandria. Thousands of pounds must therefore be immediately gathered that the college might from its start outrival the schools of the Jesuits. "Do this," he urged, "and in a year the college will be self-supporting." The canny Scots looked askance at so daring a plan. The Church had not yet learned to think in thousands; why alienate its sympathy by talking of so large a sum? Why launch an enterprise on a scale beyond all guarantee of future support? They decided to run no risk of debt: to start a small school and improve its equipments when its success had become assured. Dr. Philip, however, continued to advocate his own plan, and people were confused and alienated by conflicting statements. Indifference took the place of enthusiasm, and it was late in the following year before funds had been collected sufficient to send the missionary-apprentice forth to start even the smallest venture.

He, meanwhile, chafing at delay, had agreed to occupy temporarily the somewhat tempting position of classical master in George Watson's Hospital, an old and famous Edinburgh school, and was able when that engagement closed to take a fourth session at the Divinity Hall. By that time the way had opened for him. After a few simple preparations had been made, he met for the last time with the various committees connected with the enterprise, and returned to Halbeath to say good-bye to his home friends. Those whose parting blessing he would most have coveted had not lived to see their ambitions for him fulfilled, but they would be as near to him in Egypt as at home. For the rest, he expected a happy reunion with them when three short years would pass, and protected by the merciful veil that hides the future from our eyes, was able to wave to them cheerfully his last

farewell. On the 17th of November, 1856, with his heart full of grateful memories, high hopes, and eager purposes, he set out from Edinburgh on his eastward journey, to begin a new life and attempt new tasks in the old Land of the Pharaohs.

III

SERVING HIS APPRENTICESHIP

Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

—CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus*.

THE journey to Egypt was full of novelty and pleasure to the young Scotsman. He spent days of solitary roaming in London and Paris, and during the thirty hours of confinement in the train that carried him to Marseilles, was too interested in seeing France to think of wearying. A sea voyage was also a new experience. As always, he threw himself heartily into the life of the company on board, making many acquaintances and leading in the music and games.

But the eventful moment of the journey was its close. All but himself were bound for the Farther East, and when he parted with them in the harbour at Alexandria, they were still chatting around the breakfast table in the dining-saloon—his own countrymen, talking his own language, and looking as natural as if on British soil. Five minutes in a small boat brought him into the midst of a world as remote as though in the interval he had wandered back across centuries in a dream. He had read every page on Egypt, past or present, that had come within his reach, but here was the reality—"those clamouring groups of donkey-boys, custom house agents, turbaned heads, veiled faces, humpbacked camels," seem-

ing as different from his former vague conceptions as a page out of the *Arabian Nights* from a daily newspaper. The bewildering strangeness of the new environment stamped that moment indelibly upon his memory and imagination, and in after years he could call it back at will, the sights he saw and the emotions they awakened returning to him vivid and real as the present.

A Maronite priest had been sent to the steamer to conduct him ashore and to bring him to Dr. Philip's home. Here he remained for six months, and had his first experiences of the mission-life of which he had been dreaming. The contrast between the real and the anticipated must have been to him at times as bewildering as that first moment upon the wharf of Alexandria.

From the world's point of view his new tasks proved unworthy of the sacrifices they involved, and even to the young man himself, whose standards were not worldly, the new life must have been in many ways a disappointment. "A Protestant College for Egypt" was the lure that had first turned his face towards Alexandria, and though the scheme had changed and dwindled, such high-sounding words becoming rare on the lips of its promoters, he came to the field still hoping for a success that would revive the dream, and prove the original project not Utopian. His eager zeal was ready for great sacrifices in a great cause. The actual demand of life was for great sacrifices in a small one. In a week's time he had settled down to the teaching of six boys in a dark, damp room, in the basement of Dr. Philip's dwelling. Sixteen was the largest number reached in the first six months, three of them the missionary's children, towards whom he had to act as private tutor in English and Latin, often having charge of them even out of school hours. Later, during two whole months the

schoolboys numbered two! For a young man with abilities not untested, accustomed to conduct large classes and to do it admirably, to continue month after month devoting his time and energies to a mere handful of pupils, heterogeneous and fluctuating, must have required all the Scotch grit and dogged perseverance that he could command.

There was another element in the situation even more trying to his mettle—the keen disappointment of Dr. Philip at the form the enterprise had taken. His hope of raising funds for a college had miscarried, and in face of his earnest remonstrances, the committees, like Israel at Kadesh-barnea, had decided to “go forward,” without what he considered essential for success. The young man, in agreeing to lead the forlorn hope, had joined the ranks of those who rejected his counsel, and so viewed, his action seemed to savour of offence.

There was a lack of warmth in the welcome accorded to the newcomer even on the day of his arrival, and his daily presence in Dr. Philip’s house kept the subject open and the sore raw. As time went on the atmosphere grew heavy with a disapproval too insistent to be easily ignored. There was doubtless no intentional unkindness, but almost every evening, and often during the day, either to himself or in his presence to some passing traveller, the prophecy was repeated that the school would never succeed. Probably the older man, in thus relieving his feelings, failed to consider the inevitable effect on his companion of such dreary iteration, after hours of drudgery and close confinement in a dingy schoolroom; but to an ardent and nervous temperament, keenly sensitive to the attitude of those around him, the ordeal must often have proved peculiarly severe. How he bore himself it is impossible now to discover, but there was cer-

tainly no weakening of the fibre of his resolution, for he continued to work from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, giving what time was not consumed in teaching to equipping himself more thoroughly for his post, by the study of Italian and Arabic.

Friendly sympathy came to him suddenly from an unexpected quarter. Rev. Thomas McCague and Rev. Gulian Lansing, missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church of America, the former in Cairo and the latter in Damascus, were the guests of Dr. Philip for a few days. One evening when as usual the young teacher was buried in his books in his own room, he was surprised by a knock at his door, and found the two visitors anxious to have a talk with him, more free and confidential than had been possible at the family table. They had seen his little school, had learned authoritatively of its certain doom, but were interested to hear more at first hand, both of it and of him. The three were entirely congenial, and a memorable evening followed, interesting as a link in a chain of circumstances that finally bound the Scotsman to a country not his own. Before the visit ended he had cordially invited Mr. Lansing to share quarters with him in Alexandria, should the future deal kindly with castles they had been building in the air.

In the month of June, to the relief of all concerned, the school was transferred to a large palace, much the worse for wear, which the local committee, after long search, had succeeded in renting. It was a dilapidated, rambling building, through which whistled strong winds from the sea that rolled but twenty paces off. No fear of crowding here! One room alone measured eighty feet in length! But it was in the midst of the Mohammedan quarter, the nearest English residence a mile and a half distant, and the homes of his former pupils too

far away for them to follow him to his new abode. It was here that for two months he had but two pupils to cheer him, by which his "faith and patience were sorely tried;" here, too, that he kept working day and night till he "had fairly mastered the most difficult part of the two languages most needed," after which he devoted himself chiefly to Italian, in which he soon made opportunities of preaching and public prayer.

"I like it very much," he writes to a friend, "only it is rather lonely, especially when a fellow is a little out of tune, and I have had either indigestion or cold or something to bother me almost all the time."

Through the long months he had waited vainly for letters from home. He belonged to a family who, though warmly attached to each other, had an unconquerable habit of silence, with which his life-long wrestle, in the case of all but one, proved almost futile. Till the last, writing remained to the rest a weary cross, and their first letter, which seems to have reached him about this time, was written only when events had occurred that seemed to demand a chronicler. Thus into five minutes were crowded for him the tidings that his brothers had decided to emigrate, William had already started, Robert had married, the home was broken up, its furniture sold by auction, and his "wee darling sister" alone in Edinburgh preparing to support herself by learning the dress-makers' trade. It was an overwhelming experience. He seemed robbed of all his brothers at one blow. He recalled his light-hearted good-bye and his last glimpse of them "till the resurrection morning." Yet his heart was with them in their ambition for larger opportunities, and it was the change in his sister's life only that he could not brook. She was but sixteen years old and

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alone in a city. He invited her to join him in his big empty house, and she joyfully acceded to the proposal. He wrote to a friend to engage her passage, and to herself in great spirits, making suggestions for her comfort on the journey, and giving hints as to her outfit.

A lengthy silence followed, and at last a vessel from Southampton bore into port, with the name of Miss Hogg on its list of passengers.

"Immediately on receiving this news," he writes, "I rushed down to the harbour, took a boat, and rowed out through a very heavy swell, with quaking heart, to the steamer lying at anchor. With trembling steps I mounted the gangway. What a galling disappointment when the stewardess informed me that 'Miss Hogg' had gone ashore, and was by this time off by rail to Suez, as she was on her way to—*India!*"

Meanwhile the "Miss Hogg" he had hoped to welcome was still in Scotland, and letters at length reached him explaining her mysterious delay. The Society for the Conversion of the Jews had handed over its four scattered mission posts to the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. That Church had decided on a policy of concentration: Algiers was to be strengthened; the other stations, including Alexandria, abandoned. His Scottish friends expected his little school, though under separate management, to share in the general fate, as many of its supporters would transfer their interest to Algiers. Should its funds fail, its teacher would doubtless be withdrawn. Plainly this was no time to bring a little mistress to bachelor hall.

The disappointment was twofold: uppermost the relinquished dream of sheltering his sister in his empty home; underneath, another hope grown fainter,—the

hope of settling in Alexandria as an ordained missionary, sent out by his own Church. The events he pondered so regretfully had forged a second link in the chain that was to bind the Scotsman to America.

And soon other links formed, strong and visible. Bachelor hall became an American Mission home, and he a member of the household! For while one castle of dreams had dissolved at a breath, another built in the spring as airily, took shape before his eyes in solid fact. Rev. Mr. Lansing, appointed by the American (United Presbyterian) Mission to extend its work to Alexandria, came as invited to share his lonely quarters. Mrs. Lansing soon followed him, took over the reins of housekeeping from clumsy hands, and began to breathe an air of home into the barren ruin. Thus 1857, a year that had opened upon test and strain and disappointment, let its curtain fall upon days of cheerful labour in an atmosphere of utmost good-fellowship.

Now, for the first time, the missionary-apprentice tasted that rare kinship so characteristic of the mission circle in a foreign land, where so often friendships strong as brotherhood seem to grow up like mushrooms in a night, and yet like hardy saplings withstand all the elements (of no mean force) that would make for dissolution. It is a peculiar bond, less eclectic than ordinary friendships, more spiritual than oneness of blood, an inspiration in work, and an unfailing support in sorrow, yet withal so usual (thank God!) on the foreign field that its occasional absence strikes on Christian sensibilities with the shock of a deformity, as though missionaries had a monopoly of the golden rule, or official immunity from failure and sin.

In the present case the tie was strengthened by congeniality of tastes and temperament. Mr. Lansing was

an eager missionary, genial and buoyant,—a scholarly man, racy in narrative, keen and quick-witted in argument, of rapid decision and steady will, with a personal charm that added a lovable quality even to his faults. The two were strongly attracted to each other from the first, and though in later years they laboured in different parts of the field and often took the most opposite views of mission policy, the tie between them continued till death, unimpaired.

It is interesting to watch the give-and-take of the months that followed. We find Mr. Lansing installed as school teacher when overwork has brought his companion to the verge of breakdown. Later the tables are turned, and Mr. Lansing's Sabbath service is handed over to the younger man, that it may be conducted in Italian instead of Arabic. Some other simple task they undertake by turns. When a girls' school of two years' standing becomes American Mission property, it is the Scotsman who organises and superintends its Sabbath School; and before long there is a united Sabbath School for the two missions, all remaining to the morning service together. Indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate the harmony of the relations that existed, and when in the spring of 1859, the Scotch committees, burdened with debt, relinquished their school to the Americans, it is probable that few on the spot realised that any change of ownership had occurred.

The condition of Egypt had been critical during this period. Echoes of the Indian Mutiny and Jedda massacres had excited the Moslems to emulation, and a general slaughter of Christians was confidently expected. Though the date of the event was fixed, and the rumour received daily corroboration in the hostile attitude of the populace, the mission party declined to take refuge with

their English friends. "We did not like to shew the people our fear," the diary explains, "and we thought it more Christlike to remain at our labour."

The time came, and the missionaries had just separated for the night, when there was a violent and prolonged knocking at their outer door. From an upper window they saw a large crowd collected, with torches, guns, and swords. Assuredly the hour had come. They had decided to await silently the tragedy that must follow as soon as the door should give way, when to their surprise the rabble suddenly desisted. The flare of a torch revealed the centre of interest, their servant in the grip of the police, who had found him lantern-less in the streets after canonical hours. The offender had expected his merciful masters to protect him from the law, and the noisy and excited mob were but aiding his cause, in neighbourly fashion, with the aimless volubility attendant on action and inaction in the East.

The means by which quiet was at length restored in Egypt show that the despot has an occasional advantage over his law-abiding brothers of the West. Moved by the appeals of the consuls, the Khedive, who understood his country, faced the Sheikhs of Islam. "I am not governor of Jedda," he said, "I am Saïd Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt. Should there be any uprising against the Christians, your heads will be cut off." The men valuing their heads perhaps over highly, peace settled on the troubled land.

And what of a Protestant College for Egypt? Did three years' labour bring the project nearer fulfilment? Did it cast fresh light upon the enterprise? A school had been firmly established. Even in the old palace some success was gained; and when the reign of fear was over, more central premises soon doubled its enrolment,

which in spite of a new charge for instruction, never fell again below a monthly average of thirty. But there was one significant feature in the situation. The school reflected the cosmopolitan character of the city in which it was planted. It gathered pupils from every nation, and out of forty-six enrolled in five months, only five were Egyptians. We find this fact commented on twenty-five years later: "This alone ought to have suggested that if this was the projected Protestant College, its mission might be a wide one, but—like the Suez Canal of a later date—it would be of little value to Egypt itself."

The toiler, however, had not yet read the true significance of a fact he deplored. It was only when, as a missionary, opportunity to travel gave him a vision of the Egypt of the Egyptians, that his early dream dissolved to make room for wiser plans.

Till then it buoyed him up through strenuous plodding toil. As a teacher he saw little beyond Egypt's gateway, the capital and Suez being the only other points visited. His doings at both places illustrate the character of the man.

He went to Cairo in January, 1858, on the verge of a collapse. He had continued to work sixteen to eighteen hours a day all through the enervating heat of summer and autumn, seeing no English face except on Sabbath or when the arrival of a mail-boat led him to the post-office. At last his brain had rebelled. Sleep deserted him, and violent headaches and toothache ensued. It was in this condition that Mr. Lansing despatched him to Cairo to secure the rest he needed. But though the sufferer was not conscious of having secured a moment's sleep for a fortnight, he immediately plunged into the most violent course of sight-seeing. He remarks, with

apparent surprise, that for a few days he grew worse under this severe régime. But his eager nature, strong will, and sound constitution carried him through. He most undeservedly recovered, and soon returned, refreshed and invigorated, to resume the duties of the school.

His holiday trip to Suez was equally arduous. In 1859, during the short Easter vacation, a friend's kind loan of a Nile-boat had occasioned a river journey to Cairo, where he separated from the rest of the mission party and set off alone. His goal was not Suez itself, but a point on the coast where a flank of the Atakah hills juts out towards the sea. Atakah means deliverance, and tradition held the name to commemorate the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites. He wished to visit the spot and form his own judgment as to probabilities. As a mere feat of endurance the expedition was noteworthy. He left the boat at Cairo at 6 A.M. on Friday morning, travelled by rail third-class across unbroken desert to Suez, with no back to his wooden bench, and the heat and dust blowing in through glassless windows; left Suez itself at noon, the sun pouring down with such strength that it made the sandy environs "glow and glisten and dance," and caused mirage on every hand; walked in all about thirty miles, twenty of them along the beach on yielding sand, and broke the even stretch by climbing a rocky summit of hills infested by robbers, and there straining his ankle! He was back in Suez again at 3 A.M. (twenty-one hours after leaving the boat), chatted at an Arab's fire till dawn, and was only prevented then from starting off by donkey for the Wells of Moses, by finding no one willing to undertake the journey in the eight hours left at his disposal. These hours he therefore spent, not in resting, but in exploring

the environs of Suez, bathing in the ford, and gathering shells and corals. At last he seated himself again on the backless bench of a third-class carriage, retraced the desert route, and reached his friends about 7 P.M. on Saturday night, having had not a wink of sleep, but the most interesting and delightful excursion he had ever known.

Such in brief outline was the feat of the explorer. The details of the expedition abound in interest and are graphically related to his sister in twelve closely written quarto pages. There seems to be nothing he had not enjoyed: the charm of the desert "level as the placid sea;" the beautiful "tapering curves of the wind-blown mounds of sand;" the beauty of "the bright blue sea like a sleeping nymph motionless on the bosom of the brown, burnt plain;" the utter silence, "broken only by the ripple of sparkling wavelets, and the measured grating of my footsteps on the yielding sand;" the exquisite shells and corals; the solitude—"only the track of one man and a camel on ten miles of beach;" the "myriads of crabs hardly larger than ants that hid at my approach;" and "the finny tribes," whose haunts he invaded in waters so clear that sight seemed as easy in its depths as if he were himself a fish.

This was his last letter to his sister. Word soon reached him that her long illness was nearing its close. He had already reluctantly intimated his resignation, and the committees, his salary long unpaid, had as reluctantly acquiesced. The local committee, who were all sympathetic friends, now willingly allowed him to hasten his departure. He consequently arrived at his aunt's house in Scotland unannounced. "Yet," he writes, "when I entered her room I found Eliza expecting me." Her sole remaining wish was gratified in seeing her brother John.

She was so calm, so gently submissive and absolutely ready, that at her bedside he "learned much" and the fortnight spent there was in a sense a joy. "On the 26th of June the Lord took her to Himself. He had more need of her in heaven than in Egypt."

IV

MARRIAGE AND SHIPWRECK

Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended for the sake of each
By all true Workers and true Lovers born.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WE have now reached a point where the reminiscences penned in the sick-room become less detailed. The writer is suddenly reticent. He mentions that he completed his course at the Divinity Hall in September, 1859, and was licensed by the Edinburgh Presbytery two months later, and then compresses into one weighty sentence the crowning event of the year: "Shortly afterwards the Lord, whom I had been long entreating on the subject, guided me to her who is now my wife."

When in reminiscent mood, he would recall with amusement some incidents of the guidance to which he here alludes, especially one momentous occasion when the petition he had so often offered in secret was cavalierly forced from his reluctant lips. His future career was no longer uncertain. At the request of their missionaries in Egypt, the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church of North America had sent him a cordial invitation to work in his old field as their agent. He had gladly accepted the call, as Egypt had won his heart, and to work under his own Church

would have involved a change of sphere. He was expecting shortly to return, but was still heart-whole and alone.

One evening when calling on the Rev. James Robertson of Newington, "the apostle of love," the two men were discussing his prospects at the study fire, and the subject of marriage not unnaturally came to the fore. Mr. Robertson suggested that they should immediately "lay the matter before the Lord." They knelt, and the young man awaited on his knees such fervent petitions, intimate and personal, as were characteristic of the saintly minister. What was his dismay when Mr. Robertson suddenly called upon "his young brother" to "lead"! His embarrassment was complete, and refusal or obedience seemed alike for the moment impossible. When at last an Amen was safely reached, he could not have told one word he had uttered.

The remainder of the interview left no such blank in his memory. The minister showed more wisdom. He dropped good seed into good soil, and before thorns had time to spring up and choke resolve, the young knight had set out to seek his lady. Diffident yet daring, he presented himself, a stranger, at the house of Rev. Hope M. Waddell, urged on by the thought that within there might await him the wife of his dreams.

Mr. Waddell's name had become a household word in the Church. For twenty-nine years he had laboured as a missionary and a pioneer, first in Jamaica and then in Africa, in Old Calabar, having entered the latter almost alone and holding his life at cheap purchase. He was a man of tremendous force of character and unlimited devotion, and his self-denying service amongst savage tribes had given him a rich stock of such thrilling experiences as captivate the public fancy. He was, moreover,

Irish by birth, and possessed to the full the qualities of humour and pathos and the warm and generous emotions that give to natural eloquence a power not only to sway the mind of an audience, but to win its heart. He was justly one of the Church's heroes.

The ostensible reason for the young man's call on such a celebrity was a laudable desire on the part of a missionary-elect to get the benefit of a veteran's experience on some grave matters of mission policy; but she who became his wife recalls certain lively passages in an adjoining room which show how little the veteran's family were deceived by the specious ruse. The result, however, justified the venture. He found what he sought, an introduction was effected, and in a few short weeks he was engaged to the missionary's niece.

Bessie Kay was a child of the mission-field. Her father had been a grocer and spirit-merchant at the time of his marriage, but, won to the infant cause of total abstinence, felt compelled by its principles to give up the lucrative part of his business. The family ties to the mission-field were already strong. Not only was his wife's sister married to Mr. Waddell, then labouring in Jamaica, but his own sister had married Rev. John Simpson, a missionary in the same island and the brother of his wife. He decided to join in the work. He took his family to Jamaica, already consecrated to him by his sister's grave, and was serving as a catechist while preparing himself for ordination, when yellow fever cut him off on the threshold of his new career. Mrs. Kay was thus left with four small children (the eldest only ten and the youngest, Bessie, still blinking vaguely at a new-found world), and was herself lying so near the gate of death that for long she remained unconscious

of her loss and entirely unable to play the mother's part to her orphaned family.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Waddell took the newcomer under their care, and as they had recently lost an infant son, she seemed in a special sense heaven-sent. They never relinquished their charge. For more than half a century they occupied a father's and mother's place in her life, and in the days of her widowhood and their long and beautiful old age—a season of life that their memory must ever glorify in the minds of all who knew them—extended to her children the loving thought and care that is the gracious dower of grandparents.

When John Hogg entered Edinburgh University in 1849, his future wife, then a child of eight, was attending school in the same city in company with Mr. Waddell's own daughters. She had entered Park Place Academy in 1847, and through twelve unbroken years continued to be a pupil in the same institution, receiving a first-class education in all branches then studied by girls, including music, Latin, Italian, French, and German, and winning various honours throughout her long course. The two lives, destined at last to mingle, offered at this time the most striking contrast as each pursued its solitary way. While the one, by the momentum of its own strong current, was cutting out a course for itself through rocks of difficulty, the other flowed placidly forward along a gently widening groove of opportunity prepared for its advance.

The engagement lasted but seven weeks, and the wedding took place on January 10, 1860, Mr. Robertson of Newington having rightly a leading part in the ceremony. Two weeks later bride and bridegroom sailed from Liverpool aboard the "Scamander," and the "undulatory motion" they had jocularly anticipated imme-

diately prostrated them in their berths. Only a few days had passed when Mrs. Kay was surprised by the following letter :

ON BOARD THE " CORNELIA,"

OFF PLYMOUTH : 2nd February, 1860.

DEAR MOTHER :

I pray you not to be alarmed at the receipt of this note. I thought of sending you a telegraphic despatch, but this will probably reach you in time to prepare you for our sudden and unexpected return.

I don't know what kind of weather you have had about Edinburgh, but we have certainly had our share of gales, squalls, and hurricanes since we left; still that is not the reason why we are now in sight of Plymouth harbour instead of Gibraltar. The " Scamander," after braving it lustily for several days, gave in at last. She sprang a leak on Monday night at six o'clock, and after labouring all night to discover the leak, reduce the water, and so save the ship, it was evident to all by daybreak on Tuesday that we must escape for our lives. Accordingly the four boats were lowered—one was smashed in the process, the others got down safely almost by miracle. Bessie behaved nobly—she was calm and collected all the time; neither of us expected aught but the worst;—(we shall give you lengthened details when we arrive in Edinburgh, which (D. V.) we hope to do, perhaps by Saturday evening.)

We had not been above five hours in our boats when we discovered a steamer bearing down somewhat in our direction; so it was a pull for life. In about an hour she seemed to have descried us, for she tacked about and bore down upon us; and thanks be to God for His miraculous intervention—for I cannot call it anything less—the whole forty of us got safe aboard without even a broken limb, though the sea was rolling tremendously all the time. We had not been well aboard the new steamer when the " Scamander" went down, stern foremost, into the depths of the Bay of Biscay.

We have lost everything, but cannot help feeling con-

fident that He who plucked us out of the jaws of death will Himself become the breaker up of our way. Oh, let us *trust* Him! There was doubtless a "need be," and what that "need be" was will probably soon be made plain to us. Meanwhile, let us lift up a song of gratitude and praise to Him for having wrought out our deliverance in so remarkable a manner. Oh, for grace to dedicate our rescued lives to Him!

This is the only letter that I shall be able to write to Edinburgh, but this will suffice to prepare you *all* for our return, so in the hope of seeing you soon,

I remain,

Your most affectionate son,

JOHN HOGG.

P. S.—We are both in good health and spirits, and unite in sending to all our dear friends our warmest love.

The young couple now found themselves a centre of universal interest. Their wedding had already attracted considerable attention. Not only had the youthfulness of the bride (she was only eighteen), the rapid movement of events from introduction to marriage, and the unfamiliar destination awaiting her, combined to tinge the event with romance, but her position as Mr. Waddell's niece had brought it under the notice of a very wide circle of friends. These now flocked around the shipwrecked mariners, and the tale of the wreck had to be told and retold till the narrators must almost have been tempted at times to regret their escape from the deep.

It was a tale to touch public sympathy. They had returned with no possessions in the world beyond the clothes they wore, and those in what condition can be imagined, after six hours' tossing in an open boat in so wild a sea. Their chance of rescue had been slight indeed. They were 120 miles from the nearest shore, with a strong wind blowing seaward, and for three days

past no vessel had come within view. Even the steamer that at last effected their rescue was, when sighted, following such a course that at no point would it come within six miles of the sinking wreck. At the best, their tiny flag would be visible through its telescope only when steamer and boat were simultaneously on the crest of a wave. It seemed one chance among a thousand.

Not till they were actually on board could they feel secure. The anxiety was tense when the lady passenger had to make the final leap for safety. The deck of the "Cornelia" was lined by sailors, in order that to whatever point the will of the wind should bring her, she might find there hands stretched out to help. Only at one moment could the leap be safely accomplished. She must seize her opportunity as soon as the waves brought the tossing boat close to the vessel's rim. A moment's hesitation and a watery chasm would yawn between, into which to fall meant death. She accepted the situation, however, with the simplicity and outward calm that never failed her, leapt when directed, and discovered herself the heroine of the hour.

The rescuing vessel had itself suffered severely—deck-houses, kitchen, and bulwarks having been swept away by the storm—but the captain showed the greatest kindness to his unexpected guests and even went out of his route in order to land them at Plymouth. On every hand the same treatment awaited them. All their wedding gifts were repeated, in money if not in kind. Personal friends interested others in their behalf, and donations came in from the most unexpected quarters, in America as well as in Britain, with so much liberality that at length they shared in the experience of Job, whose latter end the Lord blessed more than his beginning.

Egypt, too, profited by the catastrophe. The mission work was brought to the notice of many who would not otherwise have known of its existence, but henceforward followed with interest the career of the young couple whose enterprise had had so dramatic a beginning. When in time of stress these new friends proved themselves as ready to aid in the work as they had been to help the workers, the missionary considered that the "need be" for his shipwreck had been made plain, and at seasons when prospects looked dark he would rally his spirits and encourage his faith with the refrain: "Remember the Bay of Biscay."

V

AT THE PORT OF EGYPT

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE days in Edinburgh must have held little rest, for in less than four weeks a new outfit of some sort was in readiness and the missionaries were again on their travels. This time they had a prosperous journey, shortened their voyage by going overland to Marseilles, and reached Alexandria on Sabbath, March 18, 1860, a day sooner than expected. They arrived in excellent spirits, Mr. Hogg delighted to be able to surprise Mr. Lansing with a well-earned respite from his Sabbath labours, and his wife determined to "like everything," imagining hot winds zephyrs, and devoting lizards, beetles, and cockroaches, with a passing shudder, to oblivion.

With a new reason for caring about his surroundings, Alexandria looked to the returning missionary dirtier than ever before, its streets narrower and more dingy, its houses more dilapidated. Doubtless his quarters at the Mission House created the same impression, for he could feel little pride in welcoming his bride to his two bachelor rooms in the Lansings' dwelling-house, and he had no immediate prospect of having a home of his own.

The rooms were situated in opposite corners of a flat that was devoted to school purposes and swarmed all day with schoolboys. They were manifestly for use and not for comfort, with stone floors partially covered with matting, woodwork that tried to remind you that it had once been green, walls that had "never been spoiled by paint or paper," and old furniture that had not boasted greatly even in its youth.

The study contained shelves of books, a schoolbench, a broken rocker, some cheap straight-backed chairs, and, inevitably, trunks. The bedroom also contained trunks, while its furniture The young wife declared to be deserving of all respect, inasmuch as it was still willing to be engaged in active service, notwithstanding that it bore traces of having had a lengthened and honourable career.

In addition to its venerable furnishing, the room, however, contained more than at first met the eye, an invisible tenantry which are a life-long trial to the missionary in Egypt.

"These animals are commonly known by the honourable appellation of Fleas," wrote the young wife, "but they are sometimes accompanied by less honoured members of a similar class whose unworthy name I shall forbear to mention. They seem to be the great scourge of Egypt, and must be, I think, a remnant which has escaped from the general destruction in the days of Hebrew bondage."

The discomforts of the new lot, however, were probably less unexpected than the warmth of the compensating welcome that awaited them, not from the missionaries alone, from whom as closest of kin it was but natural, but from all and sundry alike, teachers, pupils, servants, and friends. The story of their wreck had preceded them, and in every greeting there was present

the memory of their great deliverance. English residents came also with their congratulations. Perhaps the schoolgirls were the most demonstrative. There was a general "Oh!" and a rush for their hands when they entered the girls' school for the first time, as well as songs of welcome, bouquets of flowers, and a special wreath of artificial orange blossoms made for the bride. Altogether their experiences on the threshold of their missionary career revealed the number and the strength of the ties that had been slowly forming through the years, and contrasted strikingly with those of the lonely teacher who in 1857 had faced work in the same city disapproved of and alone.

Mr. Lansing, with all his talent, had no special aptitude for educational work. Mr. Hogg, on the other hand, was a born teacher and organiser. Naturally the boys' school fell to his charge as before. During the years of his apprenticeship he had always interpreted his commission broadly. Like most teachers on the mission-field, he had not stuck to the letter of his contract. He had added Sabbath work, which was not in the bond, had taught a girls' Bible class, and preached weekly sermons. He had even devoted as laborious hours to language study as any permanent worker in the field.

This being so, the reader may imagine that his lot had been but slightly altered by becoming a missionary. Even to himself it may at first have appeared that the only change was one to greater liberty of action and more variety of occupation. He felt free, for example, to defer entrance on his own duties till he had given Miss Dales a short rest by taking her place in the girls' school for a few days, and as her health was precarious, he continued for months to devote to it two hours daily, although the boys' school was his own definite charge.

There, too, his work, while as responsible as ever, was less confining. The teaching was chiefly in the hands of a Syrian head-master and an Egyptian assistant, the religious teaching being his special department, to which he added a singing class that became a strong attraction through his infectious enthusiasm, and drew more pupils to the school. Beyond this, such time as he could control was devoted as formerly to language study, Italian being now relegated to the background and his entire energy concentrated on Arabic. On the whole, the change at a casual glance breathes of emancipation.

A look beneath the surface, however, may alter our opinion and reveal the fact that inwardly he was more bound than before. He had voluntarily dedicated himself soul and body to an enterprise before which the most capable stands dwarfed, and in face of which his utmost achievement must ever prove less than the situation demanded. Henceforth, even when over-straining his powers, a haunting sense of shortcoming would be apt to replace the old emancipating sense of going beyond his contract.

Moreover, a missionary is one of those whose day's work has no definite limit. There is no hour at which the claim of his calling automatically ceases, no daily allotment of labour, to do more than which is to pass out of the realm of duty, and whose accomplishment leaves him free to doff the missionary and develop the man. There is no room available for the stimulating interests and hobbies that men are wont to cultivate along the margin of their lives, and should the missionary by sheer force of will create a margin and seek to keep it sacred to family life and to his personal weal, the enclosure will presently be invaded by duties unexpectedly thrust upon him. Claims of the corporate body of which

he is a loyal member, claims of the work as a whole, of which his own is so small a portion—such claims must take precedence of all that is private and personal. How to respond adequately without neglecting his previous responsibilities will be a continual problem, in the solution of which all considerations of what is due to the normal development of his own life and character are liable to be swept away. The man who so often in the past had driven his life at breakneck speed was soon to find it beyond his control, and the overwork which had always been to him a temptation and a snare was henceforth to become his inevitable lot.

Of the full force of the change, however, he was not at once conscious. Mr. Lansing, though suffering often from ophthalmia, persevered with his share of the work, and for some months Mr. Hogg was able to follow in a measure the routine he had marked out for himself. His ordination took place on May 22, and was the first official act of the mission's newly formed Presbytery, of which he was chosen clerk. On June 24 he preached his first sermon in Arabic, following it from time to time with others whenever he had them ready for delivery.

In July, the whole household, seeking health, encamped in tents at Ramleh, a desert region that has since blossomed like the rose, stretching along the seacoast eastward from the city. The camp was fixed at twenty minutes' distance from the sea, and the school was considered by the Scotsman still within walking distance, till a few experiments taught him wisdom and led to the purchase of *Lucifero*, his first donkey. Here teaching was for a while confined to three days weekly, and Arabic was the engrossing interest of the hour. The wind, the glare, and the flies at last drove Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, with their sick baby, back to town, and the

young couple were for the first time alone on Egyptian soil. Some glimpses of their life may be gleaned from a letter from Mrs. Hogg to her sister :

“There is a new home-feeling that creeps over us, as John and I sit down to our breakfast and tea alone, that has an irresistible fascination about it. . . . The mornings and evenings are beautiful, and if you could sit down with us you would be charmed. We have the tent thrown quite open so as to have the full benefit of the sea breeze, and thus we have a wide landscape thoroughly oriental in its character lying stretched out before us, upon which we can feast our eyes. . . . First of all there is as much sand as your heart could wish, if not more; then there are majestic palm trees, and in the evening the rich glow of sunset which sets off the palm trees to great advantage; while in the morning there is the deep blue sky and everything looking fresh and beautiful from the heavy dew which falls almost every night. For some mornings past we have been having breakfast in the open air under the shade of some palm trees, where we sit on the sand in Arab fashion round an Arab table which is not a foot high.”

Mercifully they little dreamed how seldom through the many years of married life that lay before them they would be able to “sit down to breakfast and tea alone.” In Egypt the married missionaries have always held their homes at the mission’s disposal, and with a generosity for which they deserve and win unmeasured gratitude and love, have ever been ready to share their homes with the unmarried workers on the field, the loneliness of whose lot they thus greatly relieve. The willingness of this service and the tenderness of the ties that often spring from it do not nullify the sacrifice involved. The unhampered freedom and privacy so essential to that “home-feeling” that rendered the

tent-life fascinating are not mere luxuries, the surrender of which serves only to diminish the pleasure of existence. To some natures they are almost essential to real self-expression and to the development of some of the finest possibilities latent in their souls.

Of such a nature was the man whose life we are now endeavouring to follow and understand. To the end the impression he generally created was of a warm, genial frankness, and perhaps only those nearest and dearest to him realised how limited was the area of that frankness, and what barriers of reserve imprisoned the soul within. With babies and little children he retained all his days the power of lavishing his affection with perfect naturalness, and their response was invariable and immediate; but a kind of shyness that contradicted his outer manner encased his heart. His deeper feelings he could rarely reveal, and in regard to them his pen moved more readily than his lips. That he was conscious of his disability and realised its cause is evident from a sentence penned near the close of his life. "It is our misfortune," he says, "and not our fault, that living as we have always done in the sight of others, our affections have been restrained from showing themselves so much that it has become unnatural for us to show them." Yet even in those closing years there was something in him that constrained a feeling that his reserve and undemonstrativeness were an accident of his lot rather than an inherent element of his character, and that to the mission cause he had sacrificed what was more precious than talents, time, and strength; he had sacrificed some of the most sacred possibilities and joys of manhood.

The tent-life was soon over, and the young couple began housekeeping in the dwelling hitherto occupied by the Lansings—Miss Dales and later Miss McKown, who

arrived in November, living with them. It had been decided that Mr. Lansing, as not needing to be in touch with the schools, should rent a house in the Mohammedan quarter. Sickness, however, intervened, and changes subsequently occurred that prevented his resettlement in Alexandria, and finally determined his location in the metropolis.

The whole responsibility of the Alexandria work was thus suddenly thrown upon the younger man in less than two months after the preaching of his first sermon in the language of the country. Only his successors on the field, who with travail of soul have attained a use of that strange and difficult tongue, can duly appreciate the magnitude of the task confronting him. Even had English been his vehicle of expression, the preparation of two new sermons weekly would have been no slight burden to carry, considering the many other responsibilities, new and old, that complicated his life. These waged a constant and successful warfare against "proper evangelistic labour," in which the latter, the "anxious desire" of his heart, was forced to take refuge in spare half hours. His wife, watching the effect of defeated longing on the soul that harboured it, significantly remarks, "I am sure John's health would be much better if his work were less secular."

He tries to make clear the situation in a letter to his former pastor at Tranent:

"Two days' stay with us here would go far to explain the whole matter. Let me try to give you some idea of the amount of secular work that falls to be done.

"*First:* All Scriptures and other books sent to Egypt for mission work have to pass through our hands, and . . . it requires nearly a day to bring a box of books from the steamer out in the harbour, through the custom

house, to the bookshop, and thence to the railway station. This falls to be done at least once a fortnight.

"*Second:* The schools have to be attended to. I refer . . . to the unwieldy machinery—two local committees and three in Scotland who have to be kept informed of the progress of the work.

"*Third:* Accurate reports of our sales at the Scripture Depository have to be forwarded from time to time to the Bible Society in London.

"*Fourth:* The keeping of the accounts of our schools, depot, committees, Mission Board, etc., consumes a large amount of precious time, owing to the numerous and ever-changing values of the coins current in the country.

"Add to this our frequent interruptions from passing travellers, some of whom almost expect us to throw ourselves at their service and take them round to see the lions of the place, and you will have some slight idea of the secular portion of a missionary's work at a central station and seaport town like Alexandria."

His heavy clerical work was increased in January, 1861, by his becoming general treasurer for the entire mission, and he mentions spending eight hours a day for three weeks over semi-annual reports to the Mission Board and British and Foreign Bible Society. America was in the throes of civil war, and the difficulty of securing funds to carry on mission work was naturally extreme. For years bankruptcy seemed imminent, and the Egyptian treasurer, facing simultaneously constant calls for money and an empty exchequer, strained every nerve to raise funds from other sources. These efforts added greatly to a correspondence already large. He still nourished a hope that the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland might eventually unite with the American Church in the mission in Egypt; and though his many letters on this subject failed of their first intent, he succeeded in raising much interest in the work, and the

students of Edinburgh United Presbyterian Divinity Hall chose Alexandria as their scheme of effort on two succeeding years, raising \$4,000 for the cause at a time of direst need.

One cannot wonder at the feeling that came over him as he faced the question: "What is the nature of mission labour in Egypt?" in writing to the Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian students at Allegheny, Pa. "Were I to attempt to answer . . ." he says, "by giving you a detailed account of my own labours . . . particularly since I became connected with your Church's mission, I am very much afraid you would petition the Board for my speedy recall, or at least you would vote me a layman and write Esq. after my name in your reply."

Yet when one turns to his "proper evangelistic labours" one is amazed at the amount accomplished. As already mentioned, the religious teaching in the boys' school was in his hands, and the senior Scripture class in the girls' school also. Such teaching he keenly enjoyed and considered the most important work he had to do. The chapel hour with the boys was indeed the happiest hour of the day. The majority of the pupils were not children but grown lads. About a third of them were Moslems from twelve to sixteen years of age, and they formed an inspiring audience, listening to his expository remarks on the Scripture lesson "as attentively as if they were sitting as a jury in a case of life and death."

Anxious that the pupils after leaving school should not drift away from Christian influences, he very soon opened a reading-room for young men, stocking it with books and periodicals, religious and secular, in various languages. Here he was in attendance every evening

from six to nine o'clock. The conversation was sometimes religious, sometimes scientific, and the little gathering, varying in numbers from six to sixteen, always closed with singing, reading, and prayer. Prayer meetings, lectures in astronomy, and studies in the Epistle to the Romans occasionally took the place of reading and conversation, and as time went on the interest of the gathering centred more and more on religion.

Work gives birth to work. The young men began to plead for a Sabbath Bible class and their plea was granted. It was held at the same hour as the Sabbath school, shortly before the morning service, twelve to fourteen being the usual attendance.

His Sabbaths, though arduous, were the joy of the week, as being days entirely devoted to the work his heart delighted in. The audience room was packed to discomfort, in spite of the younger scholars having been sent home previous to the service to make room for their seniors. The place of meeting, an upper room in a narrow side-street, was shabby and dingy, badly seated and badly ventilated, too uncomfortable as well as unattractive to draw casual and curious hearers. This was a keen sorrow and narrowed his influence. It had but one element of compensation, that with the occasional exception of some man who had an axe to grind, the service was attended entirely by such interested listeners as a speaker delights in. "You ask me," he writes, "how I like preaching in Arabic? I like it so much that it is with the greatest self-constraint that I can get to the end of a sermon in less than an hour! I feel as if I could preach all day long!"

But though "never so happy" as when preaching, he would spend the interval at noon tossing uneasily on a divan or pacing the floor, too tired to rest; and when a

second service had followed, the climax of the whole week's effort was reached and an exhaustion settled on him, so complete that often the new week was half over before its effects had worn away. What increased the strain of the day was the constant inadequacy of his preparation, for believing that his future usefulness would depend largely on his mastery of Arabic, he felt forced to devote what half-hours of leisure he could secure to improving his knowledge of the language rather than the quality of his preaching. Usually Saturday evening closed upon him with only his texts in readiness, and as the thought and study devoted to them in such hours as he stole from the night rarely bore their full fruitage till he stood a-face with his audience the tension during each weekly effort was extreme.

One cannot but recognise the fact that so early and lavish a use of unprepared and uncorrected speech in a new language was a dangerous experiment, likely to result in habits of inaccurate construction and slovenly pronunciation that might have shackled him for life. But the man proved equal to the test. He had entered on his mission life singularly equipped for the service. His delicate ear had lessened for him the difficulty not only of consonants unknown in English, but of the more subtle and baffling distinctions of sound that lurk in such consonants and vowels as are supposed to be common to both languages, and deceive the unwary westerner by their apparent similarity. Moreover, his native linguistic talent bequeathed on him that sensitiveness to the genius of a language that aids its happy possessor at every turn and shields him from the grosser forms of idiomatic blunder.

During his months of loneliness in 1856 he had, as he himself acknowledged, "mastered the most difficult

part " of Arabic,—its pronunciation and its general structure. He held that with good health and working with all their might, most men could do this in a year, and that this correct framework once secured, all future study became joy.

Upon this joy he had entered when he joined the mission in 1860, and instead of floundering in darkness like many an anxious beginner at the mercy of an inexperienced teacher, was able from the start to act the part of pilot towards the port he sought. When therefore, seven months later, he was forced into extemporaneous preaching, he had doubtless already reached a stage of advancement that few attain till much later in their missionary career.

The dangers of the experience were thus greatly diminished, and he was still further safeguarded by his own high standards in the matter. No average knowledge of the language would content him. The grammatical carelessness of even educated Egyptians annoyed his ear, even as careless pronunciation of English had done at an earlier stage in his life. He heartily indorsed the opinion of learned Arabians that the Arabic language is an unfathomable deep, but he purposed to continue his soundings in it till death, and believed that every missionary who valued his influence aright would do the same. With such views, carelessness was an unlikely sin, and his weekly gain was great in the fluency and ease with which he could use an instrument at first unwieldy. When 1862 dawned he felt himself able to preach a better extemporaneous sermon in Arabic than in English.

Meanwhile for months he had been undergoing a daily drill in the rules and technique of the language that stood him in good stead, however regrettable the necessity at the time as stealing hours from more direct mis-

sionary labour. In the boys' school the head-master deserted, tempted by more lucrative openings in the business world. No successor was available, and the missionary for half a year taught six hours daily to fill the vacant post. As his assistants, a Syrian and a Copt, were not sufficiently advanced in Arabic grammar to teach the higher classes, these all fell to his lot, and the work of preparation proved no sinecure.

The keenest trial of his life at this time was not its strenuousness, its complexity, or its sacrifices. It was the simple physical lack of space. The school could contain no more pupils, the audience-room on Sabbath no more worshippers. When numbers increased, new pupils and hearers being attracted by the quality of the teaching and preaching provided, the discomforts of overcrowding were sure to drive others away. Even a slow, natural growth became impossible, while his visions were of developments far beyond the region of the natural, unless viewed in the light of the infinite power of the Lord of the Kingdom.

Looking back to Alexandria at a later period of his life, he asserts "from bitter experience" that this "sense of waste" is after all "the heaviest cross that a missionary has to bear—to have to preach to a *dozen* in an upper room of a private dwelling when with a *mission hall in the central part of the city* he might be preaching to a *thousand*;" and remarks: "A few thousand pounds, given at the right time, would have multiplied the area . . . and increased the value of our missionary labours tenfold in . . . every department."

Of trials more private and personal the years in Alexandria were singularly free, and in spite of all drawbacks the new happiness that marriage had brought into his life seemed at times "almost too great to last long."

It was still further increased by the birth of a daughter on June 22, 1861—Mary Lizzie, a joyous little spirit whose short life has left sunny tracks across the sea of time. Her father's home letters give occasional glimpses of her seated on his knee or propped up among the cushions on the divan amusing herself while he wrote, and he describes her as "fair, fat, and funny," and again as "pretty, plump, and playful as a kitten, healthy and good-tempered like her mother."

Care there was, for the Board repeatedly warned them that on account of financial conditions in America their salary might soon be reduced, while the constant calls on their hospitality, inevitable at a seaport, already rendered the task of living within their income almost beyond their power. "Lucifero" was readily sacrificed for the family weal, but further retrenchment proved difficult. Yet the burden seems to have pressed but lightly on the young couple. The husband declared that if it came to the worst he would live on "parritch and sour milk," or "take to making tents like the Apostle Paul," rather than give up his new work and go home, and both seem to have preserved a cheerful confidence that the God of the Bay of Biscay would not let them want.

VI

AT THE HEART OF THE PROBLEM

God has conceded two sights to a man.
One of man's whole work, time's completed plan;
The other of the minute's work, man's first
Step to the plan's completeness.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

TO many the term "mission policy" has doubtless a forbidding sound, but as studied in the concrete by the Alexandrian missionary its interest was intense. He realised acutely that a vacillating or mistaken policy must mean to a mission what it would mean to an army—loss of money, loss of time, loss of human life, loss of force, and perhaps a lost campaign. The inhabitants of Egypt numbered at this time about 4,700,000; the men of the mission 4. By what disposal of their talents might these mere units influence vitally and permanently the life of the nation? It was a question for a Gideon and men of Gideon's faith.

Two points seemed clear to him,—that a business agent should be on the field to free the ordained men for the work for which they had been qualified; and that each man, thus set free, should focus his efforts on multiplying himself by raising up native workers. The first policy he urged upon the Board, but years passed before it was adopted. The second policy moulded his whole life.

As early as January, 1861, he writes of his school that its aim is not merely the intellectual, moral, and

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religious education of a large number of Alexandria's youth, but "also and more especially" the training of a native agency to duplicate in the interior his own missionary labours. Before the year ended his view was even stronger.

"I am getting more and more of opinion," he says, "that the missionary's work in school should be restricted to the training of teachers and native agents, and that the school should be regarded chiefly as of use in affording these young men scope for the practice of their maiden gifts, under the eye of the missionary."

The interior had laid a spell upon him that saved him from an exaggerated estimate of the relative importance of his own sphere of labour. On September 6, 1860, he had united with Rev. Mr. McCague and Rev. Mr. Lansing in the purchase of the "Ibis," a Nile-boat that was to bring within easy access every corner of the land, and the interest with which he followed the journeys of his two brethren is mirrored in his letters to the home-land, in which news from the south is apt to take the precedence of news of his own work. The extraordinary sales of Scripture, the schools started by Mr. McCague at Luxor and Assiut, the native colporteurs at work, Mr. Lansing's sermons to eager crowds in Luxor Coptic Church, his tour with the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and their wonderful success in selling books and Bibles—every detail was dwelt on with delight. Perhaps the most significant proof of the keenness with which he was following events in which he had no personal share is one that only those can fully appreciate who are familiar with the painful task of deciphering Arabic handwriting. Fourteen folio pages are preserved of his translation at this time of an account

of the persecution of a Christian worker in Assiut, and a copy of a letter from Abraham Lincoln to the Khedive, congratulating him on his just action in the case, together with the Khedive's reply, all of which he transmitted to Scotland to keep the interest of his home Church warm. Even when pleading for buildings for Alexandria, one of the arguments urged is that the money being spent annually on the rent of unsuitable premises would suffice, if released, to support twelve native workers—not in Alexandria, but “in the interior.”

Two brief interludes of river life, one in the Delta and the other in the Upper Country, played so important a part in fixing his views of the general plan of campaign to be adopted that they acquire a peculiar interest.

Strip Egypt of its desert regions, that bulk largely on a map but hardly touch the consciousness of its people, and it resembles in general outline a long-tailed kite. The Nile is the bond of the whole,—the string to which the towns and villages of Upper Egypt are attached, and the framework on which Lower Egypt, the kite-shaped Delta, is spread. Where in a kite string ceases and wooden framework begins, the Nile, that has stood for both, itself undergoes a change. Hitherto it has run in a broad single channel, its banks fringed by a narrow strip of cultivated land, ending at the base of low ranges of hills. When the Delta is reached the hills fall back and vanish from view, and the river breaks up into two main streams which, veering eastward and westward, flow slowly through flat landscape to the sea. Reaching it a hundred miles apart, they enclose a large triangle of the richest soil on earth, perennially green and closely populated.

It was on the eastern branch of the Nile and in this densely peopled territory that Mr. Hogg, in the Easter

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vacation of 1861, made his first river trip, along with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, "four very dear friends," who could "live in the closest intercourse without jarring." He looked forward to it with the keenest pleasure, declaring that they would have "a merry time" and "gather rosebuds" in their pale faces, to be ready for a long stretch of work through the enervating heat of summer. Duck shooting was to be the recreation of the two men, but the counter attraction of the villages seems to have kept their guns somewhat idle, and the party cannot have fared sumptuously on the game procured.

At Damietta they visited an old Coptic church, where their reception proved memorable. The athletic insects that in Egypt garrison these old structures leapt on them in such numbers that they fled routed, peppered from head to foot by their foes. Their condition was desperate. They took refuge in the river, and did not venture to return to the boat till they had rid themselves of some hundreds of their tormentors and partially recovered their self-respect.

But they were not tourists, and it was interest in the people themselves and not in their buildings that drew them to the towns; conversation with the villagers, preaching where possible, and the sale of Scriptures to all who would buy, usually filling their days.

It was, of course, but a limited district that they could visit in four weeks, but it was a fair sample of the Delta as a whole. The Mohammedans, besides being illiterate, bigoted, and contemptuous of the Christian religion as they expected to find them, assumed such a haughty attitude towards the missionaries that they feared few would be found willing to listen to any message that came through the lips of a Christian foreigner, until

some political upheaval should force upon them the unwelcome truth that the Mohammedan races are no longer the world's conquerors. The Copts were few and uninfluential, leavened by the evils of Moslem life, wedded to the superstitions and ceremonies that were all that remained to them of their ancient Christianity, and suspicious of Protestants, whom they had been taught to regard as worse than infidels. There were, of course, exceptions to the rule, exceptions that make any generalisation seem a travesty of the truth, and encouraged the missionaries in sowing their seed; yet not the most sanguine soul could see in the field any promise of a speedy and fruitful harvest.

Almost a year later Mr. Hogg was again on the Nile to undertake a more extended tour, with his family and two native colporteurs, in a region of the country he had not yet visited. The move was rendered possible by an addition to the mission force, and by the partial success that his own efforts to train workers had already attained. A prolonged and feverish onslaught on his clerical tasks cleared his desk of all arrears and his conscience of all claims, while Rev. Andrew Watson, his new brother-missionary, could, along with the Egyptian workers, fill the breach caused by his temporary absence from Alexandria.

This time he did not even pretend that he was planning a holiday, and yet there was within him something of the holiday spirit. The six hundred miles of watery highway between Cairo and Assuan stretched alluringly before him with two unbroken months of congenial work. Behind lay a year in which bookshop, custom house, travellers, reports, accounts, school supervision, and secular classes had jostled and fought for pre-eminence. He turned with relish to a long-lost privilege—a single

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clearly defined duty on which to concentrate all his strength and mind.

Life on a Nile-boat has a charm all its own. There is a subtle witchery in the river that awakens in the traveller a love for it beyond the bounds of cold reason. A stretch of muddy water flowing day after day between flat banks of deep stoneless earth and, at a varying distance averaging seven miles from range to range, ever the same low limestone hills, rocky and bare,—what elements of beauty can lurk in such monotonous scenery? But the tones of the picture are as variable as an opal. River, hills, and sky pass through mystic transformations of colour from the first glimmer of dawn till evening falls and the tender after-glow vanishes, conquered by the silver sheen of the moon. The passing glimpses of the life upon the banks remain unendingly picturesque, however poor and ugly a sober judgment may declare that life to be, while the river silence and the river sounds, the lapping waves and the moving oars, the boatmen's songs and calls from the passing craft please the ear with unfamiliar music, harmonising strangely with the scene.

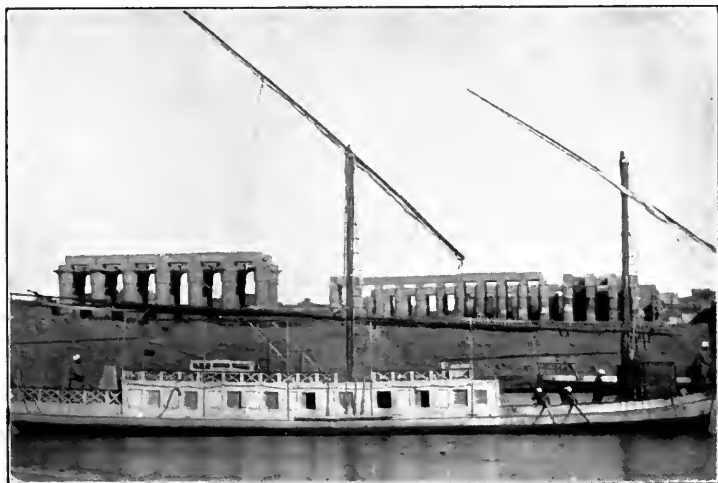
But perhaps the chief magic in the river is in the past, with which it is inextricably mingled:

“It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands.”

For without the Nile there would have been no Egypt, no records of “vanished civilisations mirrored for an instant in this ever-flowing stream,” records that history has been writing on her banks for six thousand years. All would be desert and the silence of the grave.



EGYPTIAN RIVER BOATS



"THE IBIS," THE MISSION BOAT

When we look out on a river that for sixty centuries has wended its historic way through the mazes of the past to reach us to-day, a river that for three thousand miles has been travelling northward from its great lake-home in the heart of the continent to give Egypt life, is it any wonder if the stretch of waters weaves a spell over our imagination, and colour, sound, and thought lull the traveller into a dream?

“ And then we wake
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.”

It is the villages and towns that call us back to life, and the missionary had to pass a thousand of these before he reached the limit of his journey. Raised above the level of the plain to be safe from the annual inundation, half-hidden among clustering palms, their outline often broken by dome and minaret, they looked attractive in the distance, and made a lovely picture when mirrored in the water and glorified by a sunset sky. But at close quarters their beauty vanished like a mirage, and the sordid reality was revealed in the dirt and disorder of poor and ruinous dwellings, their reeking odours, and squalid, stagnating life. Their human interest was too keen for the traveller to preserve always a “calm” heart as he faced the problem of their need. Sixty-three of them he visited during his tour, the distance traversed, inclusive of the return journey, being about 1,160 miles by boat and 200 on foot or by donkey. He “sold Scriptures in forty places; read and expounded them in fifty, held a formal service in seven, had conversations on religious subjects

with sixty-two Coptic priests, forty or fifty monks, and two bishops; and left three colporteurs at different points to carry forward the work after his departure." The volumes sold numbered 430, and the proceeds amounted to \$115. Everywhere he received from the Copts a respectful hearing and an urgent invitation to remain. At one place the men deferred payment for the Bibles bought to ensure a second visit on the return journey. He thus describes his methods:

"I always studiously endeavoured to avoid discussing minor points of doctrine until I had first presented them with a short and simple exposition of the Divine plan of salvation as revealed in the Gospel. By this means their prejudices were removed, their respect was gained, and they were prepared to give a favourable hearing to whatever else we might have to say; whereas had we . . . launched with imprudent haste into discussions about Transubstantiation, Baptismal Regeneration, Auricular Confession, the worship of pictures, Fasts, etc., it is more than probable that the impression produced on their minds would have been that the Protestants are just what the priests represent them to be—little better than infidels.

"To the simple Gospel all expressed unfeigned assent, often adding: 'Oh, that he would remain with us!' or 'Oh, that our priests would preach to us!' but when I proceeded to contrast the simplicity of the Gospel with their perverted system and showed them how far they had fallen from the primitive faith of the Church—some mocked, and others said: 'We will hear thee again of this matter.'" Yet it was often evident that the word had taken effect on some, and these generally the most intelligent men in the village."

It was not, however, only to the Copts that the missionary presented his message. Whenever he could se-

cure a hearing among Moslems, or distribute amongst them Christian literature, he was quick to avail himself of the opportunity, and he tells of interesting conversations with the head men of certain villages, and of a singular interview with the Imam of the Mosque of Bahjoura, who purchased a Gospel, saying that he wished to compare it with the Koran "to see wherein they agree and wherein they differ, and discern, if possible, which is true and which is false."

But the door to the majority was still locked and barred, and he remarks: "The great stumbling-block in the way of doing much for them is the Coptic Church. Mohammedans have not the means at present of knowing what true Christianity is."

In the light of this fact, all effort for the regeneration of the Copts acquired a unique value. He saw in it the forging of a key that must eventually unlock the closed portal of Islam, and prepare the way for a more direct and concentrated effort to secure the entrance he coveted amongst Egypt's millions. If we are to view the work from this standpoint, and follow his efforts with full sympathy and understanding, we must look through his eyes at the situation that confronted him fifty years ago, remembering as we do so the changes that the interval has wrought.

The Copts seemed to him to bear the same relation to the salvation of the Moslems that the Jews of Christ's day bore to the salvation of the Gentiles. Their past shone luminous in the light of that thought. God had preserved them as He had preserved the Jews, for a great mission, and the time being now ripe He had sent His servants to the accomplishment of His purpose. Can any one who has read their pathetic history and felt

the wonder of their continued existence feel surprise at such a view? Who were these Copts?

Racially they were heirs to all the greatness and the fame of the ancient Egyptians from whom, like most of their Moslem fellow-countrymen, they had descended by direct line of birth, but, unlike them, with blood pure of all admixture through intermarriage, whether with conquering Arab, Circassian, or Turk. Ecclesiastically they were heirs to the glory of Egypt's early Christianity, when she wore the halo of martyrdom, gave birth to Christian heroes, and played a ruling part in the life and thought of the Church of Christ. Historically they were a faithful remnant who, in the dark days that followed the Mohammedan conquest of the Seventh Century, refused to buy peace and prosperity by accepting their conquerors' creed, and through twelve hundred years of obloquy and cruel oppression clung tenaciously to the Church of their fathers.

And what had they become? By their picture-worship they had become the stumbling-block of the Moslems. Their religious leaders were "epistles of Christ" in whose corrupted text might be wrongly read Christ's license to drunkenness and vice; while the errors that had crept into their creed set the seal of Christ's name upon a religion in which salvation was divorced from sanctification, and purchased by pious ejaculations, the use of the sacraments, fastings, alms, and the intercession of Mary and the saints. The Moslem could not pierce through such incrusting ceremonies to discover the true spirit of the Gospel. Considering salvation already an easy purchase, he could see nought to gain by the adoption of Christianity save freedom to drink arrack* and to eat the accursed flesh of the

* An intoxicating drink made from the juice of dates.

pigs that wallowed amongst the mire and refuse of the streets.

And if we ask how the Coptic Church, with so fair a history, had sunk so low, the answer is not far to seek, and carries its own warning to us all. Her people had lost their Bible. It had been entombed for them in a language once their own, long since forgotten. Only now through the efforts of strangers in the nineteenth century was it being given back to them in Arabic, their adopted tongue. Meanwhile they had been sorely tried, and the soul that does not simply "trust in God and do the right" is submerged by sorrow, instead of being borne by its waves to higher levels. We have not always stood life's test so well that we can marvel or condemn when we find that instead of being perfected by suffering they had sunk under it, injured morally as well as physically by their ordeal.

It was little wonder, indeed, that the race had deteriorated. For centuries freedom and safety were matters of purchase, while to appear wealthy was to court ruin. They strove to adjust themselves to their circumstances by worldly prudence. The gaining and hoarding of money had become in all classes the prime aim in life, its concealment the path of wisdom, lying and deceit their weapons of defence. Not so are nobility and honour nourished. Still more fatal was another adjustment. To protect their women from the dangers that threatened them in the enjoyment of their ancient freedom, they adopted for them the Mohammedan custom of seclusion. Close upon the heels of the new custom followed the taint of the attitude of mind which it embodied. Their women, degraded by both custom and attitude, soon sank in the main to the level of man's contempt, and the life of the people was poisoned at its source.

As for the religion that should have kept their standards high, its hold upon the majority was the grip of a dead hand. While even in the darkest age there lived and loved a chosen few "whom God whispered in the ear," the Coptic Church had, for the most part, preserved her primitive Christianity as ancient Egypt preserved her Pharaohs, embalming the body when the living soul escaped. She clung to a body of ancient ritual which was no longer animated by the spirit of Christ and in which the heart of love beat no more. Even the outward forms of her worship and ceremony had grown tawdry and uninspiring, and were, like the mummied human frame, bereft of force and beauty and wrapped in rags of ignorance and superstition.

Yet when all has been said that truth may demand as to the difference between a mummied body and a living man, an Egyptian mummy must always remain a marvel to the thinking mind. For in a very real sense it has conquered the forces of dissolution. Through this very flesh the blood once throbbed, from behind those closed eyelids thought flashed forth, and while men in their millions have crumbled into dust, this body, changed indeed but defying decay, has slept calmly through the rise and fall of empires. The fact strikes upon the senses with a suggestion of the miraculous.

It was with feelings akin to these that the missionary looked back on the history of the Copts, and in the miracle of their mummied Church he read the promise of a second and greater miracle that would mean the regeneration of Islam. The Coptic Church would hear the voice that had called to Lazarus: "Come forth!" and, rising from the sleep of ages, would cast aside her grave-clothes and gird herself for the work of the Lord. In the joy of a new life she would obey her Master's

command, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you," and rising to the full height of her calling, would spend herself as a missionary-church in the loving service of her persecutors. Then, and not till then, would the heart of Islam be touched. Let them see a living Christianity! Let them see a miracle of resurrection followed by a miracle of Christian forgiveness, and the Mohammedans of Egypt would accept the salvation offered them by God in Christ, enter the kingdom, and unite with the Copts in crowning the despised 'Isa King and Lord.

Was it a fatuous dream, or a prophet's vision, a mirage in the desert, or an attainable peak in that "land of far distances" that the Christian beholds as he follows his Lord on the highway of duty?

The missionary put the vision to the test. No dream can stand the calm judgment of common sense, but this dream, instead of revealing itself as fantastic, gave definiteness and coherence to his schemes, and the most mathematical mind could not but approve the sanity of the campaign to which it guided. What were four men to four million? But the Copts numbered one to fourteen of the army of Islam, and four men by God's help might rouse a slumbering Church of three hundred thousand souls already stirring in its sleep.

From a dream a man must awaken in the clear light of day, but the faith that a mummied Church would answer the call of God and solve the problem of Egypt's redemption, if born of a dream on the whispering river, yet glowed steadily on through the disappointments, delays, and labours of a lifetime, and was still strong within him when within a year of its close he faced a Scotch audience for the last time, to give it an account of his

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work. That the fulfilment of his vision tarried did not prove the distant view a mirage or the peak unattainable, but that God had found His people unwilling in the day of His power and that few had yet been ready to share the missionary's vision and faith.

VII

IN THE CITY OF THE PATRIARCH

The best men always find it hard to withhold sympathy from any hoary fabric of belief, and any venerated system of government, that have cherished a certain order and shed even a ray of the faintest dawn, among the violences and the darkness of the race.

—LORD MORLEY.

Necessity is laid upon me; for woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel.

—ST. PAUL.

THE life that faced Mr. Hogg on his return to Alexandria held a promise of relief for the future. His burdens were henceforth to be shared and lightened by a colleague who, in his absence, had proved himself "able to do all but preach Arabic sermons," and of whose worth he wrote to America in terms redolent of missionary greed, "Oh, that you would send us out six Watsons!" But as so often happens on the mission-field, the needs of another station soon broke up the happy partnership.

Cairo was, in 1862, in the throes of a great emergency. In the spring a large building had been secured from the Viceroy by the help of Mr. Thayer, the American Consul General, after indefatigable labours on the part of Mr. Lansing and others,* and all through the summer months Rev. Mr. Lansing and Rev. Mr. Ewing filled the unaccustomed rôle of contractors, standing in the dust

* Notable among these was the firm of Tod, Müller & Co., lifelong friends of the mission.

and heat, among masons, carpenters, and labourers of every sort, overseeing the repairs and alterations necessary to fit the place for its new and varied uses. Meanwhile the building, in its prominent position at the head of the Muski, accomplished with startling rapidity what the missionaries had for seven years been labouring towards; it awakened the interest and curiosity of the city and drew crowds within sound of the Gospel. In the new quarters, the Sabbath audience immediately doubled; within a month the school roll increased from 50 to 200; and visitors flocked to see the missionaries at all hours of the day.

Success brought joy, but a joy so mingled with worries and overwork that Mr. Lansing's health threatened to give way under the strain, and it was decided to borrow help from Alexandria. In August Mr. Hogg was sent for and he arrived none too soon. Mr. Lansing was soon lying at death's door, his life almost despaired of, and though he recovered sufficiently to winter on the Nile and engage in evangelistic work, it was not till he had been absent for nine months in America that he was able to endure without injury the more confining work of the city.

When Mr. Hogg arrived in Cairo with his wife and child, a bed, a chair, a bath, and a harmonium, it was with no idea of remaining permanently. The presence of a harmonium among the essentials for his sojourn in Cairo merely indicates the place music held in his heart and work. He had come at his brethren's bidding to relieve them of the burden of the school's abnormal growth, reorganise the institution in its new dimensions, and watch over it for a season, until, with machinery in running order, it might be re-committed without disaster to the partial oversight of an overtaxed man. As

late as December he was still dreaming of new plans for work in Alexandria to be rendered possible on his return by Mr. Watson's co-operation; but in February, 1863, his location was formally changed to Cairo, and the family were once more installed in a home of their own.

He had, however, almost from his first arrival, taken his place as a regular Cairo missionary. The babel of labourers was over and the alterations complete. Mr. Lansing's other responsibilities, however, naturally fell to the lot of the stop-gap, even while he tackled the special problem of the school, as Mr. Ewing, besides being in charge of the English services and the book-shop, had still the new missionary's task of Arabic study to hamper and engage him.

His new sphere filled him with enthusiasm. To have 200 pupils with room for 150 more was a novel experience, while the shortage in teachers was too familiar a condition to breed dismay. The pupils were gradually classified, and an evening class opened for the teachers, to fit them for the charge of such classes as had meanwhile to be conducted by the missionary himself. Perhaps his greatest joy was "the privilege of spending an hour a day in studying the Bible with a hundred boys and six or eight teachers, with strangers constantly dropping in." For in all his school work he carried out to the letter his own advice:

"Train your teachers well. Be much in the school. Teach the Scripture lessons yourself in the presence, if possible, of both teachers and scholars. Go from your closet to the school desk and throw your whole soul into your exhortations and prayers, without sparing your strength for other work that may be before you in the course of the day."

And the result that he foretold was according to his faith. Out of thirteen who sat down at the Lord's table for the first time at the last Communion service of the year, seven were the direct product of the school. It was in truth "no failure," but "a nursery of young plants for the King's garden."

He preached three times a week, his Sabbath morning audience numbering 130 to 150, and his Wednesday evening service, meant specially for the young, attracting usually about 200, most of whom were young men, boys, and girls.

In Cairo, his help was not needed in the girls' school, which was under the charge of Miss Dales and Miss Hart. He escaped also from the toil of the custom house and from personal superintendence of the book depot, but, as he was still general treasurer for the mission, the labour of accounts, reports, and correspondence was in no way lessened. Hundreds of payments and receipts had to be recorded by him weekly, in which all varieties of coinage had been used, those of Syria, India, America, Britain, and almost every country in Europe. The fluctuating values of such currencies had to be noted, and to reduce each entry at the last to the one fixed standard of money in which a final account had to be rendered was no child's play. "When Presbytery met towards the end of December," he writes, "I imagined that one week would suffice for me to square up the accounts and draw up the Financial Report; I had to spend 300 hours of close application before I was ready to put a pen to the Report"—and this within the space of 35 days, while teaching and preaching as usual. It is probable that in such matters he did more than was required of him, paying the full cost of the fastidious exactness that characterised him in the keeping of public

accounts; and as he sensibly remarks, "As to this secular work, *somebody* has to attend to it. Unless we are sup-
planted by a staff of angels, it cannot be dispensed with."

It was in March, 1863, with household furniture just arrived from Alexandria, and but two rooms of the new home ready for use, that he was suddenly withdrawn from his labours and found time to write the reminiscences of his boyhood days that have preserved them from oblivion. Mrs. Hogg was laid low with an attack of smallpox, and her husband quarantined with her to act the part of nurse.

In many letters written during their seclusion, there are glimpses of the compensations that the experience held for the two whom work had so often stinted of each other's companionship, and while alone together from morning till night, the love and sympathy of their mission friends still reached them in unnumbered ways, so that, as a mere unveiling of the beauties of human loving-kindness, they felt the stroke to have been amply justified. The nurse felt also that he had been in personal need of such an experience, and that God, before re-committing to his hands his many responsibilities, was seeking to teach him that he was not indispensable, but "a mere instrument in the hand of a Master-worker whose resources it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The disease spread no further in the mission circle, and on the invalid herself it left hardly a trace. On April 21 the prisoners were released from confinement, and their gratitude needing some expression, they added a thank-offering of \$50 to their usual mission contributions, though the threatened reduction of salary was growing ever more imminent and bankruptcy hanging like a cloud on the mission horizon.

Other clouds hung nearer, however, soon to burst over the cause they had at heart. There had been mutterings of a coming storm. Efforts had already been made to bribe the teachers at the mission school to desert their posts and to draft their scholars to other institutions. But it was not till the beginning of June that the new Coptic Patriarch frankly opened hostilities. This turn of events was a disappointment to the missionary. Not to make the Coptic Church United Presbyterian but to make her Christian was the great essential in the mission scheme that had taken such clear outline in his mind during his river journey, and he had treasured a hope that this might be accomplished without forcing the mission into the position of an apparently opposing camp. By a wide sale of Arabic Scriptures and by plain preaching in the vernacular the truth had been clearly proclaimed north and south to laity and clergy alike, and the widespread hunger and ready response that had awaited the message suggested the possibility of a mass movement among the Copts in which such a demand would be made for a purer creed, purer morals, and purer practices that those in power would be forced to make the needful changes. It was a hope that had been cherished by the Anglican Church through disappointing years. But though the Anglican missionary, limiting his appeal to the Coptic clergy, had failed to reach the goal, why should not the American missionaries succeed, with their more effective policy of preaching to the people?

Mr. Hogg had never ceased to follow with mingled anxiety and gratitude the indications of spreading interest all over the country, but the possibility it had suggested was not one to be published on the housetops. This need for cautious silence makes it impossible at this date to discover to what extent his colleagues shared

his hope or how soon it was abandoned. "We do not speak of it," he wrote to a friend, "except in whispers in our closets, and I pray you to do the same."

A mass movement towards reform could not be the work of a day, and while it was still but a glimmering light on the horizon, the missionaries had of necessity received into their communion the converts who sought to join them, the ancient Church providing no opportunity for such to follow the dictates of awakened conscience in worship and custom. That they might be the better trained, a small congregation had been organised in the month of January, and it was hoped that this little evangelical community would present to the Coptic Church what that Church when regenerated would present to Moslem Egypt, a human pattern of true Christianity, pure, spiritual, and attractive.

Meanwhile, however, news of the spread of evangelical sentiments in distant districts began to reach the ears of the Patriarch, and the very success that had seemed to promise a peaceful reform made peace no longer possible. Such reforms as the people desired would have meant to an inefficient and ignorant clergy a loss of position and power to which they would not yield without a struggle. Distrust, jealousy, fear, hatred, violence—these were the steps that marked the progress of feeling in high quarters.

It was hardly to be expected that the Coptic hierarchy would appreciate the aims and motives of the missionaries, and we cannot wonder that a work which the most loyal native supporters of the National Church now acknowledge to have been to it an inestimable blessing, proved as unwelcome on its first appearance as do most blessings that reach us in disguise. As early as March 7, Mr. Hogg wrote to Mr. Watson: "It seems now as if

there is no course left us with the Coptic hierarchy but war," and the final stage in the growing antagonism was reached three months later when the men of the mission staff were scattered—Mr. Lansing on his homeward journey, Mr. Ewing in Alexandria, Mr. Watson a suffering prisoner with acute ophthalmia, and but one of them left to face the storm at the metropolis.

It burst with sudden fury. All were publicly proscribed who should send their children to the mission school, visit the bookshop, read its books, have friendly relations with the missionaries and their "perverts," or attend their meetings. Disobedience would be visited with excommunication, no vague threat, since its evil consequences were not confined to an unseen world. The missionaries were described as "the enemies of all religion, without priests or sacraments or ceremonies or anything but a Bible they did not understand, wolves in sheep's clothing who had scattered the seeds of heresy all over the country, and whose proselytes were twofold more the children of hell than themselves."

The Patriarch in his vigorous action had the support of the leading laymen of the Church, whom he had called together in council. He had not himself, indeed, sufficient education either to compose or to read the edict described, but it worded for him accurately the spirit of his resolves. By the advice and aid of his helpers, with the additional assistance of a grant from Ismail Pasha, the new Viceroy, the Coptic school was transformed and enlarged. Here to invite was to command attendance. Such parents as at first, encouraged by the missionaries, ventured to risk the wrath of the Church, were visited in their homes by the priests and browbeaten by their anathemas into submission. The mission school languished. Soon the roll had fallen to a third of its original

length. Efforts were redoubled to capture the teachers. In some cases triple salary was offered, or government posts substituted as a bait where employment in the Coptic school failed to entice. To their honour be it said, most of the teachers remained faithful to the friends whose worth they had tested, and were not to be bought by offers of position or money.

With the schoolboys themselves the attack was more direct, and school talk was enlivened by tales of skirmishes by the way. One boy after another arrived at the mission bereft of books or cap, or without the loose shoes that made running difficult, these articles having been left in the hands of their would-be captors, who had sallied forth from the patriarchate to seize the pupils as they passed and convey them by force to the rival institution.

This was borne patiently for a time, but when the Patriarch's servants, growing bolder, waylaid the boys at the very entrance of the mission school, the missionary concluded that silence would soon savour of cowardice, and went with the consul to pay to his Holiness a visit of polite remonstrance.

At the outset all went well, the Patriarch being somewhat uneasy in presence of a guest whose lineage he had so recently traced to the devil. He had been ignorant, he said, of the officious zeal of his servants; further kidnapping would be forbidden. The boys, however, were his, and he had a right to use every other means to secure them. The subject was changed and the three men sipped coffee and talked with courteous care.

Not so, however, was the visit to finish. "These American missionaries," remarked the Consul pleasantly, "teach nothing but the pure Gospel, and your Holiness

ought rather to feel grateful to them than otherwise for the good they are doing to the children of the Copts and other sects." It was as if a bomb had been suddenly thrown in their midst. "Pure Gospel!" roared the infuriated Patriarch, in a voice that penetrated far and wide above the din of the surrounding school-rooms, which had hitherto made conversation difficult. "Have the Americans alone got the Gospel? Why don't they teach it to their slaves if they have it? Why does brother go to war against brother? Why have they come to Egypt with their fine talk? . . . We had the Gospel before America was born. We don't need them here to teach us. We know the Gospel better than they do."

The Patriarch's loud indignation gathered scores of eavesdroppers, who now crowded the windows surrounding the court. More than half of the faces were familiar to one of the visitors. They were faces that had often lighted up in response as from the school desk he had talked of the things concerning the Kingdom, and of the way of life, simple but strait, that has been revealed and made possible by Jesus Christ.

The sight of the listening boys, with their smiles of welcome and covert salaams, acted upon him like a cordial. It was *their* future that hung in the balance, and before him sat the man whose authority would rivet upon them the fetters of religious slavery. He felt like one inspired, his mouth filled with arguments made ready for his use. His picture of Egypt as it was and Egypt as it might become wrung from the Patriarch a reluctant admission that things were not as they should be, and though he still urged feebly that the Copts could mend matters unaided, he had no answer ready to the question, "Then when will you begin?" The listener winced still further when a third picture was drawn, a

picture of the Coptic Church of the day, and of the ignorance, Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and immorality of its spiritual guides throughout the country, and with no answer ready and no denial possible, he sought to cover his retreat by firing a volley of questions. "Why do you not worship the Holy Mother of God? Why do you not reverence the Mass? Why do you call us worshippers of images? Why do you not fast? . . ."

If the questioner expected the charge to be unwelcome, he was disappointed. His guest launched out gladly into careful explanations, thanking God in his heart for the unexpected opportunity, and presently objections and interruptions ceased, and Patriarch, attendants, and eavesdroppers listened as quietly as any church audience while the missionary delivered the message that was burning in his soul. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "Neither is there salvation in any other." "Who ever liveth to make intercession for us." "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free." Thus was preached the first Protestant sermon within the sacred precincts of the Patriarchate.

VIII

IN THE WAKE OF PERSECUTION

Who the thunder swayeth,
Who with lightning playeth,
Whom the storm obeyeth,
He ruleth and schooleth both thee and me.
—J. S. STALLYBRASS.

And as he passed over Penuel the sun rose upon him.
—GENESIS XXXII, 31.

THE interview with the Patriarch seems to have marked the turn of the tide. In their extremity the mission band had been led "to pray as never before,—to wrestle at the throne, entreating the Lord for the honour of His great name to come to the rescue;" and now their petitions became more and more mingled with thanksgiving for answered prayer. That one of the arrows shot by the Patriarch's visitor had won home was evinced by the fact that, having heard of a priest's persistent assertions that the missionaries circulated a corrupted version of the Bible, His Holiness so cursed and berated the offender for exposing his ignorance before Protestants that the poor man took a week in bed to recover from the effects of his fright. Friendly relations were gradually re-established between Protestants and Copts, and the former were treated with respect. Pupils were no longer molested in the streets, and one by one deserters drifted back to the school of their choice. Before returning, they made the reasons for

their preference abundantly clear to the priest who superintended the school of the Patriarch.

New signs of vitality appeared within the infant Church. "When the path of duty is made clear to them, they try at once to enter into it," was the preacher's testimony to the earnestness of his little flock. Anxious that instead of contenting themselves with family worship they should strive in their different districts to gather in friends and neighbours to worship with them, he prepared a sermon on united prayer for the Holy Spirit, his first written discourse, which took an hour to read because he had "no time to cut it shorter." In response, four district prayer meetings were immediately started, and the teachers decided to meet together on Saturday mornings to pray for themselves and their pupils. Another sermon on systematic giving gave birth to a missionary society, the church members remaining at the close of the service to take action at once, and pledging themselves to contribute \$18.75 monthly towards the evangelisation of their country.

Soon after, a delegation gathered in the study at the mission house. The district meetings were being held nightly, but the leaders, while reading the Bible, found themselves incompetent to give the explanations desired. Moreover, some of the Copts, amazed to hear Protestants praying for them, had decided to open a meeting at the Patriarchate to pray for themselves, and while accepting a priest as their nominal leader, had requested the presence and help of the mission's head-teacher and one of the recently appointed elders, a post of responsibility for which they felt themselves inadequately prepared. Who could resist their plea for help? Certainly not the man with whom they pleaded, who considered it a missionary's "chief end" to train native workers. For many

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weeks a class was held four evenings weekly, attended by about sixteen school teachers and district leaders, when after spending an hour and a half in Bible study and earnest prayer, they scattered to their various meetings to share with others the benefits they had themselves received.

The meeting at the Patriarchate continued for over a month, with 35 or 40 in attendance, among them some of the leading laymen of the Coptic Church. The head teacher and elder strove diligently to follow the advice given them, to avoid argument and lead discussion into helpful channels. But it was soon evident to all that the conducting priest, with growing infatuation, sought to stir up strife, while, worsted in the arguments he himself provoked, his virulence grew with each defeat. At length the meeting broke up in confusion, the Copts declaring they would go where they chose for profit, and be no longer beholden to the Patriarch for his hard benches and his blustering priest—whose only titles to distinction were the poverty of his logic and knowledge of Scripture, and the wealth of his vituperative vocabulary.

This occurrence brought the Protestants more than ever before the public. They formed a common topic of conversation in the shops and by the way, and their doctrines were eagerly discussed by many who would never have heard their name but for the Patriarch's efforts to crush them as dangerous foes.

The storm as it passed had had a similar effect within the school. A spirit of inquiry pervaded the air. The boys were aroused to more active thought, and the Scripture lessons acquired an enhanced value. Eight young men and one girl applied for admission to the Church, and while five were advised to delay, the public

dedication of the remaining four produced a deep impression. Six months before this Bamba, the girl communicant, after a long season of doubts and fears, had found the Christian's joy in life, and from that moment her development had been rapid and her influence felt. When she rose now from the midst of the schoolgirls to take her stand beside the young men and answer the questions addressed to her, the effect on her companions was marked; and before a week had passed three of the teachers, who had been weeping quietly at the time, had found for themselves the secret of her happiness, while several of the girls had decided to join the quest and were meeting with her and the teachers daily for prayer.

While the Patriarchal storm thus shared the sequel of many a thunderclap, the clouds dispersing to leave the sky sunnier than before, it had, nevertheless, while it lingered, given many an anxious thought to a mind already burdened with abundant care, and there are hints of strain and weariness in his private correspondence throughout the year.

When Mr. Lansing sailed, Mr. Hogg had written, "I feel inclined to cry out with the Apostle Paul, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' 'Who is weak and I am not weak?'" A few months later, writing to an aunt, he contrasts the present with the past:

"I have wrought three times as hard these last three years as ever I did as a collier. Then the day's work was done when we had washed and had our clothes changed and picks mended, but here there is no rest at all—let me work ever so hard, I always go to bed with something undone. Still the work is the Lord's. . . . When all our brethren are back, the *pressure* of work upon me will not be so constant and at least my cares will be lighter. It is a pretty responsible position for one so young to fill. I have had about 46 agents—

teachers, colporteurs, and others—under my charge for the last year, as well as some very troublesome cases of church discipline to manage. . . . I was brought up to hard work from the first, and now I understand why it was so. Had I been pampered in my youth, I should have been useless in my present sphere.”

Quite apart from the pressing sense of responsibility, the actual toil was no slight load. On the last night of the dying year he summed up the work accomplished: 208 sermons, addresses, and lectures delivered, four of them in English; 540 hours of teaching, forty of them spent in drilling his teachers in Arabic grammar; 500 hours of work on mission accounts; over 1,100 pages of correspondence; 180 pages translated into Arabic from books of varying size and 23 chapters from Dr. Edward's *Commentary on the Bible*.

But there was a large element in his life, as in the life of most, beyond his control and outside of the sphere of his statistical hobby, without some account of which the picture would be incomplete. To his brother William he describes the interruptions of a day which he had planned to devote to correspondence, translation, and study:

“After family worship I came along to my library . . . but had no sooner sat down than in came first one, then another, and then a third, and so on till six o'clock at night, and they might have remained much longer had I not put on my hat and told them that I could stand it no longer. Had my visitors been wishing to learn the way of salvation from me I would have borne with them gladly, but nothing was further from their minds. One wanted to rent a house for six months, but the owner would not let it for less than a year, and he wished me to become responsible for the year's rent,

promising if he left it at the end of six months to find another person to take it. Another had been disappointed in getting the sister of one of our teachers to wife, and wished me to call them to account and arrange matters. He had come from Alexandria for the express purpose of seeing me on the subject. A third was a Protestant stranger from Asia Minor, who wished me to procure a ticket of leave from the authorities in Cairo, as he wished to return to Diarbekr, and this could not be done without my finding some one who would be responsible to the Government for all his debts, etc., and give bail for him. And so on to the end of the chapter. I am getting accustomed by degrees to such interruptions, but it goes hard against the grain, and for the life of me I cannot appear to be happy to see a visitor when I wish him to be at the back of beyond."

Yet the reception of visitors was often a pleasure and privilege, with results more far-reaching than the work which it interrupted, and "thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

This fact was brought forcibly to the mind of the missionary in the spring of 1864 by a curious web of circumstances, the weaving of which he watched with the keenest interest—a web woven round the life and fortunes of Bamba, the pupil-teacher whose stand for Christ at the previous Communion service had so moved her fellows.

She was only fifteen years of age, and Mr. Hogg describes her as "beautiful and unsophisticated, extremely winning in all her ways, and graceful, even queenly, in her movements." Her missionary friends felt her to have "such a character as heroines are made of," and looked forward anxiously to the future, fearing lest an unsuitable marriage might occur to mar her fine development. Her mother was an Abyssinian slave, who had

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brought up her child in the simple Eastern style to which she was herself accustomed. Her father was a wealthy German merchant, justly loved and respected by all who knew him, on whose heart hung heavily the responsibility for his innocent daughter's destiny, the lingering shadow from a far-off past. Her innate superiority rendered marriage with any of her mother's kin an injustice, while the circumstances of her birth seemed to bar the entrance into such a rank in life as she was fitted to adorn. The problem was suddenly solved in the incredible fashion of fairy tales.

Two months had passed since Bamba was received into the Church, when Mr. Hogg, seated one Sabbath in his study at the close of his afternoon's work, received a note whose contents so startled him that he read and reread it as though unable to trust his eyesight. It bore the signature of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whose father, the conquered King of the Punjab, had been a man of wide fame and fabulous wealth. The exiled Prince, besides possessing jewels of untold value and large estates in Britain, received from the British Government annually an income of nearly \$2,000,000, and was entitled in Britain to a rank next to that of the royal family. He was returning to India, with a special permit from Parliament, to commit his mother's remains, in accordance with her dying request, to the care of her relatives for the performance of the funeral rites of her religion and country. While in Cairo the young man had visited the mission schools frequently and mingled with the missionaries in the friendliest manner, winning their confidence by his unaffected earnestness and kindly bearing.

The note was simple and direct. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR MR. HOGG,

I was desirous of having a talk with you this morning in private, but did not have the opportunity of meeting with you alone.

What I wished to have spoken to you about was whether there was in either of your schools a truly Christian girl who has joined the Church, and whom you and Miss Dales could recommend me for a wife. Being an Easterner myself, it is very desirable that I should find a wife from the same quarter of the globe.

Will you keep this matter quite secret and will you let me have an answer before I leave for Suez this evening, so that should there be no one in your schools here I may look out for one in India?

Rank and position in life are of no consequence to me. What I want is a truly Christian girl who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

DHULEEP SINGH.

After rapid consultation with Mr. Ewing, Mr. Hogg hurried to the hotel of the Prince to answer his question in person. The Prince remembered Bamba well and listened with interest to every detail concerning her. The picture presented to him proved attractive. He brushed aside external obstacles, as of trivial importance should the girl herself be worthy of love and honour. His unavoidable absence, he said, would give ample time for further thought and prayer, and on his return, all being favourable, he would advise with the missionaries as to what course to pursue in his suit.

A night's delay in starting, however, with the wakeful hours of meditation it afforded, made two months' uncertainty seem insupportable, and Monday forenoon found him closeted with his mission friends discussing the situation further and prepared to make his proposal

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at once. Bamba, all unconscious, came to the study to give to the distinguished guest a handkerchief she had embroidered for him as a memento of the school in which he had taken so kindly an interest, and presenting her gift, she kissed his hand and withdrew, little dreaming with what feelings her graceful eastern salutation was received. The Maharajah begged the missionaries to pray with him, and when they rose from their knees Miss Dales sallied forth as his ambassador, bearing the fateful message. The girl received the Prince's offer with perfect composure, but her impulse was to reject it without consideration. Her thoughts of God's service had not yet crossed the boundary of the school she so dearly loved, and to God's service she would devote her life. When it was suggested, however, that the offer might be God's call to a wider service, she was willing that its claims should be weighed, and requested that the matter be submitted to her father for decision. Her attitude pleased the Prince, but necessitated his leaving Cairo without the answer that would seal his fate.

Scarcely had he gone, when Mr. Hogg discovered that Bamba's father was in town and leaving by a train that was timed to start immediately. Trusting to some providential delay, he hurried to the station in time to make to the astonished father, through the carriage window, an offer on the Maharajah's behalf for his daughter's hand; but the door was already locked, and little more than the bare fact had been communicated when they discovered the train already in motion, carrying off the bewildered man.

The faded yellow documents in which the romance has been preserved are so instinct with human interest that they tempt one to linger over the tale. A long letter of explanation, penned after returning from the



BAMBA,
The bride of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh

station and brought to an abrupt conclusion at 11 P.M. by the entrance of the father himself, who had alighted at the first stopping-place on his route and travelled back by a goods train to discuss the event more fully. A wise, full, and understanding letter, written in Arabic, for Bamba to ponder in the privacy of her own room, to help the girl, to whom her father had remitted the delicate task of decision, to weigh carefully all the issues at stake and reach a personal and unbiased conviction as to God's will. The translation from Arabic of a little letter full of a sweet simplicity, in which the daughter tells her father that, after days of darkness, light has dawned, revealing the new sphere as of God's planning. The welcome message to the Prince that crowned his hope with certainty, and a copy of his answering message to his promised bride, with plans for her preparation for the exalted rank awaiting her. Lastly the missionary's letters to his home-circle, through which are scattered glimpses of the progress of the courtship, the growing happiness of the two concerned and their efforts to learn each other's language, items regarding dress and jewels and wedding arrangements, news of the princely thank-offering of \$5,000, given in Bamba's name for the work to which both owed so much, and details of the honeymoon and the happy days spent by the sweet and unspoiled bride with her old companions in the school she loved.

But what concerns us more than the tale the documents tell is the unconscious revelation they contain of the character of their writer and collector, of the strong human sympathies that opened to him the hearts of the three chief actors in the drama, and of his power of looking at life through the eyes of another while keeping in view all sides of the matter at issue, a power which

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made him a wise and helpful counsellor. Moreover, there is interesting evidence throughout of two currents of happiness whose sources present a quaint contrast; the one springing from the simple world-wide love of romance and a very human but not unworldly gratification, amused but genuine, at the leading part allotted him in the marriage negotiations and wedding ceremony of a man so high in rank as to be on terms of intimacy with Queen Victoria herself; the other deep and spiritual, springing from a vivid and glad recognition of that "good and acceptable and perfect will of God" which he seemed to see controlling the minutest details of experience to the establishment of the Kingdom.

Of that wise and loving control the immediate financial relief caused by the Prince's generosity gave grateful evidence. The thank-offering had come when the mission treasury was burdened with debt and every remittance from America lost over sixty-four per cent in transit owing to the exorbitant rate of exchange the Civil War had brought in its train. Added to the \$5,000 received was the promise of an annual gift of half that sum to make possible an increase in the mission staff, and Mr. Hogg wrote an earnest plea to the Church in America to rise to the new opportunity, begging indeed not for two but for six new missionaries.

To this he received a discouraging reply, and the need of the country pressed upon him heavily. His oversight of scattered workers had kept him in touch with all parts of the field, serving to deepen the impressions that had been produced upon him by his work on the Nile. The interior thus uttered insistently in his heart the Macedonian cry. He had been left alone in Cairo only six months. Mr. Ewing returned in November and Mr. Lansing the following April, and he now urged on

his colleagues that instead of subdividing the work they should redistribute their forces and without awaiting further reinforcements enter in to possess the land. He even undertook to prove that by rearrangement three might be made to equal five, that the two left in Cairo would do almost as much as the three were now accomplishing, while one at Assiut or any new centre in the far interior would be so free from secular business as to do as much direct evangelistic work as two could compass in Cairo.

This arithmetical argument failed to convince his colleagues, and he was forced to yield to their judgment, though "against a strong conviction of duty." Their judgment wavered, however, when Mr. Hogg returned soon after from a visit to the Faiyum district, with a report of conditions so hopeful yet critical that the immediate presence of a settled missionary seemed indispensable. It was agreed that he should spend four or five months in the new sphere, and the preparations for departure were begun with a secret sense of finality, as he cherished the hope that his temporary absence would convince his colleagues that his arithmetic had been correct. But he was forced to abandon the project. News of the interest that was stirring the Faiyum people reached the Patriarch, who used such strong measures to crush the movement that the inquirers in alarm feigned full submission, and so changed their bearing that the time became unpropitious for a missionary's advent.

Thus thwarted in his plans for extending the work by a redistribution of forces, Mr. Hogg now threw himself with ardour into a scheme already mooted, but hitherto impracticable, for increasing the number of competent workers. He had urged upon Presbytery, in 1863, the necessity of beginning at once to raise up a well-trained

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native ministry to man the field. This project was approved, but in the absence of Mr. Lansing and Mr. Ewing, who were appointed to share with him in the enterprise, nothing formal or permanent had yet been attempted. Now, however, all was favourable, and in September, 1864, a theological class was inaugurated with ten students on its roll.

He soon added an hour to the two hours of teaching allotted him, in addition to which he translated each day into Arabic the required portion of the text-book, Hodge's *Outlines of Theology*. Of this he wrote: "It is extremely difficult to translate, but if I succeed in putting such a book into intelligible Arabic I shall then be prepared for almost any kind of work on theological subjects." With simpler books he seems already to have attained ease in translation, for he refers to the translating of a tract in an afternoon and morning, which, swollen in the process by the addition of ten pages of original matter, took an hour to read aloud. Revising it with the help of an Arabic teacher, he had it in condition for printing two days later, and remarks that he could not have done it in English so soon.

The two colleagues started a magazine, which they intended to be a monthly issue, and seem to have continued the effort undaunted, though the first number, prepared by Mr. Hogg with feverish concentration in three days, was delayed three and a half months in the press.

Another form of Arabic composition he undertook as mere pastime, as appears from the following:

"On Sabbath evening I felt a little tired, so I thought I would try and write an Arabic hymn. I set to work and composed one of nine verses . . . to the measure of 'What's the News,' and Monday I had the teachers teach

it to the children in both the schools, and to-day it has become quite popular. What gave me courage to try my hand at Arabic poetry was that on the Sabbath evening previous, Mr. Lansing proposed that we should try and translate a favourite hymn of his, 'Jesus Paid It All,' and I furnished him with the words nearly as fast as he could write them." He explains that the only book of Arabic hymns extant was in language above the children's comprehension, and remarks: "It will be nice if we can put the Gospel into simple songs and have them sung in the streets of Cairo, perhaps even by the donkey-boys."

Hymn 2
in Egypt

But the meeting of Presbytery * on January 3, 1865, temporarily arrested all other labours, and the decisions then reached opened for him the door of his desire. The Presbytery granted his appeal to be allowed to attempt the opening of a station at Assiut, where the efforts of the mission to obtain a permanent foothold by a native agency had proved ineffective. He was released from the general treasurership, and after a final onslaught at accounts, during which he worked from fifteen to seventeen hours a day for five days, he wrote joyfully, though with "a brain full of nothing but figures," to transfer his responsibilities to Mr. Watson, his successor. By the beginning of February, all his affairs were wound up, his household goods committed to a grain-boat, and accompanied by his wife and children, Miss McKown, and some Egyptian workers, he set out gladly to greet the new opportunities awaiting him in the beckoning south.

* Until the formation of the Missionary Association in 1871 the Egyptian Presbytery was formed of missionaries only, and its decisions controlled their location and work.

IX

PIONEER DAYS IN ASSIUT

I am sure that you or I could be strengthened to meet some great experience of pain if we really believed that by our suffering we were to be made luminous with help to other men. They are to get from us painlessly what we have got most painfully from God. *There* is the power of the bravest martyrdom and the hardest work that the world has ever seen.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

N EARLY three years had passed since Mr. Hogg's last journey on the river. On the former occasion each village as it slowly dwindled in the distance had deepened his regret at the necessary haste of his visit. "Egypt is the last place to do good in if you're in a hurry," he had written; "some one ought to settle." But now the villages vanished all too slowly from view, for his desire lay before him. He was going to settle, and to settle in the place of all others that seemed to him the most hopeful and important.

The majority of the Coptic people are to be found in Upper Egypt. In the province and town of Assiut they form a fourth of the population, and if the newly born Evangelical Church was indeed to exercise a reforming influence on the parent Church and act as a vanguard in the fight of faith, no better centre could have been selected to become its stronghold than the capital of the Upper Country.

But the villages showed no disposition to gratify any desire for their speedy disappearance, and seventeen

days were consumed by a journey that has long since dwindled to the compass of eight hours. The "Ibis" had been sold to the Maharajah and to hire a suitable substitute would have cost the mission \$200, while a boat of rougher fashion returning empty to Assiut was obtainable at small expense. A choice was quickly made and its consequences endured at leisure. Rats drove the little party out of the first boat chosen. In the second the divans that served as beds measured five feet in length, the cabin five and a half feet in height, and Mr. Hogg, measuring six feet, found his extra inches no slight encumbrance. Insect life abounded, and from the slow rate of progress provisions ran short. Chickens, eggs, and vegetables were seldom procurable, butcher meat and milk never, and towards the close of the trip the menu twice daily consisted of sun-dried bread boiled in sugar and water. The baby suffered most, having been but a few weeks weaned, and he was so maltreated at night by eager bedfellows that his appearance suggested the first stages of smallpox.

On February 21 they reached their destination. A friend awaited them on the bank with donkeys, horse, and camels to convey the party and their belongings to his house. Here they had experience of the patriarchal system at its best, and came into closer touch with the inner life of Egypt than had yet been possible to them. One needs to receive as well as to give before intimacy is complete, and the lack was supplied by ten days of Egyptian hospitality. Mr. Wasif Khayatt, having been much in Cairo, was already a friend, and unknown to his own community had become a member of the infant Protestant Church. He was the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the town and moved about among his dependants with an unvarying dignity,

humility, and kindliness that won him the respect and love of all. The friendship already formed took firmer root and stood the test of many trials. Meanwhile the Westerners caused no little surprise to the rest of the household by their peculiar ways. The zeal of the two ladies in sweeping and dusting, and their inclination to be always busy, their peculiarities of dress and custom, and their mysterious processes of starching and ironing were the first eddies of the tide of innovations that is sweeping away the old landmarks and makes the life of 1865 ancient history to the Assiutian of to-day.

A house had been selected for them before their arrival. Despite all urging, however, the needed repairs made but halting progress, and growing weary of delay, the party decided not to await their completion. March 2 found them in their new home; on March 4 an audience was gathered for the Sabbath service, and next morning two schools were founded.

Meanwhile, death had lurked as near to them as on the Bay of Biscay, though knowledge of their danger came only with the story of their deliverance.

A Mohammedan fanatic at Kenh, Ahmed by name, had proclaimed himself the promised Mahdi sent by God to make Islam supreme. With 2,000 armed followers he had vanquished the 800 soldiers sent by the Mudirs of Assiut and Girgeh to restore quiet in the south. Flushed by success, they set their faces towards Assiut, where 400 prisoners were to escape from their jail and prepare for their arrival, cutting the telegraph wires, killing the government employees, and joining with the insurgents in a general massacre of all Christians. They would then fortify Assiut and defy the government. Saturday night was fixed for the massacre, and the prisoners having been previously provided by

their friends with files and other implements, had almost achieved their escape, when they grew careless in their success and alarm spread. The Mudir being absent and only four soldiers in the town, the town council were helpless and paralysed with fear, while the mission party, all unconscious, retired peacefully to rest behind lockless doors. Suddenly news came of the unexpected arrival of 100 soldiers from Minieh. They were immediately marched to the jail, where they found the prisoners free of chains, two doors already forced, and only a step remaining to the accomplishment of their bloody purpose. The riot was quickly quelled and the bodies of the ringleaders exposed on the wall of the town as a warning to the disaffected. Ahmed and his 2,000 had met a similar fate. A strong force from the Khedive arrived just as they were preparing for their northward march. Bombs and grape-shot fired from the government steamers brought panic into their midst, and before they could rally an armed force was upon them. Ahmed was amongst the slain, and many were taken captive, while the remainder fled to the mountains.

It thus happened that the foundations of the work in Assiut were laid amidst songs of deliverance, the wonder of the workers growing as details reached them of the slender links of circumstance on which life and death had hung. Indeed good cheer is the dominant note in all the early letters from Assiut, and, were the house not still standing to dispel the illusion, the reader would be tempted to envy its dwellers settled in a residence that was soon to seem to its inmates "the nicest mission house in Egypt."

It was like having a daily picnic, Mr. Hogg declared, to eat in their dining-room gazing out through a row of windows at the emerald plain. The intervening

houses and dusty road were out of sight, while beyond stretched a sea of clover and wheat, broken by islands of clustering palms, with distant sails like white wings of waterfowl on the hidden river, and the whole view framed by the Libyan and Arabian hills glorified nightly by the magic of Egyptian sunset. True, life had its drawbacks. The landlord was stingy and liked to substitute promises for deeds. Mr. Hogg had to whitewash the five rooms himself, as all work that he relegated remained undone. The kitchen was shared by the landlord's family and not to be entered by any one who respected his appetite. Scorpions, lizards, wasps, and beetles roamed at will or lurked in hidden corners, and the damp floors laid the children low with croup and ophthalmia. A theologian who had come to help in the work became ill and irritable, monopolised the servant, and took upon him to dismiss their doorkeeper.

But the interest of the work was great. The nuclei were gathered of what were to become Assiut College and the Pressley Memorial Institute. Two rooms opening off the court were set apart for the twin institutions, rooms that at first had seemed fit for nothing but stables, but which, with old mats spread on their earthen floors, and maps and pictures adorning their walls, were soon declared to lack nothing but benches, and a good schoolful of pupils to make them look "very nice." Carpenters being an elusive quantity, the benches took weeks to secure, but four boys and two girls were present on the opening day, and within three weeks the enrolment in both schools had tripled.

It was the missionary's custom every Sabbath to attend the portion of the Coptic service in which he could conscientiously join, and to withdraw just before the celebration of the mass, expounding later at services

held in the school-room the passages of Scripture that had been read in church, and basing his sermons on their leading lessons. When in three weeks' time his audience at these services had grown from twelve to fifty, the priests and Bishop took alarm, and excited by the visit of the Metropolitan Bishop from Cairo, decided to imitate the measures that had been previously adopted by the Patriarch.

In Cairo the missionaries had learned of the patriarchal edict only at second-hand. At Assiut a dramatic touch was added by the presence amongst the Coptic audience during the reading of the Bishop's bull of the man at whose head its worst anathemas were levelled. When he discovered the nature of the document that the Bishop had handed to a subordinate to read on his behalf, Mr. Hogg, instead of withdrawing as usual before the mass, walked forward and took his stand close to the reader that not a word of the proclamation might escape his ear.

A boy * in the audience, who became a life-long friend, has preserved a picture of the scene and of the feelings it awakened. The missionary stood alone, bareheaded, the eyes of the multitude fixed upon him, listening in silence to the curses hurled from the reader's desk at himself, his creed, his mission, his companions, and all who dared to have dealings with them or salute them by the way. The boy who had allied himself with the school from the day of its opening, cowered under the opprobrious epithets poured upon his new teacher, having already formed the highest estimate of the "false prophets" and "ravening wolves." When hatred, descending to a viler level, embodied itself in the grossest insinuations as to the personal character and objects of

* Rev. Shenoodah Hanna.

the strangers, and he heard a "God forgive you" uttered twice in reply, the boy cringed and shivered as though himself sharing in the guilt of the lying slanders his soul loathed, and glancing furtively at the audience, read in their faces a shame akin to his own.

Mr. Hogg silently withdrew when the anathemas ended, and a stir of reaction followed his exit. Mr. Wasif and Mr. Wissa, men whom the Coptic authorities feared to offend, constrained the Bishop to extend an invitation to all who willed to meet with him after the service for further consideration of the matters mentioned in the edict, and soon a dozen of the most important men of the church gathered in the Bishop's chamber, while fifty or sixty crowded around the doors to see and hear what might occur.

Picture the feelings of the Bishop when into the midst of this assembly so reluctantly called there walked the very man whom he had publicly banned, and all present instinctively rising in his honour, he found himself in courtesy forced to join in their polite greetings, in spite of the anathemas he had himself declared as the punishment to follow upon such an act! Nor was this all, for Mr. Wissa presently announced that he had desired Mr. Hogg's presence that they might hear from his own lips in what points his teaching differed from that of the Coptic Church, and thus give the cleverest of the clergy a chance of refuting his false doctrines by Bible proofs in the presence of them all. The man who was "never so happy as when preaching" rejoiced in his opportunity, and strengthened every statement by liberal quotations from the Book they held to be divine. But when his opponents' chance followed, consternation was written on their faces, and there was a general call for "Tanassa, Tanassa," the

only man in Assiut known to be learned in the Scriptures. The Scriptures already quoted, however, had overpowered Tanassa, and, forced unwillingly to his feet, he could do nothing but beg the missionary not to be angry, declaring that the edict had not been directed against him, and explaining that its sole purpose had been to rally the people to zeal in the matter of opening a Coptic school!

The conversation was then dexterously shifted, and discussion on the new topic becoming general, it was soon agreed to send to the Patriarch for a suitable teacher. In view, however, of the delay involved, the poor Bishop found himself forced by the pressure brought to bear on him to annul his solemn threats of excommunication by allowing pupils to continue their attendance at the mission school till a Coptic teacher could be secured. Thus before the priestly thunder had ceased to reverberate, the clouds passed and the sun shone out as before. Yet the threatened thunder-storm had a strong effect upon the timorous and checked the rapid progress of the work.

Each month, however, told its tale of quiet labour. While the heat grew apace, strength and appetite flagged, and the emerald plain became a barren stretch of sun-baked earth. Towards the end of May we find the housekeeper, late of an evening, the thermometer still at 90°, writing to Alexandria for what she thinks may add a relish to the daily fare, and as the writer penned her message sharp crackling sounds came from all directions as though every article in the room were possessed. At last a loud report made her start from her chair, to find a wide crack sheer across the dining-room table, and a washstand that had been "cracking merrily" all evening, looking almost ready to fall to pieces.

Shortly after, the temperature in the coolest room, closed and darkened, is recorded during eleven successive days: 98°, 104°, 104°, 104°, 105°, 100°, 104°, 95°, 93°, 96°, 98°; at an open window after sunset 104°, and before sunrise next morning, still far up in the nineties.

"I never dreamed to find such heat in Egypt," Mr. Hogg wrote on June 26. "The pillow in the bed feels like the limb of a person in a high fever. Every room in the house is hotter than another, and there is no escape from it but in work and perspiration." [No wonder he felt feeble and "used up." But the escape referred to was very real.] "Though I could hardly creep downstairs yesterday morning," he confesses, "the sermon and an audience of 50 to 55 old and young acted as usual like a charm; ditto ditto at the evening service with 10 to 12 adults and 6 to 8 boys. I felt weak enough again this morning, but am now in a glowing perspiration and all right.

"I am quite aware of the importance of your brotherly counsels, and while doing what I can and *all* I can, I shall do my utmost to prevent my overdoing myself. Will this promise satisfy you, Brother Lansing? It has enough of the *ego* in it, God forgive me! I can do nothing—am but a weak pen in His hands, needing to be nibbed every day, and unless He gives me the ink of His Holy Spirit, all my scratching will make no impression."

But the ink on the page was hardly dry when his health and labour were forgotten in a thirty-six hours' battle for the life of his first-born. She was one of those rare souls whose short careers seem like borrowed sunshine from a better world. While frank and natural, fond of play and laughter and song, there was to her loving, trustful child-heart an absorbing interest in the things of heaven, and whenever her mother found leisure to ply her needle, a little pleader was sure to climb upon

her knee with the petition, "Now tell me more about Jesus." The previous summer her parents had sent her to Scotland to escape the heat. When the trying separation was over and the father had clasped her again in his arms and thrilled at the sound of his name from her lips, some one remarked how happy he must feel to have her back so strong and well. His answer was that she struck him as too angelic in appearance and too good in all her thoughts and ways to be long imprisoned in her little tenement of clay.

Now the little tenement seemed trembling towards dissolution, and to add to the trials of the night, the mother tripping on the stair with a kettle of boiling water in her hand, was badly scalded on face, breast, and hands, and for a while needed as much care as the child. Mr. Hogg acted the parts of doctor and nurse, with Miss McKown as his valued assistant. Cold water treatment persevered in for hours lessened the suffering of the mother, and by midnight rest was possible to her; but for the little one all the known remedies for croup, which on previous occasions they had used with unvarying success, failed to bring more than temporary relief.

Morning brought reviving hope, but as the hot hours dragged their weary length, the shadow deepened. Longing for medical advice, they sent for the one man in the district of whom they had the right to expect it, but the only suggestion he could make was to substitute an infusion of sweet almonds for water as a beverage. Towards evening the little sufferer, rousing from the stupor into which she had sunk, voiced suddenly the thought that was holding the parents' hearts in its silent grip. "Mamma," she said, "I am going to die." To the child the thought brought neither fear nor regret. Jesus was

coming for her, she assured them, and when asked if she would not like to stay a little longer with those to whom she was so precious, she shook her head; she wanted Jesus to come for her *now*, and Hope (her little brother) would come to her afterwards. For her sake the watchers struggled for composure as, the end seeming imminent, she bade each a loving good-bye. They talked to her of heaven, and joined in singing her favourite hymns which painted that land of the soul in colours dear to the heart of a child.

But the Messenger lingered and twelve terrible hours ensued, every remedy barren and her struggle for breath more acute, while with never a murmur on her lips the child took refuge one minute on her pillow, the next in the haven of her father's arms. "Sing" was the last word she uttered, and with her head nestled on his shoulder, the sunshine of a new morning flooding the room, her eager spirit at last took its flight to the land that hath no need of the sun, for the Lamb of God is the light thereof.

A smile soon settled on the little face that had always been so appealing in its winsome love and purity, and the appeal of that smile found a response in the hearts that loved her. Not that God had taken her to Himself, but that for four years He had lent her to them, an "angel visitant," the "sunbeam" of their home—this thought filled them with wonder, and there mingled with their sorrow a great and humble gratitude.

The attitude seemed inexplicable to the watching Egyptians. The devotion of the parents to their child had been too visible and striking for callousness to be a credible explanation of a quiet submission that savoured of mystery to women and men accustomed to the wild, unrestrained grief of an Eastern death-scene. The new

doctrines had seemed to some but a matter of words, but here they were face to face with a baffling reality. God had made His own choice of pen and ink to write His message on their hearts, and the depth of the impression made is evidenced by old men and women to-day, who after the lapse of nearly half a century repeat the smallest details of what they saw and heard in the mission home that sad day, when its first treasure was committed to the desert sands. Thank God such scenes are no longer unique in Assiut, and the presence of the Comforter now repeats the same miracle of grace in many an Egyptian home.

Their bereavement proved only the beginning of troubles, and July to December seemed one continuous struggle with weakness or disease. For some days the parents thought their home was to be left childless, and for a month and a half they spent night after night from ten till four in efforts to soothe their little son, who, when no longer dangerously ill, remained weak and nervous, with prickly heat as a nightly martyrdom. At such times the father always appropriated the heaviest share of the burden, his response to the call of illness ever prompt and whole-hearted. He had been born with the nurse's instincts, to which he had added some medical lore, casually acquired. When into the balance were thrown the still deeper instincts of father and husband, the man was worthy of study. No wonder fretful children coveted a place in his strong arms! He would carry them cheerfully up and down the room, now in one position, now in another, spending liberally in their service all his wealth of mimicry, his powers of ready rhyme, and his store of song, now with tireless ingenuity distracting their attention from their woes, now lulling them to sleep with some soft lullaby. Such pa-

tience in so nervous a temperament filled one with wonder, and if ever it gave way under the strain, as happened on the rarest occasions with sudden abruptness, it was not till the onlooker had long since decided that a time had come when only severer methods would prove efficacious.

Meanwhile, mission duties were laboriously accomplished and the worker felt "lifeless." Cholera appeared on the northern horizon and crept steadily southwards. From Cairo there came news of the death of Mrs. Lansing and the illness of several native friends. The daily mortality grew heavy and then dwindled. Finally the scourge reached Assiut. The wailing and shrieking that at first announced each new death were suppressed by the authorities to allay the cold terror that had fallen on the people. Statistics were falsified, and rumours difficult to verify. The mission party had previously decided on a trip to Ramleh and a boat was in readiness awaiting their departure, but they were loth to leave so long as their presence might prove a comfort to their native friends. When, however, the plague seemed spent, and a few days passed with no word of its recurrence, they gratefully set sail in search of cooling breezes.

There now appeared what a fellow-missionary has termed Mr. Hogg's greatest defect as a worker—his inability to rest. He was "out of his element when not at his regular work," and the family accordingly spent only sixteen days in their refuge by the sea. But even to one capable of rest Ramleh had already ceased to be an ideal retreat, and it was little wonder that the tired missionary felt ill at ease, his days consumed by chit-chat with kindly visitors, interrupted only by the encroachment of unwelcome business. The ladies of the household were in good health, the little son had forgotten

his woes, and the father declared himself entirely recovered from his prolonged loss of sleep. What need then to lengthen their stay?

Early in September they were back at their post. The cholera, which had broken out with redoubled force soon after their departure, was now a thing of the past, and the schoolboys gradually returned from the surrounding villages. But no reserve of physical strength had been laid in store, and the missionary preached his first sermon blindfold. Ophthalmia, insomnia, prostration! A dismal succession of fetters to handicap an ardent worker! A sense of utter weakness became his intimate companion, and one cannot but admire the dogged fight he maintained. From his first entry on his duties, with the exception of a day and a half when his sleeplessness was at its worst, he never abandoned his pastoral work or his daily teaching, usually enduring four hours in the badly ventilated schoolroom, and always accomplishing a tale of work amply sufficient for an average man in full health. "While doing what I can and all I can," had been the proviso of his promise not to overwork, and all that he could do, he did. Foolish it may have been, even wrong, but it was the folly of a good man whose brave spirit was stronger than his body and who never proved a hard master to any but himself.

One smiles at the optimism that leaped to the surface whenever the combat with sickness for a moment relaxed. When he emerged from fifteen days of darkness with eyes at last capable of school-work, he was at once "quite right now," and while not equal to the tackling of a letter to the Board, tackled joyously the writing of a free Arabic version of Peter Parley's *Universal History*, which he jocularly declared he would make "one of the most readable and popular works of the

age!" When, after some more dreary weeks, in which he was almost continuously weak and miserable, he became reluctantly convinced of his need of a furlough, self-knowledge led him to bind his own hands by an immediate letter to the missionaries and the Board, so conscious was he that, unless committed to the project, the first sign of improvement would tempt him to its abandonment. In spite of this precaution, when Assiut was deserted in December and he had remained in Cairo long enough to welcome a little daughter into the world, we find him planning to return south alone immediately after Presbytery, and prevented from carrying out the purpose only by a timely return of prostrating weakness.

He remained in Cairo till March filling the place of absent missionaries, and preaching several times in Turkish for the Armenian congregation, after six or eight weeks' study of the language—which he had taken up as a pastime when too enfeebled to succeed in the more responsible task of Arabic composition. When his presence was no longer needed, the family sailed for Scotland, and a year of "furlough-rest" ensued.

This compound word is necessary for exactness, and the initiated will understand its full significance. The family lived now in Edinburgh, now in Dublin, now at a hydropathic in Aberdeen. They were the guests of Lady Aberdeen at Haddo House, of the Maharajah and Maharani on their estate in Suffolk, of humble friends on the coast of Fife. But everywhere they were wayfarers and visitors, even when with the dearest of relatives, and amid all the joys of meeting old friends and acquaintances there was still in such hurried migrations too much of the spice of life and too little of its staple fare for restful satisfaction.

There was, too, the usual quota of furlough work. Mr. Hogg attended church assemblies and addressed meetings. He collected \$2,500 towards the establishment of a seminary at Assiut. He wrote letters on harassing business to the Board and to the missionaries. He went to London to look after an Alexandrian worker invalided home to undergo an operation. He visited Mr. Moon in Liverpool to confer with him as to the adaptation to the Arabic language of his embossed type for the blind, and put the results of their conference into practical form by transliterating the Arabic version of Luke's Gospel for immediate publication, making his final correction on the proof within three days of sailing.

Then came the end, the edge of the partings keener because experience had deepened the sense of life's uncertainties, and amid other partings one wrench sorer than all, when the parents relinquished their baby to the care of friends, not daring to take her from the healthy north to the risks of a summer in Assiut.

Yet the bracing climate had done its work, and the missionary, his strength renewed, neither merited nor courted pity. He longed to be back at the work whose foundations had cost him so dear, and comparing his life-work with the choices of others, he marvelled at the strange ways of men. In 1856, when he took his first journey to Egypt, it held for him the glamour of the unknown. In 1860, when he repeated the journey, he was drinking deeper of life's joys, and facing new phases of responsibility and opportunity. Now, in 1867, the attraction of the future was as real and more tangible. He had begun his task, he was putting his theories to the test, he had faith in both. He had found a sphere worthy of a man's best mettle, demanding the develop-

ment of his every latent power, a work to whose possible results there seemed no limit but the limiting promise: "According to your faith be it unto you." Like a war-horse that has scented battle, he was eager to be in the heart of the fray.

X

HIS DAILY TASK

Thine was the prophet's vision,
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates
But labours and endures and waits
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates.
—LONGFELLOW.

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.
—TENNYSON.

HITHERTO the life we have been tracing has fallen into distinct divisions, each marked by some essential difference either in its texture or in its surroundings. The years of mission life have been spent at three different centres, and at none has the missionary remained long enough to build on the foundations he so laboriously laid. Everywhere he has left his mark, but in Cairo and Alexandria the permanent structures subsequently reared became monuments to the labours of other men. In 1867, however, Mr. Hogg was allowed to return to Assiut, not now by way of experiment, as in 1865, but as a permanent venture. By the work done from that base he has since been "named and known," and here for the next nineteen years he spent on an average eight months annually.

This period, which ended only with his death, falls

like its predecessors into natural divisions. The centre of interest changes, lying sometimes within the town itself, sometimes in regions beyond, and sometimes in subtle conditions affecting the life of the infant Church and endangering the fulfilment of his dreams. Through all these changes, however, certain elements remain unaltered, and the occupations that awaited him in 1867 do not differ in general outline from those of subsequent years.

The station had not been abandoned in his absence. He found the school in good condition, and four members had been received into the church who, along with a wider circle of friendly adherents, now welcomed his arrival. But it was not on these but on the training of a native ministry that his main strength was henceforth to be concentrated. In this work his colleagues from time to time took part, but half of the entire teaching was assigned to him, and no appointment could have given him greater joy.

In the early years strange subjects were included in the theological curriculum, to supplement the meagre secular education of the first candidates. Church history was widened to take much of the world into its sweep; study of the grammar of their own tongue accompanied study of Hebrew or of Greek, and Physics or Arithmetic and Algebra were wedged in between Systematic Theology, Apologetics, and Exegesis. But as years passed and Assiut boys' school became first an academy and then a college for the express purpose of training teachers and pastors, such irregularities were eliminated, the ranks of the theological seminary being filled entirely from students well grounded in secular education.

How slow at first was the progress of the theologues and how arduous the work of their professor will be

understood when one realises that, English being an impossible medium, the only available text-books and books of reference were the Bible and the Shorter Catechism. All else had to be translated for them, and to this work Mr. Hogg never ceased to devote every hour he could secure. As his teaching was not always confined to the theologues and occupied from three hours a day to six or seven, such efforts were occasionally interrupted for months at a time. But they were always resumed at the first opportunity, the translator ever cherishing the hope that a day would come when time and money would be available to revise and publish his work. Even in crude manuscript form, his translations were highly valued and were eagerly copied and read by the small circle whose immediate daily need occasioned their production.

Meanwhile the teacher had need of all the enthusiasm of an idealist to sustain him in his task. The quality of the class at the first left much to be desired. Some of its members had left the priesthood of the Coptic Church and had already served an apprenticeship as evangelists and colporteurs. As they possessed nothing beyond the salary thus secured, it had not unnaturally been continued to them when they relinquished their posts to equip themselves more fully for the work the mission had at heart. But the arrangement proved more generous than wise, and from time to time the missionary's letters drop hints of anxiety and discouragement, as he began to detect amongst his few disciples the spirit of the hireling and to doubt the suitability and even the sincerity of some. The stress that he laid throughout their whole course on the practical training of each worker "*in the work for the work*" gave abundant opportunity to test the character and acceptability of those trained. Every

Sabbath they were sent into the surrounding district, and for several months every year they were scattered over the land. Under such circumstances the drones could not long escape detection and a crisis was bound to come. When it came, consultation was impossible. Letters were slow of travel and the position demanded immediate action.

Once in later years, when thwarted and delayed by the duty of consulting his fellow-workers, Mr. Hogg confessed to an occasional hunger for some of the advantages of an Episcopal form of government, adding with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulder, "provided of course that I were Bishop." On the present occasion he assumed the Bishop's prerogative, and while writing lengthy epistles to explain the situation to his colleagues, stepped out on his own responsibility into a new line of policy.

Within a fortnight all trouble was ended. The principle was laid down and accepted that money aid to theological students was a charity, not a right, its amount therefore to be decided by need alone; and that for such a service none were worth training or worthy of aid but such as would gladly give proof of their fitness by self-denial and sacrifice. A special arrangement was made with the monks which was accepted as a final settlement of all claims, and which left their future dependent entirely upon their own energy and acceptability with the people. The needs of the other students were to be met by the gifts of their own countrymen, together with such donations as missionaries or travellers might be ready to bestow; and a native committee was appointed to disburse the funds, as they could discover more easily than foreigners the real financial conditions of the applicants.

Decision, generosity, and strong confidence in his

fellow-men mark the missionary's attitude throughout. Not a friend was lost by the upheaval. The students entered cheerfully into the new arrangement and it received the hearty approval of the native Church, while the monks with one exception soon acquiesced in its justice. The trouble-maker had been dealt with so fairly and given such freedom of choice that he seems to have treasured no animosity against the missionary, but he soon left the ranks and returned to the Coptic Church. The fact that the crisis had been accelerated by a call to fresh consecration and a day of prayer and fasting may go far to explain the happy ending of a difficult situation. Apparently there is a soil in which even a financial tangle—prolific root of bitterness!—may be robbed of its evil fruitage.

From this date the work went on more hopefully, and no branch of his labours yielded him keener enjoyment, but to the end it grieved him that it should receive such scant justice. He felt strongly that a matter of so vital importance claimed a man's whole powers, not a mere fraction of his scattered energies. He longed to see two of the strongest men America could yield consecrating their every talent to the task and attempting no other; spending half the year in teaching by word of mouth, and the remaining months in leading their students into the forefront of the battle, and inspiring, guiding, and training them in the practical application of the lessons taught. The missionary-professor would thus, during his tours with his class, occupy the place of father, brother, and general combined, and the influence on teacher and taught would be far-reaching and wholesome. Action would keep pace with thought, theories would be promptly tested, and zeal continually quickened by a constant view of the need and a taste of battle,

while much could be learned by example which the most careful teaching must fail to convey.

While the scheme for which he pleaded was never inaugurated, he worked towards his ideal till the last. He always led and shared the evangelistic labours of his students in the needy villages of Assiut province, and on four occasions he carried them with him in the "Ibis" to regions beyond. There for months at a time the days were devoted to class work and the evenings to evangelistic labours in the villages, discussions with inquirers, and the care of all the churches, with the students as his companions and helpers. "Oh, it is worth living for," he wrote in 1871, and the feeling only strengthened with the years. "It is worth living for to train up a dozen young preachers such as this. Shenodeh's lecture would have done honour to any young man in Queen Street Hall* or anywhere else. I felt when he had done that I must take up Simeon's words, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'"

But his training of theologues was not the only unchanging element in the nineteen years we are now considering, and it may render our picture of them more realistic if we sketch the missionary's daily programme during the year of his return, as such a sketch, with minor alterations specially as to the time and type of teaching, would apply with equal truth to most of his Assiut life and must be borne in mind as the common background of the events that marked its course.

He was up with the sun, and breakfast and family prayers left still an interval for personal use before 8:30 called him to the public duties of the day. His theological classes lasted four hours, from which ten minutes were stolen midway to allow teacher and taught a

*The Divinity Hall in which Dr. Hogg received his training.



VIEW OF ASSIUT DURING NILE OVERFLOW



PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ASSIUT

breathing spell. After dinner at midday came a short rest, with a divan as his bed and a newspaper first as a soporific and then as a shelter from flies, while a coveted "forty winks" worked their usual charm. From this he rose refreshed to an afternoon of study, often interrupted by visitors. Towards sunset his mule was in readiness to carry him through the fields to the mountain or along the bank of the Nile, where he could forget his work for a spell in the chatter of his little son, who usually sat before him on the saddle. Supper awaited his return, and the moment it ended the evening's duties began. It was the missionary's customary choice to devote to the boys' school (the college of the future) the opening hour of the day. This being at present impossible, he joined the pupils in their study hour, which began at dusk, and at its close put their drowsiness to flight by half an hour of drill in bookkeeping with blackboard illustrations, making the work as practical and entertaining as possible and trying to keep every schoolboy active and alert. A second bell swelled the audience, and the evening meeting that followed was considered by its leader in many respects the most interesting part of his day's work. It lasted an hour and a half, and its attendance, which increased in after years, ranged this first winter from twenty-five to forty, not including boys under sixteen.

The custom of holding a meeting every night of the week has since played an important part in the evangelisation of Egypt. It was introduced by Mr. Hogg in Alexandria and Cairo as well as in Assiut, and has naturally become almost universal in the Church, every worker at his out-station and every teacher in his little village school continuing the practice to which they have grown accustomed during their years of preparation, and

gathering parents and pupils nightly for the study of the Word. These meetings now take the place in Egypt that the mid-week prayer meeting occupies in the home land, and as planned by their originator, they supplied the part of a Bible school for adults, through which he hoped to give to the people a more thorough religious training than is possible through the slower medium of the weekly sermon.

In his addresses the speaker followed a regular scheme, and monotony was carefully avoided. On Sabbath nights, his audience having already had a sermon in the morning and Sabbath School with a closing address in the afternoon, he took as his subject, for the sake of variety, a portion of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; on Tuesday it was a chapter from Bonar's *Way of Peace*; Thursday was devoted to missionary news, a biographical sketch, or a simple story; while on the intervening evenings some passage of Scripture was expounded. Great ingenuity was exercised in altering the character of the meetings from year to year, but it was always strong meat that he furnished, however finely minced and carefully seasoned it might be. He loved to take up an epistle or other book and go through it systematically day after day, or some large theme like the work of the Spirit or the plan of Redemption which might occupy several weeks of study; but he had so much the instincts of the teacher that such schemes of lecture proved anything but wearisome, and the audience were thus encouraged to avoid irregularity that the chain of connection might be preserved.

This was the last public duty of the day. At its close, if unhindered by visitors, he would join the ladies in the sitting-room, and compare notes with his wife, who had been meeting meanwhile with a few women

and girls in an adjoining room. But when his brief respite ended, the study door once more closed upon him, and he studied or wrote till at a late hour his wife roused him to the sense of time and the duty of rest, and they retired together for the night, after asking the Lord to water the seed sown and give grace to labour on without seeing immediate fruit.

In this sketch of daily life one element is omitted without reference to which any picture of the central figure must remain imperfect—the element of music. The reason for the omission is obvious, for in 1867 Mr. Hogg was for a time without an instrument, his old harmonium having been sold and its successor still unbought, while mice sported gaily amongst the otherwise silent strings of a piano split and wrecked beyond redemption by the heat of an Egyptian sun. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence music exercised on his life, his unsatisfied hunger during the long intervals when it was denied him, or his intense enjoyment when his hunger was temporarily appeased. Unfortunately his music-loving nature was condemned to life in a land of famine in which every year of plenty was followed by many years of drought.

One outcome of his musical enthusiasm was more costly than any can guess who have not laboured in the same cause—a life-long effort to teach young Egypt harmony.

Egyptians love music, but between the musical ideas indigenous in the East and those that the evolution of centuries has attained in the West, there is a great gulf fixed, so that to a Western ear the singing of the East is weird rather than pleasing, while to an Easterner much that we most admire is at first more meaningless than sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. In Egyptian

airs the intervals employed are unlike anything known in the West, and while Mr. Hogg could sing them to perfection and transcribed and preserved many, he felt that there was in the peculiar scale employed a radical defect. It was a scale in which few chords were possible, and Egyptian music being thus confined to melody and octaves, it seemed debarred in its very nature from future development and the attainment of a high type of beauty. His effort was therefore to train the Eastern ear to appreciate the Western harmonies, that it might share the treasure-house we have inherited.

Having discovered that the sol-fa system was better adapted for the teaching of singing at sight than the more elaborate old notation to which he had been accustomed, he introduced it into every school with which he had to do, and the enthusiasm and delight of his pupils as they learned to follow his pointer up and down the sol-fa chart compensated for much imperfection in their performance. As they improved, he introduced part-singing, in the hope that they would thus learn the beauty of blended notes, using simultaneously two pointers, one for treble and one for alto, while he carried his class through many of the familiar airs with which his memory was stored but which the singers themselves had never heard. He recorded with some triumph, in 1877, the incredulity of a visitor when told that the air and harmony of Auld Lang Syne that he had traced on the modulator was quite an extempore effort on the part of the boys and girls who sang it easily and almost in perfect rhythm from the first. Though often discouraged by the apparent evanescence of his successes in improving the singing of the people, he never abandoned hope of final victory, and recent years give ampler promise of this in the proficiency now achieved by some

of Egypt's daughters. The herculean nature of his task and its cost to a sensitive ear can be appreciated to the full only by such as have followed in his steps, and it needed at times all the delight of the singers in their own imperfect attainments to make the game seem worth the candle to their eager but wearied teacher.

There being so little in the country of his adoption to gratify Mr. Hogg's hunger for music and song, he was the more dependent on the music of his home. There was no time-limit to his powers of enjoyment: he never had enough. To hear the airs of his native land played by a military band left him "all of a tremble," and family concerts were his mountain-peaks of memory.

In his letters many suggestive pictures are preserved. Of nights alone with his violin on the deck of the "Ibis," when preaching at a distant village had left his brain afire, playing old airs that carried his thoughts now to his wife and baby three hundred miles away, now to his absent children on the ocean. Or of evenings when to play was almost too great an effort for jaded nerves, but a harmonium was at hand and the wife to use it, as she sang for him some hymn that had been haunting his brain for days. Or again it is his eldest son, just five years old, who is at the instrument, playing to the accompaniment of the fiddle all the tunes he has heard, with enough of his father in him to be able to create already his own simple chords and harmonies, the happy pair making together such music as the proud parent declared to have been well worth listening to.

The dry hot climate fought against him, and his efforts to remedy its ravages were indefatigable. Finding a new harmonium dumb on his return to an empty house after three month's absence, he laboured two nights and a day to restore its voice. As failure would involve a

silent future, there was a touch of desperation in the struggle as the second night lengthened without result. "I have seldom felt more inclined to take a good hearty cry," he wrote at last in the small hours, and tried to fix his mind on the harps of heaven. Sleep, however, reawakened a more earthly hope, and by some ingenious expedient he at last reached a measure of success, the instrument doctored annually remaining a solace for years.

Long after, a second-hand piano was secured that had weathered safely the heat of Middle Egypt, but for this, too, the temperature within the thin walls of the Assiut home proved fatal. One of his home letters describes the condition to which it was reduced:

"I worked at our piano two afternoons this week to put it in order and in tune for Mrs. Elmir Lansing. I had a bad attack of the blues in consequence. The first day I found that my attempts to keep away the moths by stuffing it with tobacco had been a failure. The strikers were not much injured, but all the cloth and padding around, above and beneath the finger-board, was converted into living dust. I cleaned it all out and tuned the piano—though the lower end of each striker came down upon a screw nail instead of a piece of chamois leather, and produced a sound as if you were playing on clappers. Next day I found most of the strings had fallen a third of an octave, and so I went to tuning it a second time. I had tuned about an octave and a half, and was getting somewhat encouraged by the result, when all of a sudden the wood in which the pegs are placed began to crack and split under the strain, and ultimately burst out half an inch or more. 'There goes £35,' was all I could say. After a minute or so I added, 'Well, it is one consolation that the girls are not coming out next winter.' So saying, I picked up my tools and left the thing in disgust; and, as I said, I had a bad attack of the blues the rest of the evening."

Even on this occasion, however, he refused to accept his defeat as final, and returned from Scotland a year later with such materials as might render a second onslaught more effective. The results were gratifying, but as the injury was in part irreparable the piano was kept musical only by his retuning certain octaves every few nights.

When one recalls his absorption in his mission work and the value he set upon time, these voluntary labours, perseveringly repeated without a suggestion from the players, become peculiarly revealing. Possessed by a passion so strong, it was natural that in years of dearth he should take refuge from the "wild longings" that at times assailed him in picturing an environment answering to his need in that home of the soul where the cravings of West and East will alike attain perfect satisfaction in diviner harmonies than ear has yet heard or it has entered into the heart of man to conceive.

XI

LAYING FOUNDATIONS

They shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations—the desolations of many generations.

—ISAIAH LXI.

Consider first what you mean when you say a building is well constructed or well built; you do not merely mean that it answers its purpose,—this is much, and many modern buildings fail of this much; but if it be verily well built, it must answer this purpose in the simplest way, and with no over-expenditure of means.

—RUSKIN: *Stones of Venice*.

THE years 1867 to 1871 saw the establishment of an Evangelical Church in the centre of Upper Egypt, not as a foreign body but as native to the land, the blood in its veins by the warmth of its flow promising growth and development, and carrying in it the germs of future independence.

Persecution, which at the close of the period might have proved but a bracing breeze, broke out, as it seemed to the workers, prematurely. The missionary and his family, on their return from Scotland in 1867, had hardly yet re-established themselves in their Assiut home when the Coptic Patriarch sailed for the south.

It was the sacred season of Lent, and the move awakened questionings even in the minds of the loyal. When in all the ages of the past had an Earthly Christ, High Priest, Head, and King of the Coptic Church, profaned the strictest fast of the year by a round of visits that

entailed feasting and carousing in his honour at every point of his journey? It was said to be but one of his periodic tours to encourage the children of his flock, but the children of the flock were not deceived by such public announcements. So great an innovation, they deemed, could bode no good. The Patriarch himself soon made no secret of the truth, that his one purpose was to root out Protestantism, and as a government steamer had been placed at his disposal and a guard of soldiers in every town awaited his pleasure, it seemed evident that the Khedive favoured the end he had in view.

Ismail Pasha felt his tyranny endangered by the presence of missionaries in Egypt. They would diffuse knowledge—amongst an oppressed race the knowledge that is power, amongst their own people the knowledge of wrongs that might arouse the indignant interference of the West. To ruin their work would, he judged, be the safest and surest way to rid himself of the workers, and the Coptic Patriarch might prove a convenient cat's-paw by which to reach his prey without burning his fingers. But Ismail had other tools at his command which a veiled hint from high quarters would suffice to set in motion, and long before the Patriarch had reached Assiut on his mission of destruction, the hint had been given, and the enrolment of boys in the mission school had dropped in consequence, through the action of the local officials, from 75 to 19.

To understand fully the force at work one must recall the slavery of the period. In Egypt, army conscription is still a dread event to be evaded at any sacrifice, but before the days of the British occupation it meant not only the breaking of family ties but banishment for life and a hopeless career darkened by hardship, poverty,

and contempt. At that time there reigned also a twin terror which, while in one sense of more temporary character, brought hunger, debt, and ruin to many a family. A sudden levy of forced labourers would leave whole districts in want, their fields unsown or their harvests unreaped, while roads, railways, or canals were being created at the Viceroy's bidding. Egypt was improved, while the Egyptians were plundered and compelled to work under a taskmaster's lash, with the gall of bitterness in their hearts and neither food, pay, nor implements provided them.

It was easy for the wealthy to escape from such ills, for in Egypt all locks turn to a golden key; but in the days of Mohammed Ali a key of different metal had been provided for a certain class of the community, and this was still available even to the poor. To make education popular, schoolboys, though of working age, were given a certificate of exemption from the army and public works on passing the most simple of examinations in religious subjects. Every school, however inefficient and unattractive, was filled at the rumour of an approaching conscription with evanescent pupils of doubtful age, who were drilled in reciting the Koran or the Coptic ritual till the scourge swept past. Such a rumour was now afloat, and with it a whisper that the local officials would henceforth disregard the certificates of Protestant schools. They were the only schools that trained thought as well as memory, and that had never abused their privileges. Yet when test cases arose, the whisper proved correct. Certificates signed by the missionary were rejected, and when Mr. Hogg complained at headquarters, the Mudir, though politely feigning redress, left the changed conditions unremedied. The effect was immediate, and a few boys from neighbouring villages were

all who still dared to attend the school of their choice on the day when the Patriarch arrived. Riding upon an ass gorgeously accoutred, he made his triumphal entry into Assiut, accompanied by an excited mob shouting, "Hosanna to the Son of David, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Stories of the Patriarch's doings had preceded his arrival. His power was declared to be unlimited. His victims were banned as foes of the government and beyond the pale of justice. Everywhere it was said he summoned to his presence those tainted with reform and poured out on them the vials of his wrath, administering a few days in prison, a rough beating, or even the more cruel bastinado, and sending them back to life with a threat of the galleys or the White Nile eating at their vitals.

At Assiut the Patriarch felt forced by the presence of the watchful missionary to avoid violence and use no civil measures to enforce his will. Bills of excommunication and a bonfire of Bibles and religious books were his heaviest artillery. The only avowed Protestant, native to the place, was the wealthy American Consular Agent, whose position rendered him scatheless. But the villages around called for attention, and having berated and frightened the progressives at Motiah, and put out of office an evangelical priest at Beni Alage, he turned his attention to the decimated school. He could secure for the army levy the remaining nineteen, could he but learn the names of their parents and of the villages from which they hailed.

His efforts to procure a Judas brought upon him the rebuke of the boy he sought to suborn, head pupil of the Coptic school but a firm friend of the Protestants. "I can't do that," was his sturdy answer to the demand

made of him. "It would be very wrong." One likes to picture the astonished face of the pontiff, used to the obsequious flattery of men, when faced by a child's frank judgment on his plan. Was there some faint sense of shame as the interview ended, to match the revulsion in the heart of his reprover, who as one of the youthful deacons of his church had led in the hosannas that had greeted the Patriarch's arrival?

But such revulsion was not confined to the heart of a boy. Many had been alienated by the words and deeds of their spiritual head. "Caiaphas and Pilate crucified Jesus and the Patriarch burned His Gospel" was the subject of an ex-priest's sermon that echoed and re-echoed with startling effect after the ashes of the patriarchal bonfires had been scattered by the winds. Though schools languished and four full-fledged Protestants recanted, while half-enlightened friends disappeared into safer haunts like timid birds that have seen the shadow of a passing hawk, the evangelical cause had received no vital injury, and the Patriarch's cause no lasting help.

Mr. Hogg wrote long Arabic letters full of counsel and encouragement to frightened converts in the south, and long English letters full of the latest news to anxious colleagues in the north, but the whole mission might have awaited with calmness the reaction that was sure to follow had not the Khedive's connection with the course pursued, proclaimed silently but effectively throughout the land that henceforth he who injured a Protestant might do so with impunity. Three cases occurred involving precedents that endangered the future.

In the beginning of May, Gergis Bashetly, a Protestant school teacher in Ekhmim, at whom Catholics and Copts had hurled seven bulls of excommunication with-

out effect, was slapped on the face by the Patriarch, his house broken into and his person mauled at the Patriarch's instigation by the soldiery and mob, and he with his son ordered out of town under threat of death.

In June some certificates of exemption presented by Protestant schoolboys were disregarded by the officials in their villages, though signed not only by Mr. Hogg, but at his request by the Mudir of Assiut; and when the matter was appealed to Assiut headquarters, the deputy-governor arraigned the boys instead of the delinquents, and their leader, Iskaros, was bastinadoed and thrown bleeding into prison because he refused to declare his statement a lie and buy forgiveness by joining the Copts.

In September, three leaders of the Protestants at Kus, long engaged in government service, amongst them Fam, a man universally admired for his commanding character and unassailable honour, were in fulfilment of the parting threat of the Patriarch, "ordered to the Sudan," a euphemistic expression that covered a plot to consign them to a grave in the river on reaching the limits of Egypt.

These cases differed from others in that the facts were clear, evidence available, and the sufferers of a type to withstand threats and bribes. The missionaries handled them with vigour.

Egypt has long since recognised as common justice the right of the Copt to make unmolested choice of a school or church, and has almost forgotten the hard campaign by which the privilege was wearily won through long slow battles of the pen. It would take the art of a Dickens to describe adequately the ability displayed by those in authority in paving delays with fair promises, evading incriminating evidence, and escaping

the trammels of truth. Mr. Lansing and Mr. Hogg fought side by side in the struggle and between them burned much midnight oil. Mr. Hogg's two months' *rest* in Ramleh has left its record in 245 quarto pages written by his hand on the one subject, and many a page was added to the sum after he returned to the south. The British and American Consul Generals both entered the field, and the former fought with persistence and ability in the forefront of the battle.

It was in the third case that the first decisive victory was won. The presence at the time on the scene of action of Mr. Hogg and Mr. Currie, a missionary of most attractive qualities, who had recently settled at Kus, had the effect of delaying the local agents of the enemy, while speeding each move for the rescue. The Khedive was nettled and harassed by the growing publicity given to a course which he had pursued with the utmost caution, avoiding written orders and ensuring the silence of his subordinates. He saw that the cat's-paw had fallen short of his purpose, and to avoid trouble he dropped his weak ally and turned to pacify his tormentors. In the undoing as in the weaving of his plot he continued to hide his hand, but the journey of Fam and his companions ended abruptly at Esneh, and when after twenty-four days in the court of the prison they returned unscathed to their friends, the whole country was quick to recognise the full significance of the fact. Timid adherents could steal forth from their retreats, and the ousted school-master return safely to Ekhnim. The reign of terror had ended.

A year and a half passed before the infant church at Assiut was called to weather its next storm, and in the interval it had grown and strengthened. It was in Mr. Hogg's absence during the summer of 1868 that the

turning tide began to rise with a rapidity and certainty that startled the public. "This is to prove that it is God's work, not mine," was the missionary's comment as he heard from afar the echoes of a movement for which he had worked and prayed.

The Patriarch had realised at length that the Book he had burned was indestructible, and that if his Church was to rally her forces she must hold it out to the people, not snatch it from their grasp. The Assiut clergy were surprised by a written order from their Head to arrange an hour for the daily public study of the Bible, with a notice that in future none would be eligible for the priestly office who were not familiar with its contents. As behoved them, they answered with ready compliance, but the order was irksome and nothing was done.

Mr. Hogg, before leaving, had urged his friends to consider his absence their great opportunity and give to others what they themselves had received. Five men and a boy, poring over the Word in secret, heard the call repeated by a Voice they could not disobey. Being still members of the ancient Church, they set themselves to secure its reform, but their repeated appeals to the leader of the Copts to give effect to the Patriarch's instructions were met by friendly promises and continued inaction.

Suddenly the town was shaken by the astounding news that Tanassa, one of their number, and the champion of the Copts, had joined the Protestants. It was as though Goliath had deserted to the camp of Israel. People flocked unconvinced to the house where the six were gathered, to test the truth of the rumour. A tract was being read aloud, "The winnowing-fan of Kus," purporting to be a discussion between a Coptic priest and a Protestant. Tanassa, urged on by the boy, declared

frankly that the Protestant contentions were Scriptural, and should be accepted by the Coptic Church, though contrary to the teaching of the Fathers. Dismay reigned supreme. Tanassa and Shenodeh had been bribed by the foe! Better had they become Mohammedans or Jews! The wrath of God would descend upon them!

It was not till public disgrace had increased the zeal and courage of those vilified, and led to their opening a nightly public meeting in Tanassa's house, that the patriarchal order was at last executed. Henceforth the gatherings were removed from the house of the tainted to the room where once an excommunicating Bishop had cringed before an excommunicated missionary, and where Tanassa the champion had for the first time refused a challenge and taken refuge in fair phrases. The room now witnessed nightly the same unequal contest between ignorance and knowledge, between upholders of tradition and seekers after truth. Even when at last the priests angrily forbade all comment from the audience, the words of Scripture which they stumblingly read and could not explain carried the conviction to the heart of the hearers that the Bible was on the side of the Protestants. When *Romans* was reached, the priests in despair announced that henceforth the commentaries of the Fathers would be read along with the text. The audience ceased to gather. The meeting, but one month old, had received its death-blow.

Such were the conditions when Mr. Hogg returned to Assiut. An ovation awaited him. Visitors flocked to the house from sunrise to sunset, and eighty-two were at the first evening meeting, besides such as crowded around windows and doors. The Coptic Bishop launched *haram** after *haram* at the offenders, but while the

* A bill of excommunication.

women of their households wept and bewailed them, the excommunicated themselves paid little heed and the public began to laugh at the futility of clerical rage.

In January, 1869, Mr. Hogg wrote cheerfully to the Maharajah of the prospects of the work:

"Eight times a week the place in which we meet is packed to the door with an attentive and interested audience. Every available inch is utilised. The younger boys sit around my feet on every side and up on the window-sills, while all the benches are occupied by men and large boys, and an adjoining room is filled with women and their babies. We sometimes have eight babies, and—well, bless them! they don't behave any worse than a Maharajah's young hopefuls would do if cooped up in like fashion for a couple of hours in a little dark room!

"At our first Communion after our return from Cairo we received 17 men, women, and boys, and 11 men were received six weeks afterwards. That makes 48 who have been admitted into membership since our return from Scotland. On the second occasion there were from 130 to 150 present, and we had a most delightful service in the open court despite the cold weather. After service we held a congregational meeting, and it was agreed to go forward forthwith to build a church edifice. A site was secured that night and the money paid down next morning. The members are to build a church and a dwelling house for their future pastor, and they do not ask a single cent from anybody. What think you of that? It is indeed the Lord's doing and it is very marvellous in our eyes. It will cost probably five or six hundred pounds. Most of it is to be met by two men, our friend Wasif and a new friend whom I should like you to meet—Hanna Wissa."

Shortly after, a passing event shed on the cause a fleeting gleam of public honour. King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was wintering on the Nile, and the

royal party spent a few hours at Assiut. As it was rumoured that they would visit some interesting caves in the mountain, the mission household, old and young, had sallied forth in the hope of gaining a brief glimpse of them there. But the royal visitors selected the mission house instead as their *rendezvous*, wishing to see the school of which they had heard. When the Deputy-Governor entered the court to announce their arrival, the boys fled in terror, pursued by visions of the slavery of forced labour in the public works. But a few courageous souls stood their ground and a crowd gathered, while the Prince, finding that some knew English, examined them in reading and geography in which they shone with conscious pride. A large map hung in the court, and the boys reported that after they had answered correctly a dozen questions, one of the Prince's companions asked to be shown the source of the White Nile. In this they all failed. In fact the map itself failed, for the great lake-home of the mysterious river was but a recent discovery. The questioner then came to their aid, told them that he himself had discovered the source of the Nile, and showed them where the vast lakes lay. It was Sir Samuel Baker.

The boys reported further that the Prince and Princess were accompanied by a lady who was as tall as a pole and had a dress like a ladder, with flounces for rungs! But even such interesting details hardly compensated Mr. Hogg for his absence. He hastened to the steamer, and though delayed by a perverse and weak-legged donkey, reached it in time to receive a kindly welcome and answer further questions regarding the work. The Prince expressed great pleasure at what he had seen, and the tone of the Princess's voice when she remarked that the missionary was Scotch won his heart

at once, as betokening a warm affection for Auld Scotia's children. Only one face looked black during the interview—the face of the Deputy-Governor who had bastinadoed the schoolboy that would not desert the Protestants.

But adversity was now at hand and discredit was soon to fall on the cause thus publicly honoured. In the house of Mr. Hanna Wissa, the missionary's "new friend," a few kindred spirits sat late one evening reading their favourite Book. "And the Lord said unto Gideon, Throw down the altar of Baal that thy father hath, and cut down the Asherah that is by it. And it came to pass, because he feared his father's household and the men of the city so that he could not do it by day, that he did it by night." Near at hand, on the walls of an ancient church, hung the "Asherah" of their race, the pictures of the intercessors before which the people bowed in prayer. Was Gideon's call not their call? Why not go at once, while their hearts were hot, and purify their church's worship from its idolatry? They prayed earnestly for God's blessing, and stole out into the silent street. Tanassa's house adjoined the church and from its roof entrance to the building was easy. In his absence his brothers helped the conspirators. The task was triumphantly accomplished, and again joining in prayer, the devoted band returned exultant to their homes.

But Old Testament stories may prove dangerous precedents and actions that seem parallel lead to divergent issues, as the sequel proved.

The Coptic Church was filled next morning by a wailing and excited people. Dismay, fear, and rage were inextricably mingled. Under threat of excommunication, the whole sect was summoned to appear, and marched

in a body to the Governor to demand redress. Investigation soon led to discovery, the names of the culprits being revealed by Tanassa's brother while under the lash. When brought to book the men surprised their accusers by making no denial, telling frankly their story and claiming God's warrant in the Bible. The Copts were exasperated at being exposed before the Moslems as worshippers of pictures, and the Moslems were amazed by a glimpse of a new Christianity and the discovery that the Protestant's Bible forbade idolatry. "Truly," they exclaimed, "this is the Book of God." The eight men were sent to prison to await judgment on the case.

Perhaps only to a resident in Egypt can the full force of the cataclysm be immediately apparent. There the names involved and the interests at stake explain at once the tumultuous excitement it awakened. The Coptic clergy saw in the event the finger of God. The name of Hanna Wissa had become hateful to them and God had delivered their enemy into their hands.

The Governor granted Mr. Hanna Wissa's brother twenty-four hours in which to conciliate his foes, but they were as deaf to appeals as an angry sea, and, like the chief priests of old, "stirred up the people," two thousand of whom invaded the Governor's presence to demand the full satisfaction of the law. As punishment was deserved, no effort was made to secure consular help, and when peace measures failed, Mr. Hogg awaited with his friends in unceasing prayer the execution of justice, cheering meanwhile the poor men whose exultation had evaporated, and turning the prison into a school-house where all who entered learnt without effort and without charge lessons that they could not soon forget.

A week later the Moslem feast of Fida dawned, and Assiut was electrified by a telegram from the Khedive

granting the culprits free pardon. Moslems joined with Protestants in their rejoicing, about 200 of them being present among the hundreds who gathered in the court of Mr. Wissa's house to welcome the prisoner home. A thanksgiving service was held, and the missionary sought to make the most of a grand opportunity.

The feelings of the Coptic clergy were beyond expression. It was as though a bull, infuriated by the proverbial red rag and thinking to gore it to his heart's content, had found his horns suddenly buried in an unexpected hedge, while the tormenting object of his charge fluttered invulnerable on the other side. To be robbed of the prey in the moment of triumph was beyond endurance, and a delegation left for Cairo to threaten the Patriarch with desertion to the Catholics unless the pardon were rescinded.

A new charge was lodged accusing the enemy not only of the crime confessed but of a theft of treasure. Investigations were reopened by Sharif Pasha while the Khedive was absent in Europe, and the subsequent proceedings were a complicated tangle of wrongs. So far as the missionary was concerned, the turn events had taken involved his remaining in Assiut through the hot months of summer to encourage his distressed flock and share their anxieties. His health was not at its best and the heat intense. He mentions the thermometer at 112° in the coolest room, his closed study, and 121° elsewhere, the glass of a shuttered window having been left open. His family being in Ramleh, he was quite alone, and his wife's letters were feverishly devoured—read three times at a sitting, to be studied again later in the vain hope that he had not yet fully mastered their contents! The case entailed on him much writing, and the slow wavering course of events with the varying

currents of popular feeling awakened can be gleaned from a mass of letters, English and Arabic, public and private, that were the fruit of his solitude. Reviewing the case long before its completion, he points out eight important contradictions that had already been perpetrated, and remarks "Sharif Pasha's actions have been consistent in being a tissue of inconsistencies from beginning to end." Nothing new was proved against the accused, yet they received sentences of one, two, and three years' imprisonment in the South, and were fined \$1,750 to replace property of whose theft no evidence was produced and pictures which were valued by interested parties at ten times their worth. The Governor absented himself from the town in disgust, that the infliction of the sentence might fall to other hands.

Mr. Hogg, curious to see the expression of the Coptic representatives as they received their unlawful gains, accompanied the victims to the Mudiriyah when payment was to be made, but finding his presence a trial to the official in charge, he withdrew, and, unable to rest, wandered to the river where a boat for Esna awaited the prisoners. The Consuls had long since taken up the case, whose character had changed to that of definite religious persecution, and he was haunted by an expectation of reprieve, a cheering legacy from his prayers of the previous day in the prison and in secret. Driven home at last by the intolerable heat, he found a letter awaiting him with important news. A promise had been extracted from Sharif Pasha that on the return of the Khedive the prisoners would be released. He hurried out with the glad tidings, and though the execution of the sentence was not deferred, the prisoners left with a bright hope in their hearts, and their friends no longer sorrowed as if for the dead.

Some weeks later the Khedive arrived from Europe, and on August 10, after a month's hard labour at Esna following on a longer though less rigorous imprisonment at Assiut, the exiled men were finally set free. Great rejoicings awaited them in Assiut, over a thousand Copts and Moslems visiting the chief culprit on the day of his return. Their long trial had not been wholly in vain. Protestants had gained from it a firmer grip on the great realities of their faith. Interest had been quickened among the Copts, and throughout the length of Egypt Moslems had learnt that Scriptural Christianity is a purer faith than they had yet imagined.

When after a short rest Mr. Hogg resumed his work, it was with a feeling that it was about to enter on a new stage of its history, and his large expectations were soon justified. The events that now emerge on the canvas were peculiarly significant to a man who so steadfastly refused to gauge success by the number of converts won, and considered his mission unfulfilled till the converts should become such a converting force in the land as must finally render a foreign mission unnecessary.

It was in November that the little seminary came forth purified from the smelting pot of financial disputation, and the first coins of its mintage were issued four months later, two students who had completed their course being licensed as preachers after an exhaustive examination by Presbytery.

On February 12, 1870, a custom that had held sway for 1,800 years succumbed before the zeal of the church members, prompted and guided by the missionary. Copts and Moslems, yielding to their suasion, signed with them a petition which transferred from Sunday to Saturday the Assiut weekly market, the centre of all trade

for a wide and populous district, a change which left on the mind of the peasantry a bewildering impression that these holders of strange doctrines had juggled with the calendar and transposed the order of its days!

March 6 saw the dedication of Assiut church building, the fruit of unaided native effort, a memorable and joyous occasion to missionaries and people, when six of the former (Presbytery being in session) shared in the ceremonies of the day.

Equally significant of the solidity of the success achieved was the altered life upon which the church entered in its new home. On April 11 the congregation was formally organised and its oversight entrusted to the elders and deacons of its choice.

In November the church at Assiut, and a nucleus of worshippers at Motiah and at Nakheilah, adopted the principles of systematic giving and systematic personal aggressive work, and though these steps were taken at Mr. Hogg's suggestion they were taken with a hearty ardour that boded well for Egypt's future. The immediate result was that in ten weeks 105 visits were paid to 19 towns and villages, at distances of three to twenty miles from Assiut. The work was thoroughly organised, the volunteers going two by two every Sabbath afternoon to the towns appointed them, and reporting their adventures at a mid-week meeting held at the home-base. The missionary organised a flourishing Sabbath school at each of the three centres, and members unable for work at a distance were enrolled as teachers, or as workers in the lanes and market-place of their own town. Missionaries and theologues, already old at such systematic labour, enrolled themselves along with the fresh recruits, and the more distant villages were usually Mr. Hogg's allotment as he was at this time the happy

possessor of a horse that carried him swiftly over the ground.

On New Year's Day, 1871, a union meeting was held in the new church at Assiut, at which the year's work was reviewed. The missionary wrote of the day as the happiest he had yet spent in Egypt. The speeches by elders and deacons and their cheering reports of native effort were to him, like Gideon's fleece, a sign of God's presence, a proof to Egypt of a decree of God that through the faith and valour of Egyptians He would deliver the land.

The very letter, however, that describes this happy occasion breaks off in its account of encouraging audiences and great success to confess that there remained, notwithstanding a dark side to the picture.

"In Assiut the people outside have got the length of granting that Protestantism is the truth, and have made up their minds to trouble their heads no further about it. They *will not* come to Christ that they may have life, and they will not come in the way of getting it. I firmly believe that it is by preaching that men are converted. Mere intellectual enlightenment from reading and discussing hardens the heart. Very few new faces appear at any of our services. There are a few, but oh, how few in comparison with the great mass outside!

"Again, some of the villages seem determined to prevent our getting a foothold in them. Abutij is all in commotion because we (Tadrus, Tanassa, and I) have begun to visit it. The Bishop tried to get a hold of Tanassa. The miller at whose door he sat was dragged off, beaten, and put in durance by the Bishop's orders. Tadrus was ordered out of Nasr Allah's house and refused to budge. I was first shunned; and then, when a few came and demanded of me to work a miracle to prove that our faith was better than theirs, we were interrupted by the Bishop's Wakil, who asked if there

was an Orthodox King present to decide the controversy, and then spanked them all off. Still there are a few timid spirits anxious to learn the truth and we have not lost hope. Abnub is dead and rotten as Sodom. Twice I have been there and I was virtually told at my last visit that I bored them by my visit. I came home on my hungry donkey (it had got nothing during the night) and broke my fast after Bessie and the bairns had risen from dinner. The owner of the house at which I had put up (the leader of the enlightened set!) drank arrack and went asleep while I preached the first night, and went off early next morning without bidding us good-bye. Other places are more hopeful, but we sadly need men, not boys. Tanassa is welcome everywhere. So is Abuna Hanna and Shenodeh. I made my first visit to Bakur yesterday, and the person most anxious for me to visit it pretended not to be at home, so that I had to leave it as I had come, from the fear that every man has of receiving me into his house."

How little such treatment daunted him is evident from the resolve immediately following. "If spared I shall take a tent at the end of the session and spend a week at each of the more important places." And the project was on the eve of accomplishment when events taking an unexpected turn nipped it in the bud.

Only ten strenuous days remained available, but in these a hopeful opening was at last achieved at Bakur, while the Sabbath at Nakheilah proved memorable. In the morning, Communion was conducted in the presence of about 250 men and 120 women (with their babies!) 30 new members being received into the Church. In the afternoon, in the presence of fewer women but more men, the congregation was organised under the oversight of five elders and three deacons of its own choice, the elders being ordained not by a band of missionaries but by the native session of Assiut. In the evening a

meeting was held at which the brave little church decided to present a call to Mr. Tadrus Yusuf, who was ordained to its pastorate a few months later, to subscribe \$10 monthly towards his salary, and to build a church, school, and parsonage as soon as a site could be secured.

In that Sabbath's doings there was a dramatic fitness unnoticed at the time, for a long interval was to elapse before the missionary would again enter an Egyptian village. They were a suitable *finale* to the six years that had passed since Mr. Hogg settled in Assiut. The period had opened with but one solitary convert in the whole Upper Country, his membership still carefully concealed. It closed on a flourishing Evangelical Church, with two full-fledged congregations and the nuclei of others, and on an institution that would ensure for it a constant supply of trained workers, of whom Nakheilah's pastor-elect was the first fruit. The building in which the institution was to be housed was the gift of Scotland, and its rough walls, rising daily higher, would soon need but a roof to complete its structure. Beside it stood the house of worship, which had been dedicated the previous year, and whose donors were natives of the land. The latter building was complete, but the Egyptian Church, of whose firm establishment at the centre of the people's life it was the proof and symbol, still lacked the capstone that was to perfect its Presbyterian form.

In a few months even this finishing touch was given. Presbytery had hitherto been a foreign body, its language English, its business in large part subject to the approval or disapproval of an American Board. In the fall of the year it became a native body, its language Arabic, its decisions within its own sphere final. At the request of the governing bodies in America and with the approval of those concerned, its business was purged

of all that related to missionaries as the Board's agents, and to departments of work whose financial responsibilities rested entirely on the American Church.

Freed from this incubus of extraneous matter, the Presbytery became henceforth a thoroughly Egyptian institution, in which pastors, elders, and missionaries met as co-presbyters, with equal privileges, to consider and legislate in the Church's interest, and unite their varying talents to aid her in obeying her call from God to the spiritual conquest of Egypt.

This finishing touch gave greater joy to none than to Mr. Hogg, but when the Presbytery thus constituted held its first meeting and ordained its first pastor, the man was far away who had under God played so prominent a part in the birth and development of the Church for which it existed.

XII

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

TO balance fairly the conflicting claims of public work and private life is as puzzling a problem to the narrator of this history as it ever remained to the man with whom it is chiefly concerned. In the effort to give distinctness to the steps by which Mr. Hogg's work attained the solidity and the permanence at which he aimed, some events have been ignored that affected him deeply.

The happiness of his home had been menaced as often as the prosperity of the cause. Disease and death were the birds of prey whose shadows had disturbed its peace. He had been hurried back from his watch over the movements of the plot at Kus, to watch over his little son through a severe attack of confluent smallpox, and when the misery was at its worst had held him on his lap for nearly a week, snatching a few hours of sleep each afternoon when he relinquished his charge perforce to the mother, who had already a new baby to nurse. Not long after his recovery, the little patient was seized again by some strange form of croup which lasted through fourteen anxious days. "You can imagine," the father wrote to his brother, "the torture of listening to every breath all through the night, not knowing but the next

fit of coughing may choke him, yet afraid to rouse him by trying to give him a little medicine to relieve the heavy breathing, for that would, you think, but hasten the crisis." But the parents were spared that final agony and the dark cloud lifted.

At another time his own health gave way, necessitating a month's rest in Ramleh. He had been called in 1868 to fill Dr. Lansing's place in Cairo for five months as editor and preacher, and when no material remained to edit, had been tempted to create sufficient Arabic copy to keep his two compositors busy, besides correcting the corrections of the proof-corrector—which was often a serious undertaking—and preaching four times a week by way of "blowing off extra steam." The result was that in three months 160 quarto pages were printed of an Arabic *Bible Dictionary and Students' Assistant*, part of the material translated, but more than half original, and that at last he was forced to escape north a broken-down man, conscious that he had sinned in attempting too much, but his penitence still imperfect as his excuses reveal. "It is difficult," he maintains, "to be sober in such a world as this. They *will* not be saved in God's way. How then *can* one be calm in such circumstances?" And there follows a familiar note, the key-note of his life. "Yet I would rather suffer from doing too much than be a drone in such a service."

During the winter that followed the release of the prisoners in August, 1868, Mr. Watson shared Mr. Hogg's labours at Assiut, and the addition of Dr. Johnstone, a medical missionary, to the staff brought added relief. But even the best physician could improve neither the house nor the climate, and the health of the children proved miserable, dysentery and ophthalmia now alternating, now combining to reduce them to a state of piti-

ful weakness. The ensuing spring, when Assiut congregation had been entrusted to its own elders and deacons, the parents, to save the life of their youngest, left hastily for Syria. But during the preliminary river journey, cerebro-spinal symptoms developed, and on reaching Cairo the little boy, whose short life of eight months had been chequered by many ills, breathed his last and was at rest. The parents continued their journey, though their dearest hope was thus quenched, and the family remained five months in a cooler climate. Mr. Hogg himself returned two months earlier, having preached ten times during his absence—in fact, whenever opportunity offered.

The two months of entire solitude throw into strong light the strength of his family ties and his keen enjoyment of the home life, whose full privileges he yet so constantly denied himself. His imagination was always busy with the absent ones; their daily life was pictured, every birthday remembered, and each date carefully watched, so that when the time for their return approached, his brain was occupied with futile planning for their journey and the packing and roping of imaginary trunks for his wife, before she herself faced the task. During these lonely months he found a solace in hard work and a feeble harmonium. The former, however, proved a treacherous friend and betrayed him into many indiscretions, so that he was already overstrained and sleep-deserted when news reached him that ophthalmia had attacked his children immediately on their arrival at Ramleh and that the eye of one was in danger. A record journey of forty-eight hours brought him at once into their midst, but in a condition of health that soon added a patient to the family hospital over which his wife presided.

In spite of so bad a beginning, the health report for the session of 1870 to 1871 records almost as much advance on the previous year as the mission report for the same period; and it was not illness amongst his children but serious news from his wife's home that at its close altered the missionary's village plans, and after the memorable Sabbath at Nakheilah hurried him to the coast. Two weeks later he stood on the deck of a steamer in Alexandria harbour, watching through the captain's spy-glass another steamer that was soon a vanishing speck on the open sea, carrying beyond the reach of his care the lives he held most dear.

On this occasion separation did not condemn him to solitude. He lived in the home of a colleague, and as the theological students had taken up quarters beside them, his life was at once filled with work that he loved.

Yet the days that followed the wrench were long and difficult, and the third week next to intolerable. The vessel in which his family sailed was expected to complete its journey in a fortnight, and from the afternoon of the Monday on which the fortnight ended, he allowed himself to expect from his wife the promised telegram. He began to count time by the arrival at intervals of a train from Alexandria, and if at liberty would at the sound of its whistle steal out of the house and hurry towards the station to meet alone a messenger who never came. His nerves soon suffered from the strain, and night brought "dread fancies" that banished sleep,—of fire, illness, and children falling overboard,—with always the haunting memory of terrible hours in a frail boat in the Bay of Biscay to emphasise the possibility that might explain the silence.

When Thursday, by the arrival of a barren mail, quenched his last hope of a letter from Gibraltar, he had

to leave the tea-table abruptly to battle with his disappointment alone.

"This suspense is killing me," he wrote; "I half wish I had not spoken of sending a telegram; it makes me count the *hours*." [And then he grew penitent and tried to rally his hopes.] "Perhaps I ought not to write to you when my heart is so sore. I try to cast my cares on the great Care-bearer, but they *will* roll back. The Lord grant that we may still have many years of happy life *all together*. How hard it must be to the heart of the great Father of all when *His* children are away from Him and still receding and in danger of being separated from Him for ever. This is the lesson I have been trying to learn these past three weeks. Oh, that I may remember it while I live and draw closer to my God!"

In that closeness he was still striving to find peace when Saturday's "heavy hours" drew to an end. As he undressed a sound in the court and the word "telegram" reached his ear. In three seconds he was out of doors deciphering by moonlight the message. "Arrived safely. Rough passage. Off for Edinburgh." That night on a wakeful pillow, he registered the vow that never again while her husband lived would his wife cross the ocean without his company,—and the vow remained unbroken.

It is difficult to decipher the letters that treasure this little tale, as well as many of those that follow, partly because Time has sought by its kindly touch to guard them from intrusion, and partly because the tears their writer suppressed seem to have lodged in his fading words the power to infect the eyes of a reader with their dimness. They are the letters of a lover, already ten years a husband,—letters for which there had been no room in the hurried weeks of his courtship. He was

wise enough to grasp the possibilities of his new opportunity and believe that, rightly used, even a year of separation might bear a harvest of good.

His messages to his children, his messages to his wife about money matters, dress, and fashion, and his remarks on various incidents of her home life, are often full of charm, betraying a large and generous nature widely responsive in its impulses in spite of the concentration of its powers on a work demanding the sacrifice of many of the worthy interests of life.

But the problem of the future often clouded his thoughts. The experiment of rearing children in Assiut had so far been singularly unsuccessful. Was it his duty to settle his family permanently in a healthier climate, while he remained at Assiut to face a life in which the pleasures of home would come to him only as an occasional oasis in the desert? Should Syria be their home, Syria where without impossible outlay of money or time he might join them annually for a little space?

One possible solution might have saved all pain. In Syria he had been approached on the subject of appointment as professor in Beirut College. He had answered with prompt decision, as once before when his own Church in Scotland had invited him to a different sphere, "I would not exchange my present station and work for anything out of Heaven." To decide otherwise would always have been impossible to him; yet now, as the hot damp summer dragged on, with nerves weakened and sleep grown fitful, the earthly charms of such a change of sphere would dance before his eyes through the night hours, like the mirage which the desert traveller watches with a fascinated brain but unvacillating will.

His strength continued to ebb. He would rally his powers to meet the moment's call, to teach, to preach, to

sing songs for a company's entertainment, or to join the students or his colleagues in any game demanding skill of hand; but the excitement over he was left "panting like a broken down horse for hours," and when night came lay open-eyed till morning, unless some drug brought him relief. Manifestly he was in no condition to resume his labours at Assiut. The mission readjusted its programme, and on October 18, 1871, the trials of separation were ended, and the family in Edinburgh, after but ten days of excited expectation, welcomed the absent one into their midst.

Bereavement followed speedily in the wake of joy. Whooping-cough soon invaded the family, and a little son, after a long and painful struggle, was laid to rest in Scottish soil, the parents grateful for the providence that allowed them to be together in the time of their sorrow.

The missionary's furlough-rest was, like that of 1866, filled with engagements. Two-thirds of his sermons and addresses, however, were delivered in America, where he went with his wife in the spring of 1872, in response to a warm invitation from the Mission Board. Many ties had already been forged between the American United Presbyterian Church and her Scottish representative in Egypt, and the degree of D.D. conferred on him in 1869 by Westminister College, Pa., had proved that he was already a prominent figure in the minds of her leaders. It was a keen pleasure therefore to strengthen by actual contact the friendships that had been formed, and to come into closer touch than was possible through the public print with the rank and file of a Church that he was keenly anxious to arouse to a full sense of her opportunities. At the meeting of the General Assembly he was offered the moderatorship, but declined the honour. He prized however a chance afforded him of addressing the gathering,

and carried through life a memento of the occasion in a handsome gold watch with which he was publicly presented. The ten weeks of his stay were divided amongst fifteen different centres extending from New York and Boston to Omaha, Neb., his sermons and addresses numbering thirty-nine in all.

Of tangible benefit to Egypt he was at first unconscious, but seed was sown that in time bore liberal fruit. Some of his new friends became in after years, by their gifts and efforts, co-labourers in the cause he loved; among them Dr. Joseph Clokey of Springfield, O., who when special need arose rendered such valuable service by eliciting the aid of wealthy friends, that his name is linked with Assiut College and inscribed as one of the founders of the institution. The immediate harvest was more personal, and the missionaries left America refreshed and enriched by memories of open-hearted hospitality, comradeship, and kindness, and by novel experiences in the unfamiliar environment and exhilarating atmosphere of the New World.

Dr. Hogg had lost ten pounds in weight, but having gained greatly in spirits was impatient to be once more a doer of the work and not a speaker only, and imagining himself thoroughly recuperated he left Scotland with his family in August and set his face once more towards Assiut. Their journey was interrupted for a few days in Palermo, Sicily, where Mrs. Hogg's brother laboured as a missionary, and here Dr. Hogg enjoyed a short preaching bout in Italian, which resulted in the formation of a society for evangelistic work in the town and district on the lines he had followed so successfully in Egypt.

At Assiut disappointment awaited him, for he was immediately laid low by an attack of intermittent fever, which was followed in weary succession by boils, heavy

catarrh, and a cough, so that 1873 was reached before he was able to enjoy his work to the full.

The health of the children, however, had been thoroughly established by their prolonged stay in Scotland, and circumstances seemed to have provided a happy solution to the problem that had been the father's nightmare on the eve of his furlough. Their old home, though rising above its fellows, had been hemmed in by them on every side. They were now in a new house built over the church outside the western gate of the town, and overlooking a grove of palms, shittim, olive, and pomegranate trees. Here the air came unpolluted across the fields from the desert, and to rear children might thus prove a more hopeful task. Moreover, Mrs. Hogg's sister had become a member of the household, and could take charge of them in Ramleh or Syria, if wisdom should dictate a change.

But wisdom's dictum soon proved other than was expected. A violent attack of ophthalmia early in April left the eyes of the oldest son in such a condition that the doctor ordered six or seven years in Scotland as the only safeguard against blindness, and a long separation ensued. The home in Egypt was left with a baby three months old to act as comforter, while a new home was established in a country town in Scotland, where the three older children could secure a good education at a large Academy, amid the most healthful surroundings and with an aunt to act the mother's part to her charge. Henceforth re-union became the family day-dream, realised at long intervals and treasured always in memory and in hope.

XIII

WANTED: A COLLEGE

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will.

The thing wanted, soon or late, will be supplied.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

“**O**F one thing I am certain, the College *shall* be built if the Lord prolong my life another ten years, though the straw for the bricks may have to be gathered one by one from the furrows of the field.” December, 1873.

In this sentence penned by Dr. Hogg with deep feeling eighteen months after his return from furlough we find the key-note of a new period, during which the inadequacy of the Academy's new building, the inadequacy of its teaching staff, and the inadequacy of the mission force in the Upper Country, pressed on his heart with unceasing and painful force as he sought to cope with the bewildering claims to which growing success gave birth.

To this period the work of 1872-73 is but as the tuning up of an orchestra. In Dr. Hogg's absence the instruments had lost tone. By no deft rearrangement of forces can a body of missionaries too small for its tasks supply a temporary vacancy in such a way that no loss shall accrue to the work. In Dr. Hogg's absence the church at Assiut had changed hands four times, and being left finally to its own resources, dissensions had sprung up

among its members, who, accustomed to high-class fare, grew critical of leaders of their own race no more advanced than themselves. The nightly meeting had dwindled almost to nothing, and the volunteers for work in the villages contented themselves with mild efforts nearer home, meeting to enjoy their own spiritual possessions rather than to share them with those who lacked.

Mutual reconciliations, a nourishing but limited diet, and abundance of exercise were the remedies used to revive the languishing church. Six meetings were started in different districts of the city and held four nights weekly, with three members in charge of each. Sabbath school was put entirely under native superintendence and well stocked with teachers willing to learn their business. One night all met at the church to pray for success, and one night only for their own improvement. Dr. Johnstone, the medical missionary, undertook to visit the various meetings to encourage those in charge, while Dr. Hogg's part was to drill the speakers and Sabbath school teachers, planning their subjects and supplying them with helps and hints which, copied by schoolboys and distributed week by week, guided also the nightly meetings at five of the outstations. At these the work had suffered less than at the centre, and by January, 1873, when the annual meetings were held at Assiut, Motiah, and Nakheilah, church life had everywhere recovered tone and gave abundant cause for thankfulness.

All session the Academy building continued to satisfy every demand, and as his physical ills diminished the missionary enjoyed increasingly his post as teacher, while translation work went on apace. The strain, however, began when in the summer of '73 a tour in the "Ibis" revealed to him the startling rapidity with which gospel truth was spreading in the land.

The details of his trip are rich in interest, but our present concern is chiefly to notice the motive that prompted the journey and the effect it produced upon the worker. Rev. Mr. Currie, the missionary at Kus, had long since been called to his reward. Assiut remained the one centre in Upper Egypt at which an ordained missionary was permanently at work. To that missionary during the regular working months all regions were unreachable that were beyond the range of his horse's power, and even at the nearest no lengthened stay was possible.

For the unreachable field he and his colleagues were preparing a native ministry, but unless the field were meanwhile prepared to receive the men, their usefulness would be crippled by entrance on their life work as paid agents of a foreign body, instead of as pastors called to their posts by the people among whom they were to minister. Such a false beginning must at all costs be avoided. Evangelistic work must keep pace with educational, the preparing of the field with the preparing of the workers. It was this necessity that forced Dr. Hogg to betake himself to the river where the heat was most acute at a time when common prudence turns the faces of even the most earnest workers seaward.

To his surprise and joy he found everywhere a marvellous state of readiness.

At Mellawi, a town where drunkenness and Christianity had been synonymous until Protestantism appeared, a series of six sermons all converging on the theme of "The glorious salvation available through the sinner's Saviour" made a deep impression. Two lay leaders of the Copts joined the Evangelicals. On leaving, the missionary was accompanied to the ferry by weeping friends, and the first news to follow him was that the school whose

formation he had urged was fairly launched, twelve boys in attendance, and all expenses met by the founders.

At Luxor every hour of his stay was eagerly utilised by a hungry people, and no time wasted in empty talk. The very Bishop was friendly, and priests drank in his words like children. Men of influence were the most earnest inquirers. Never had he seen a wider door.

At Kus the cause was languishing because since Mr. Currie's death the only preachers available had been inferior in mental power and Scriptural knowledge to the leading church member, who, growing callous, hindered rather than helped his brethren. Yet even here there was a response which seemed to prove that with the right gardener fruit would be abundant, and experience at every town deepened the assurance.

The presence with Dr. Hogg of Mr. Shenoodah Hanna, one of the ablest of his students, had an extraordinary effect on the younger generation. To hear him sing, pray, and preach, and to watch his ready adaptation to the call of the moment, was to them a revelation. Here was a new type of Egyptian manhood. If possible to him, why not to them? The distant Academy acquired suddenly a concrete value and "the ministry" a meaning remote from that of priesthood. The "Ibis" in consequence bore to Assiut a cargo of eager boys of Protestant parentage, and the missionary a cargo of convictions which, seething in his mind, were to rob him of power to rest for several years.

These convictions were three in number,—that the demand for native workers would soon be far in excess of what the Academy and seminary, unless immediately enlarged, could produce; that the sons of Protestants would answer to the call for workers in the number needed if aid wisely regulated were procurable; and that for their devel-

opment into the type of worker required a more thorough course of training must be provided than was at present possible. In a word there was wanted a Training College for the Protestant Church into which even the poorest, if of the stamp desired, might find entrance; and to procure that college speedily the only thing necessary was to give to Assiut Academy room for natural development by providing adequate permanent buildings and a more competent teaching staff.

But how could this, the only thing necessary, be attained? It must remain unattainable unless by written appeals he could infect with his convictions and enthusiasm other men in whom the power to act and to give would accompany desire. Was it to raise his appeals to white heat that he was immediately plunged into a furnace of trial which seemed to mock his efforts and his dreams? What lay before him on his return from the south, and under what circumstances he made his first attempt to tell the Church in America what had so affected his own soul, the following letter, which accompanied his appeal, relates:

ASSIUT, 26th September, 1873.

DEAR BROTHER DALES,

I shall add a short note. It will have to be written under difficulties, as the enclosed has been, for like poor Job I am coated over with an irritating eruption which has deprived me of sleep for a number of weeks, and it is now finishing up (I hope) with a crop of boils which have fairly brought me to my back for the nonce. The carpet is my couch and the floor my writing desk.

Our family trials have been numerous since I wrote you last. After seeing our children aboard the steamer I left for Upper Egypt, leaving Mrs. Hogg and baby at Ramleh. On my way north, after two months' absence, news reached me that baby was sick. I hurried to Ramleh, fearing the worst (for our last two children

died about his age). Mrs. Lansing will have told you how anxious we were all kept on his account and how often we hoped against hope. I was anxious to get back to Assiut, for the Academy was in a regular mess. The Syrian teacher on whom I had depended to carry it on in my absence had refused to go back at the end of the vacation on account of the heat, and left our service without warning. The other teachers had got to quarrelling and even to blows *in the school*.

The second Syrian had been summarily dismissed (for the worst conduct). The coming of the ten boys from Kus had stirred up the boys in other places, and the Academy was being crowded with pupils without any teachers for them.

Such was the news that was reaching me every few days during the two months to which my stay in Ramleh was prolonged. So you may guess what my thoughts were during those dreary nights while I paced the room backwards and forwards from midnight till day-dawn carrying the sick one in my arms. He had now cut some teeth and the danger from brain-fever had passed, but his little emaciated body was coated over with *myriads* of itchy pimples and dozens of boils and ulcers, making it impossible for him to sleep except when carried about in the arms. All the young ladies took turns with us in nursing the little sufferer. But for their help we should both have broken down altogether. At last the doctor gave us permission to leave, expressing the hope that the change from the seashore to Assiut might do him good. Baby is thinner than when we left, but his face is more natural-looking and he is a little more lively. The eruption seems almost to disappear and then it breaks out afresh, and every few days I have to open two or three large boils on his head and shoulders, etc. To finish up this doleful chapter, I got so accustomed to wakeful nights at Ramleh that I seem now to have lost the power of sleeping altogether, and when this state will end I cannot tell. Meanwhile, and until the teacher whom we have written for comes from Syria, I have to teach four hours daily in the Academy, as well as do all the managing, etc., etc.

You will now understand how it was that being forced to take to my back and yet still able to use the pen, when I began to write to you an account of my recent Nile tour a few days ago, I got back to the same old, old song, of which you and I are so sick. Alas, we pipe and they will not dance! But shall we cease piping on that account?

Yours ever,

J. HOGG.

The session on which he was now entering proved perhaps the most trying in his whole history. The pressure of things neglected was incessant, and he was ever conscious of opportunities lost, of whitening grain for which no reapers were in readiness, and of work done in mediocre fashion which properly circumstanced he had the power to do well. This pressure combined with his weakened physical condition to drive him at times to the verge of desperation. Boils followed persistently in each other's train, each seeming to choose the worst spot possible, and when he noted the cheering sign that they no longer caused him to fever, his optimism was at once laid low by a week's prostration and torture. At last a fall of temperature to normal allowed him to force himself "into the old rut again," but it was with a large boil on the very centre of his spine, so painfully situated that he regretted his lack of gratitude to its predecessors for locating themselves elsewhere!

Yet in his work there is no "rut" visible. As soon as he touched the evening meeting he rejuvenated it, the whole programme altered. He arranged substitutes at all the stations where theologues had been engaged, that their work might proceed after some fashion while they returned to Assiut for further study. He answered Arabic letters that poured in from every quarter. He wrote petitions to Government for permission to build churches

on sites purchased by the people of different villages; a petition for a change in the market-day at Mellawi where the native pleaders had failed to word their plea with sufficient persuasiveness; repeated letters long and patient to a back-sliding member who would not forgive him because he had spoken the truth in love; and hardest of all regretful explanations in answer to urgent requests for an Egyptian preacher or a visit from himself, which came in with weekly monotony from Luxor, Kosair, Kurnah, Kena, Girga, Ekhnim, Tahta, Minya, and elsewhere.

Can we wonder that into an appeal to the American Church from one so burdened and so afflicted there crept a tone that has in it more of the ring of human nature than of angelic patience, and is more suggestive of a man of battle than of a saint and martyr?

The *Christian Instructor* suppressed the appeal after printing the five descriptive articles by which the pleader had striven to prepare his reader for a climax of action. A portion of this plea we print below, unpurged of the odour of gunpowder that seems to have rendered it obnoxious.

"It is the vaunting boast of our Church that she is *raising a native ministry in Egypt*, and it is full time that the Church were informed that all *she* is doing in the premises is to kill her own missionaries, or at least to put them in such circumstances that they cannot help killing themselves. She boasts of her Assiut Training Academy. *Her* Academy, forsooth! and what, pray, has *she* ever done for it? We answer that as a Church she has done nothing for it whatever. She has supported the missionary who has charge of it, it is true, but she has not relieved him of one single solitary item of his other work. He has even the bookshop and colportage accounts—a work which every one who has had charge of it knows to be no sinecure.

"The Assiut Training Academy has cost the Church no more than it would have done had it been an ordinary mission school. Even the building never cost it a cent. The venerated pastor of St. Clairsville, Ohio, gathered nearly \$1,200 from a few individual congregations and Sabbath schools to furnish the Academy with suitable teaching apparatus, and a devoted friend of missions in Monmouth gave a noble donation to establish a fund for supporting a few poor but deserving students during their curriculum of study; but, we repeat it, the United Presbyterian Church, as a Church, has done no more for Upper Egypt with its Training Academy than it would have done for it had the Academy never been established.

"Assiut Academy will expand into a college in a very few years. *Colleges grow; they are not made.* We also maintain that a missionary college (i.e., a college for training pastors, teachers, and evangelists) ought to draw its students chiefly from the families of native converts. Four congregations have sent eighty pupils, and other congregations are springing up as fast as we can plant them. If four congregations give eighty pupils, how many will eight, twelve, twenty, etc., give? Instead of imposing the care of such an institution as an additional burden to all the other work of a missionary, *let not fewer than three* of our number be set apart for this special work; and let new buildings be erected as the number of students increases, and by the blessing of God on our effort we shall not only have a flourishing Training College in efficient operation large enough to supply pastors, evangelists, and teachers for our whole mission-field, but by leading the students out into the field during the College vacation, and thus giving them practical training in evangelistic work, these three missionary professors will annually perform more *bona fide* missionary work than they could have performed by their unaided individual efforts, though constantly engaged in evangelistic work throughout the whole of the year.

"Whether this arrangement or something like it be made before next session, or whether it be postponed un-

til its proposer has been crushed down into a premature grave, one thing must be done without any such delay—unless it be the desire of the Church that the *child* be buried also in its father's grave. Not only must the present building be enlarged in order that the Academy may expand into a College, but it must be enlarged *or it will cease to exist*; for it must have room *to grow*, even as an Academy, or else it will dwarf and dwindle into a local common school. The question to be decided is not 'Shall we build or shall we not?' but 'Shall we put up a shabby structure similar to that which we have dignified by the name of an Academy, or shall we erect something that will some day form a portion at least of a College building?' Any man who is competent to work a simple problem in the Rule of Three need not puzzle his brains long as to which of these alternatives we ought to choose.

"Why do you refuse a more generous support and thus oblige us to *lose the legitimate results of our labours*? The weary work of preparation is well-nigh finished. The day of small things has nearly passed away. The harvest is at hand. The fields are whitening to the sickle. Why check our joy at the very dawn of the long-looked-for day of jubilee? Must the fruits of our labours be lost for want of ingatherers? Wonder not that our hands are drooping and our hearts are sad. Nay, marvel not if, after long weary months of broken health from overtaking our strength in the vain attempt to save the crops, we feel almost tempted to close our appeal with a word of warning, and say 'Send us the help we need or we will leave the field! If there is no hope of our raising the kind of preachers that are wanted, we must get out of reach of this doleful wail of *Mubashshir*, *Mubashshir*,* for otherwise it will break our heart.'"

This protest in altered form found its way later into the Mission's report for the year. It stood out as an exception in a life little given to complaint, and its writer

* A preacher, a preacher.

was wont to speak of it as his "wail" or his "appeal for life." He had once for all cried his loudest, he declared, and if Egypt gained nothing by his cry he would be forever still.

His trials were now at their worst and his nights torture. "If this goes on much longer I shall have to quit," he had remarked at the breakfast-table, when an incident occurred that proved his threats to have been a mere ripple on the surface, false to the current that controlled his will. A letter reached him that threw open a door of honourable escape, and he deliberately chose to stick to his post and endure its ills.

A Young Ladies' College was to be founded in Melbourne, Australia, by the Presbyterian Church, and the leaders of the movement desired as principal a clergyman from beyond the bounds of the Colony. No suitable candidate offered and a friend on the spot, intimate with the heads of the scheme, urged Dr. Hogg to apply for the position. Several of the trustees already favoured his appointment, his friend assured him, and the salary would not likely fall short of \$25,000 a year. It was a startling letter to the two most intimately concerned, but the wife read duty's claim by some simple and direct method that left no need for weighing evidence. To the husband the glamour of the world made more appeal and the incredible salary of \$25,000 was a real temptation—the more so that the expense of providing for a divided family and new regulations passed by the Board were threatening him with debt. Australia was the home of his brothers. Its climate would secure physical relief. Its gold would end his cares and enable him to support in Upper Egypt the two additional missionaries for whom he pleaded vainly. He seemed to see stretching alluringly before him a congenial sphere with money, position, and friends, sep-

aration at an end, and his absent children growing up around him in health and happiness.

Drawn by a prospect so attractive he examined anew what he already possessed in order to re-estimate its value. He had spent nine years in Upper Egypt. What gains had the years amassed?

A Training Academy with 100 pupils; six schools supported by the people; 338 converts; three congregations already organised and four awaiting their opportunity; while the income of the past year alone had been 58 new members added to the Church, 748 Sabbath services and 2,518 night-meetings at which the Gospel had been preached, and 3,100 volumes of Scripture and religious books bought by Egyptian readers.

Such were the results of nine years' effort in Upper Egypt. During these years other missionaries had at one time or another laboured in the Upper Country, and all had contributed to the success of the work. Yet could it be doubted that the leading factor under God had been Assiut's first missionary and the workers that his nine years' labours had produced and in whose training he had had so large a share?

What then could weigh in the balance against such gains? Must he not adopt the words of Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down." His decision was prompt and whole-hearted. "It is worth a little self-sacrifice," he wrote to his friend, "to be able under God to set and keep a-going such moral machinery. Australian gold may be precious, but it is not so precious as living churches of living souls."

There is stimulus to the soul in a temptation resisted, and the missionary needed all the strength and cheer available, for his appeal to America was crossed in its journey by letters that announced a fall in the contribu-

tions of the Church, demanding a reduction of 20 per cent in the ordinary mission expenditure. Such news sounded a knell to the immediate fulfilment of his plans for consolidating and extending the work, while every week brought fresh confirmation to his belief that by no other means yet devised could the mission hope for the speedy evangelisation of Egypt.

The work to be done in the land had always appealed to him as a unit. It was as an Alexandrian missionary that he first formed the conviction that the key to the situation then existing in Moslem Egypt lay, not in isolated cases of conversion among Moslems in Alexandria or elsewhere, but in the regeneration of the Copts, and that the South as the Coptic centre must accept the Christ as Master and King, before the Delta would yield to His claims. Life in Cairo had not shaken his belief, and in working now for a Training College at Assiut, under three missionary professors whose whole powers would be concentrated on training workers and leading them into the whitening fields, he considered himself to be working as much for Moslems as for Copts, as much for the future of Alexandria and Cairo as for his own station. In desperation therefore at the turn events had taken, he dared to draft for his colleagues a scheme for immediate action which was calculated to lay him open to a charge of egotism, as exaggerating the importance of his special corner of the field.

The two papers which embody this scheme were written with the haste that of necessity characterised all his correspondence, but the opinions expressed were the outcome of mature thought and were the chart by which from first to last he regulated the direction of his life's energies.

They are as follows:



ASSIUT COLLEGE
New Site and Buildings during Nile overflow



ASSIUT COLLEGE
Johnston Hall (dormitory). Main Administration Hall

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS 197

ASSIUT, 9th January, 1874.

To the Revd. Messrs. Ewing, Watson, Harvey, and Strang.

DEAR BRETHREN: In view of the opening fields in Upper Egypt, the signs of the times, the twenty per cent reduction to be made in our estimates, and the unanswered calls for reinforcement, I have concluded to ask the Association to give its vote on the following preamble and resolutions at the approaching meeting. If some of you feel tempted to think me crazy you must at least acknowledge that it is a disease of long standing, for I have merely put on paper the substance of what I have been drumming in the ears of the Association for the last five or six years,

Yours truly,
JOHN HOGG.

COPY OF PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE ASSOCIATION AT ITS NEXT MEETING

Whereas, we believe that the great ultimate aim of the missionary enterprise is not merely the conversion of individual souls, nor the culture and enlightenment of the body of the people, but the planting in their midst of an independent, self-sustaining, self-propagating, Christian Church (*Matt. xiii, 33; I Thess. i, 8; Acts of the Apostles*);

And whereas, all missionary effort that falls short of attaining this object must be regarded as little better than a failure from a *missionary point of view*, even though it be attended with a large measure of success in the conversion of individuals and the diffusing of civilising influences among the people at large;

And whereas, in order to the attainment of this object converts must be gathered into churches, pastors trained for and ordained over them, and each congregation taught to support its own Christian institutions, and also to engage vigorously in the work of home evangelisation;

And whereas, our missionary staff is too small to carry out this aim and method at all our present mission

centres, and too much scattered to admit of their being carried out effectively at any of them, and therefore, unless our force is increased or concentrated we are in danger of failing to secure the one object which can alone give our labours any lasting value in a missionary point of view;

And whereas, our repeated calls for reinforcement have met with no response, but, on the contrary, the gaps made by death and desertion have not yet been filled;

And whereas, the attempt which has been made to carry out this aim and method in the Upper Egypt mission circuit has been crowned with success, and all that is now needed in order to cover that wide field with self-sustained, self-propagating evangelical churches is that there be stationed in Assiut a force sufficient to train native teachers and preachers and *lead them forth into the opening fields*;

And whereas, from the geographical position of Alexandria and the foreign character of its population the mission there can hardly be said to have a close organic connection with the mission to Egypt proper, and its abandonment would not affect the vital interests of the mission at large, while the failure to strengthen the mission force in Upper Egypt (where the great bulk of the Copts reside through whose instrumentality the country is to be evangelised) will lead to the defeat of the very object for which the Egyptian mission has been established;

Therefore resolved:—

(1) That we declare it to be our conviction that the time has come for us to concentrate all our available strength and means in the carrying out of what we believe to be *the final aim and true method of the missionary enterprise*:

(2) That we either hand over to the native congregations or discontinue altogether those boys' schools which have not for their special aim the training of native evangelists, pastors, and teachers;

(3) That in the event of no reinforcements being sent us during the current year we shall feel it to be our

duty to strengthen the mission in Upper Egypt even though it may be necessary to give up the mission station in Alexandria.

ASSIUT, 21st January, 1874.

DEAR BRETHREN,

As you are to be all together for so many days and will thus be able to mature your minds on many matters and thus facilitate our action upon them, I have concluded to send you another bone to pick (I hope you will not conclude to break my head with them) in the shape of a corollary to my last (you may make it a substitute if you like). Here it is:—

Whereas, the attendance of the Assiut Academy has increased *fourfold* (25 to 100) during the past year, and the present building is not only overcrowded but also 30 of the boarding pupils have been obliged to lodge in outhouses, at great inconvenience to themselves and no small injury to the institution;

And whereas, nearly all the pupils in the Academy are sons of Protestant converts, and it is the earnest desire and prayer of their parents that they may be trained for future service in the mission-field;

And whereas, the congregations of Assiut, Motiah, Nakheilah, and Kus have sent an aggregate of eighty pupils to the Academy, and the teachers in the congregational schools in these towns and also in Bakur and Mellawi have resolved to make an effort to have a new class ready to enter the Academy at the beginning of every session;

And whereas, there is every probability that the new congregations which are being formed in Upper Egypt as fast as we can plant them will imitate the example of their elder sisters in this matter *as in everything else*, and thus there is every reason to expect that the *Protestant pupils alone* will amount to *several hundreds* within a very few years;

And whereas, the success of our missionary enterprise must be measured by the success of our efforts in planting churches and supplying them with well-trained native pastors, evangelists, and teachers, and in order to attain

the full legitimate results of these efforts it is indispensable that the Training Academy be permitted and enabled *to grow with the Church's growth*, and this not merely in the number of its pupils but also in respect of the character and quality of the education imparted to them within its walls;

And whereas, the Assiut Training Academy has already reached the limit of its pupils, and a sum of not less than \$25,000 is required to build a set of dormitories sufficient to accommodate the present boarders and thus enable us to utilise the present dormitories as classrooms, for which they are greatly needed;

And whereas, such an addition to the Academy building, though it may be sufficient to meet the present want, will not relieve us of the necessity of building again a few years hence, and it seems to us a waste of money to invest it in a building of an inferior character that will not be of permanent use or value for the purpose for which it was intended:

Therefore resolved:—

(1) That we are of opinion that a building ought to be erected in or near the city of Assiut large enough to accommodate 400 pupils, with house accommodation for 200 boarders and two mission families—said building to be called the Assiut or Upper Egypt Training College and Mission Seminary;

(2) That a Committee consisting of ——— be appointed to secure a suitable site, draw up plans, and make a careful estimate of the probable cost of the building, said plans and estimate to be submitted to the Association and transmitted to the Board for their final sanction and approval;

(3) That the sum of \$2,500 be put into the Estimates for the current year for the purchase of a site and the renting of boarding houses for the scholars until the building is erected;

(4) That Dr. Hogg be requested and authorised to lay the claims of the proposed Training College and Mission Seminary before the Christian public of Great Britain and America and report to the Association from time to time;

(5) That a Committee consisting of ——— be appointed to urge upon the Church the absolute necessity of sending out at once not fewer than two ordained missionaries to take the places of those who shall be transferred to the Assiut Academy and future Training College;

(6) That the Rev. D. Strang or the Rev. A. Watson be transferred to Assiut and placed in charge of the *Academical and Collegiate* department of the Institution;

(7) That the Rev. A. Watson or the Rev. D. Strang be transferred to Assiut to co-operate with Dr. Hogg in conducting the *Theological* department and in training the students in practical evangelistic work during vacation, the one in the Northern and the other in the Southern section of the Upper Egypt mission circuit.

Hoping that you will have favourable breezes and trusting that we will be guided by the Spirit of God in all our counsels, I remain,

Your brother in Christ,
JOHN HOGG.

We print these documents in full because such we believe would have been their writer's wish, and, considered in their true setting, they acquire a peculiar and personal interest. The ideas they express have done much to mould the course of mission history in Egypt, and their main contention has become perhaps a common-place in an era which professes to treat missions as a science. But in 1874 the snatching of brands from the burning, rather than Paul's labour of planting churches, was still the popular and almost universal view of a missionary's calling, and those who held the theory that the establishment of a self-propagating native Church is the matter of primal importance in evangelising a land were as yet but a small minority. To this minority Dr. Hogg belonged, and if others in Egypt admitted the theory as a general principle, he stood often entirely alone in his apprehen-

sion of its practical bearing on problems of mission work and in his uncompromising readiness to adopt at all hazards the path of conduct to which it pointed.

Such solitude is ever costly, and the following letter written three years later to Dr. Lansing, his life-long friend, shows how keenly he felt on the matter and how earnestly he longed to have his views shared by his fellows:

"I have thought it to be my duty to myself as well as to you to copy for you (a second time, if I mistake not) the Whereases and Resolutions referred to last night in the shape in which they were presented to the brethren before they left Cairo and which were amalgamated into one action after their arrival. If I was sorry at the dropping out of a number of the Whereases, and intimated as much (which I probably did), I must say that I am sorry to this hour for their omission, for in rewriting them these last two hours I have felt, and the feeling has increased as I went along from point to point, that I am willing to have these same Whereases, and the Resolutions attached (without the change of a single iota), copied in large characters in the Minute Book of Association as my Epitaph after my mission life has ended, though all else concerning me and my work were blotted out. If anything could add to the value of the testimony thus given to my personal views of the true aim and method of the missionary enterprise, it would be to add in a footnote a short abstract of last night's remarks as tending to show how little sympathy the views herein avowed and defended met with then or meet with now from my fellow-labourers in the mission field."

As is evident from this letter, the scheme its writer had sketched met with but half-hearted approval from the Missionary Association, and when remodelled little of the original documents remained. A compromise was

agreed upon. An earnest plea was sent to the Board to furnish the needed recruits, even suggesting that the aid of some sister denomination should be secured, and hinting that without reinforcements it might become necessary to retire temporarily from the Coptic field. The Association also gave its sanction to the development of Assiut Academy into a Training College, appointing a committee to solicit the necessary funds and draw out plans and estimates for a building *half* the size suggested.

Of this action Assiut College stands to-day a noble monument. But what the writer had wanted was not only sanction for future expansion, but enablement for immediate expansion through the men and money that would be at the mission's disposal if the policy of concentration were adopted; and long before the Association's actions had borne any fruit, the time had passed when his scheme would have proved adequate to the situation. The opportunity in the form in which it then existed has never returned. Had it been seized what would have been the consequence? Would a higher type of Church have been evolved had there been present at its very centre during its earliest years three such men as Dr. Hogg, Dr. Watson, and Dr. Strang, working after the plan proposed for the one purpose of preparing and leading into service a native missionary force, and with full freedom to admit into the central training institution every suitable applicant? Might there not have arisen the type of Church that lived ever in the missionary's dreams—a Church in which membership would mean active service, and the bearing of office would mean the consecration of life to the training and leading of workers? Was the temporary evacuation of Alexandria too high a price to pay for such a possibility, and might not that very deed with the proof that it offered of the reality of the need

that lay behind the mission's constant appeals, have proved the means necessary to stir the slumbering fires in the hearts of the home Church and awaken in them the resolution to change retreat into advance? To such questions there can be no certain answer. Life is hemmed in by veils on every side, and not less impenetrable than the veil of death or the veil that hides to-morrow from to-day is the veil that hangs forever between man's past and God's vision of what might have been.

To one who realises, however, the situation that faced the mission band as they considered Dr. Hogg's proposals, the measure of approval bestowed is a greater surprise than the opposition evoked. For his scheme dared, as we have seen, to contemplate the choice of Assiut as the centre for a large Training College for Egypt, at the cost if necessary of the temporary abandonment of work in Alexandria. Such a step could only be justified by one who accepted and applied to the need of the times the two general principles which Dr. Hogg's preambles emphasised, and which he seems to have considered of permanent and universal application.

What were these principles?

First, that when a mission finds it impossible to secure sufficient equipment to develop effectively all it has undertaken, it is its duty to sacrifice the good on the altar of the best.

Second, that in deciding what to sacrifice and on what to concentrate it should confine itself to the question: "What will prove the most speedy and effective means of creating in this country a *native* evangelistic force adequate to the task of bringing the Gospel within the reach of every inhabitant?"

But to Dr. Hogg's application of these principles the most plausible objections existed. Alexandria was the

second city in the country and had been a centre of mission work long before Assiut was entered. If then some part of the work must be sacrificed, why should the lot fall there? Again, Cairo was the political and (from the point of view of Egypt's population) the geographical centre of the land. In creating a Training College for the country why should the claims of the metropolis give place to those of Assiut, which was considered by the aristocratic natives of the north little better than an uncivilised village?

To the first question Dr. Hogg's answer was that while souls were everywhere of equal value, yet so far as winning Egypt was concerned Alexandria had as yet proved the least effective of the mission stations, as it was also indisputably the farthest removed from the Coptic area.

To the second he replied "Colleges grow, they are not made, and *mission colleges* grow with the growth of the mission Church," an answer which implied that the location of a college must be decided by the progress of events rather than by the arbitrary choice of men. In the soil of Upper Egypt the mission Church had flourished and in its midst had developed naturally the rudiments of a mission college. The past must decide the future. In the soil where a college in embryo had sprung into being, there must it be allowed to complete its development, though the past had found that soil not in Cairo, the political metropolis and geographical centre of the land, but in primitive Assiut, the metropolis of the new Evangelical Church and the centre of the Coptic population. That personally his judgment approved the course events had taken is evident from the concluding sentences of a letter penned a few days after the one already quoted and addressed to the same friend.

Calmly thinking on the general subject of Cairo *versus* Assiut, my opinion is now as it has been for many years, that if you wish to *civilise* Egypt, then have a College in Cairo, and if you wish to *evangelise* Egypt, have not a College, but as I have called it, a "Training College and Missionary Seminary" in Assiut. If you can have both, then by all means have them. If only one, then the bona fide *Missionary* Institution ought to have the preference. It is here, if I mistake not, that you and I differ, yet none the less I remain as ever,

Your loving brother,

J. HOGG.

When these last words were penned three years had elapsed since sanction had been gained from the mission and the Board for the future expansion of Assiut Academy into a college. Some practical steps had in the meantime been taken towards that end. Dr. Johnstone, the medical missionary, having consented to become first joint-manager and then principal of the institution, had on his return to America shortly after raised the sum of \$10,000 towards the project, a labour which proved to be the closing service of his missionary career. Dr. Hogg a year later, while in Scotland engaged on the preparation of an Arabic commentary, had persuaded the students of his old Divinity Hall to take up the college scheme, and cheering letters were now reaching him with news of their success. Moreover he had about the same time secured as colleague in the Academy Rev. J. R. Alexander, a man whose life was to be devoted to its interests, and this advance had now been followed by the appointment of Rev. John Giffen to join the staff.

Even in the interval between the appeal for recruits in 1874 and the arrival after eighteen months of the men referred to, Dr. Hogg had not been left alone. The life of desperate effort out of which had come his equally

desperate appeal ended in December, when he rejoiced in the loan during successive sessions of the two men for whose permanent appointment he had begged, Mr. Watson remaining till April, 1875, to share in the theological department, and Mr. Strang following from July till April, 1876, to take charge of the academical department, the work of both men naturally overflowing in unnumbered directions beyond the bounds of their special appointments. But though Dr. Hogg's own life was thus eased and simplified, the Academy was less mercifully treated, for while efforts were in progress for its future expansion, its natural growth was in the meantime for financial reasons repressed—reluctantly, but with telling effect. While the call for native workers grew more clamorous and Protestant boys more eager for training, Dr. Johnstone during his short inter-regnum felt forced to turn fifty applicants from its doors, and during the succeeding year the same policy was regretfully but conscientiously practised.

When the period of borrowed help ended, the burden of responsibility rolled back once more on the shoulders that so long had borne it. As Mr. Alexander and Mr. Giffen were new to the language and the field, their presence, while promising ultimate relief, could not for some time decrease greatly the responsibilities of their senior, and the effect of their labours was rather to give increased efficiency to the Academy than to relieve the strain. In the session of 1877-78 we find Dr. Hogg with as multifarious a programme as ever, and conscious that the pace he was attempting was in part demoralising. In the daily routine conscientious performance was easy, but the extras made him "ache" and he found himself shirking the small duties, unwilling for such trifling exertions as the lighting of a lamp, the hunting for a letter,

the writing of a friendly note, the doing of anything that might be deferred till to-morrow. And yet there was not wanting a certain exhilaration in a pace so rapid to a man no longer fettered by the trials of Job.

A birthday note to Dr. Lansing breathes this spirit of good cheer.

ASSIUT, 1st February, 1878.

DEAR DR. LANSING,

I wish you many years of solid work yet. Yesterday was the anniversary of our shipwreck and deliverance—eighteen years ago! I wonder if Methuselah felt old ever. Do you? I feel more like what I used to feel when in my 'teens than I ever did since I got out of them. I do believe now that I am really to survive this session after all. I hardly expected it when I left Ramleh.

I know you think it very foolish of me—giving the boys so many hours recitation. Yet how slowly do they get along, after all! Every spare minute has been spent by me in preparation, but I have not been able to put pen to paper this year in the way of writing notes for future use. The Moral Philosophy class I have greatly enjoyed. . . .

His horizon was becoming more roseate. By imperceptible degrees the situation had altered, and a corresponding change had crept unnoticed into the life and thought of the man. The Academy was growing in size and efficiency. The men were on the ground who would make possible the development he could not achieve alone and whose hands would be well qualified to hold the reins if their leader should fall at his post. How entirely the institution had won the confidence of the people was increasingly evident in the representative character of the crowds that thronged the building when the annual examination was held. The audience on such occasions now num-

bered not less than a thousand, and Mohammedans and Copts, wealthy and poor, vied with each other in their enthusiastic praise of what they saw and heard.

When in January, 1880, the new Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, was making his first tour in the south, he paid but one visit on the great day of his arrival in the town of Assiut, which, bedecked and illuminated, was all astir to welcome its ruler, and that visit was to the large tent in which the Academy students, well-drilled and orderly, were gathered to do him honour. He listened with evident pleasure while to the accompaniment of the faithful harmonium they sang an ode composed and set to music for the occasion, and he complimented them warmly on their performance. As he repassed the spot in his carriage he bowed repeated acknowledgments to their renewed burst of song, and next day when Dr. Hogg in company with the consuls was received in the vice-regal boat, the Khedive spent the short time of their call in questioning the missionary with keen interest as to the educational work of the Upper Country whose fame had reached his ears.

The public were not slow to mark these little incidents and realise their full significance, and there were many onlookers who could point a striking contrast by memories drawn from the days of opposition and reproach.

It was fifteen years before that the school thus honoured had been born, four pupils gathering in a renovated stable to receive their first lesson. There now flourished as feeders, supported entirely by the people, twenty-three branch schools scattered up and down the country, the majority of whose teachers had received their training within its walls. The building it now occupied was tottering to its fall, but 199 pupils had been enrolled in the past year, and it now needed but a suitable home to achieve a broader and more rapid development. For this

the first two acres of ground had at length been secured after years of repeated efforts and endless disappointments, and there no longer lingered any possible doubt that the College for whose growth Dr. Hogg had planned and laboured, and for which he had pleaded with God and man, would indeed be built as he had dared to assert within the ten years' limit he had assigned in looking forward.

What wonder then that there begins henceforth to creep into his letters evidence of a change in the main current of his thoughts. To the end the College exacted toll of his time as teacher of its theological department and as its official head, but it gradually ceased to make the demands that drain a man's life-blood. Its assured success released him from anxiety for its future. Efficient and congenial colleagues relieved him from many of the minor worries of daily administration. His life became increasingly engrossed in the native Church beyond its bounds, for whose sake the institution had been enlarged and developed, and whose usefulness if not her very life were in jeopardy, unless she were trained more adequately for the great work of the Kingdom.

XIV

THE CARE OF ALL THE CHURCHES

Oft when the Word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare;
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melts in a lucid Paradise of air.

Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented with a show of things.

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,—
O to save these! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!

—F. W. H. MYERS: *St. Paul*.

WE turn now to that phase of Dr. Hogg's life which has gripped most strongly the heart and imagination of the people amongst whom he laboured. The "Hōj" of the villagers is a man who had "no continuing city," who was "in journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in labour and travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst."

"In recalling," says Ruskin, "the impressions we have received from the works of man, after a lapse of time long enough to involve in obscurity all but the most vivid, it often happens that we find a strange pre-eminence and durability in many upon whose strength we had little calculated, and that points of character which had

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escaped the detection of the judgment, become developed under the waste of memory."

At first glance such a picture of the man as the villagers have preserved seems extravagantly incorrect. Four-fifths of his life in the Upper Country was such a life as we have described, that of a man bound to a central station, his recreation, preachings, and study, and his daily work teaching, translating, writing, and grappling with the indefinite sundries that are the thorn in the flesh of every man whose moments are valued with reference to some consuming central purpose.

Yet a minute examination of the facts may go far to modify one's opinion. In writing of Dr. Hogg's working capacity one of his colleagues remarks, "He frequently accomplished at one sitting,—protracted perhaps for hours,—what many other men required days to do." And another, also a worker of no mean power, testifies that "The only drawback to association with him was that no man of ordinary energy and endurance could bear comparison with him in the amount of labour accomplished within a given period." One cannot measure work as one measures time, cutting it into lengths of equal value, and when we take into consideration the intensity that characterised him, the estimate that the people have placed on the fifth of his life that he devoted to village work may seem nearer the mark of truth, crowded as it was with experiences that would fill any ordinary canvas.

Moreover a character should be portrayed, whether in picture or story, in the environment most fitted to throw into relief its distinctive qualities and convey vividly to others its power or its charm, and Dr. Hogg's character found in village work such an environment. "After teaching the young" he confessed, "there is nothing I

would rather do than preach to fellahin," and amongst the villages both ruling passions had free play. Whether he conducted the examination of a village school, or in a private house drew out the powers of some youthful scion of the family, he did it with an effortless art to which the breathless attention and keen enjoyment of his audience paid unconscious tribute. When he preached "he translated *himself* into Arabic," not merely his words. For it was not only in accent, idiom, tone, and gesture that he displayed the power of unconscious "sympathetic imitation." That power seemed to take a wider range, and when mingling with the people he became so thoroughly Egyptian that whether preaching, conversing, or living in their homes, his message flowed out spontaneously in terms of the people's life. His ready adjustment to the exigencies of village work, his lavish and uncalculating expenditure of force in turning to advantage its opportunities, and his joyous ardour and freedom in the service, force on one the conviction that here we have the most unrestrained revelation of what was most distinctive of the man, and that since the memory of the public cannot preserve in perfect balance the varying features of any human life, its choice of emphasis in the present case has been just.

The cost that he willingly paid for opportunities of itinerating is also suggestive. It was by no happy accident that he managed to save a fifth of his time from the rasping claims of the work at the centre. He saved it at a cost that savoured to some of madness.

During the winter of 1873-74—when sleepless, ill, and overworked, he battled with a programme of classes that left no margin for an increasing pile of unaccomplished extras,—he gave his one and only week of vacation to the most arduous labours from aboard the "Ibis":

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and when the session ended and neuralgia loosened its grip after keeping him for weeks in its toils, it was to Nile work he devoted the hot months of vacation. Again and again, summer after summer, the same thing was attempted, though a temperature of 110° was not uncommon in the cabin, and the woodwork of the deck was sometimes uncomfortably hot at midnight.

"If I am mad," he wrote to an expostulating comrade, "there is at least some method in my madness. Of course it is a very reckless waste of *vis inertiae* or rather of *vis vitae* to drive a poor mortal in this fashion in such a climate as Egypt, but where would the Upper Egypt mission have been to-day had I acted otherwise? As for my motives in so acting I would humbly refer to II Cor. v, 13-15."

Heat was not the only discomfort connected with itineracy. In many a village insults were heaped upon him. Not infrequently the filth of the streets was flung after him by the way, and words as filthy were called loudly in contempt and derision as he passed, while on one occasion vile water was poured on his head through a gap in the ceiling of a room from which his audience had been forcibly ejected.

A wholesome and adventurous soul could not be greatly moved by such incidentals, and they receive no notice in his correspondence except when connected with some story of unusual interest. But they have made a profound impression on the people for whom he laboured, and many tales are told to illustrate the hardships he endured.

Of one of the most popular his own account remains to show how fact and fancy mingle in such current lore. The story has many versions and we tell it as related by a fine old patriarch.

At a village many miles distant from Assiut Dr. Hogg had been paying one of his periodic visits. The evening meeting was over and the missionary had sat late in conversation with his host and his friends, when to the amazement of all he rose to bid them adieu. In vain they urged him to spend the night with them, expatiating on the length of the way and the robbers that infested the district. He would neither await the daylight nor accept an escort. His work necessitated his reaching Assiut by morning, and in the Lord's keeping he was as safe as with armed men. He had not walked far in the dense darkness when he was accosted by a robber band who demanded his gold watch and purse. These he surrendered without demur, surprising his marauders with the gratuitous information that he had with him still another treasure that he would gladly add to their store. To their chagrin all that he drew from his pocket was a small book, but his audience were soon so entranced by the magic of his tongue and of that priceless Word, that their greed speedily vanished, their consciences awoke, and they began to hunger for salvation. Before morning dawned the whole band had been converted and were eager to return to him his stolen goods. But the purse he refused, and as one and all, Copts and Moslems alike, had decided to abandon their life of robbery, he supported them liberally from that time forward out of his own pocket until they had learned to earn an honest living and had become respected and God-fearing members of the Church!

It seems heartless to destroy so romantic a tale, but the original story itself deserves preservation as recounted by the chief actors Dr. Hogg and Mr. Shenodeh Hanna, his companion on the historic occasion. Their story runs as follows:

After a hasty breakfast on a hot Saturday in June, the two friends left the "Ibis" at sunrise to walk to the village of Tahta two and a half miles distance from

the river. They were warmly received by the only Protestant in the place, and his house was so continuously crowded by eager listeners that for once Egyptian hospitality seemed swamped by the tide of interest, and the bodily wants of the preachers were completely overlooked.

All day long they read and sang and preached and prayed, the changing audience fresh and eager, the speakers weaker and fainter with the passing hours, and all proposals to leave were overborne by the host's repeated assertion that he would feel forever disgraced if his guests should quit his house without food. At last, after fourteen hours of fasting, a sumptuous meal was spread, and of this the famished men partook with more speed than wisdom before starting out with a suitable escort to ride to the river. A jolting donkey is no happy sequel to a hasty meal, and Dr. Hogg, finding his companion unable to ride and his escort restive under enforced delay, decided that they would complete their journey on foot and unaccompanied. The servants with some polite demur gladly availed themselves of the reprieve, and the two preachers started riverward alone. When they reached the water's edge the boat was not in sight, and whether the landing lay north or south they could not tell. Some men when accosted misled them, either by mistake or of set purpose, their lack of a lantern perhaps arousing suspicions, and the night wore on in fruitless and solitary wanderings.

Suddenly they observed on the river bank a man, innocent of clothes and bearing a gun, who started towards them till arrested by the sight of their shouldered umbrellas, which in the starlight passed easily for firearms. The younger man was distracted with fear, and still more so when he heard the sound of swimmers in the river perhaps coming to join their naked friend in some bloody deed. The two wanderers walked on as if unheeding, but when a little distance was gained, turned inland, running rapidly to reach a point invisible from the beach. Avoiding Scylla, they came as it seemed upon Charybdis—a group of smokers, three men and a boy, two of them

armed and with the usual vicious guard of watch-dogs. Dr. Hogg thought it best to throw himself frankly on their protection, and as the dogs sprang forward with a threatening welcome, "Call off your dogs," he cried, "and I shall tell you a story that will make you laugh."

A discussion followed, and they were soon received within the smoking circle to spend the remainder of the night in this strange company. As sleep was distant, it was proposed to pass the time in songs and tales; and Mr. Shenoodch chose a Bible story that gave him the opportunity of dwelling on the sin of murder and the fearful punishment awaiting the guilty, a tale which brought from one of his listeners the confession that only his brother's intervention had prevented him from shooting at Mr. Shenoodch on his first approach. Towards morning the air grew cold, and the missionary, made anxious by his young friend's cough, dug a deep hole for him in the sand and buried him to the neck, after which both secured some broken sleep. At dawn one of their guard accompanied them to the boat, lying miles from the spot at which they had encamped, and received for the service a backsheesh that sent him away blessing their memory.

There are discrepancies in the tale even as narrated by the two concerned, but these are easily explained by the fact that the younger man, during the colloquy that preceded the promise of a night's protection, spent the time in anxious prayer except when personally addressed, and would thus naturally miss some explanations. That one of the men was on the point of firing at them both narratives agree. But Mr. Shenoodch says, "This made us certain that these men were highway robbers (a most natural inference as they were in a neighbourhood infested by them), while Dr. Hogg states that the men were about to shoot them in self-defence, having received warning in their village an hour before that two suspicious characters were wandering along the bank, and having

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come for the express purpose of watching their melon-crop against the marauders.

The only real sequel to the story was that Mr. She-noodeh wove it into an ingenious and thrilling sermon, which greatly moved his audience when it was preached in Assiut a few days later, and that while the sermon was being written the morning after the adventure, his companion in labour having bathed and breakfasted returned to Tahta and preached, to audiences varying from twelve to forty, five long discourses.

While this is the only tale in which robbers figure, there are scattered over his correspondence many incidents equally picturesque, illustrative of the phase of mission life with which we are dealing, revealing sometimes its hardships but always to an understanding soul its elusive charm.

Their first Communion service held at Luxor is one of these. The missionary was alone on the "Ibis," suffering from an attack of biliousness. The thermometer in the cabin had reached 114° and the hour for the meeting had arrived. He dragged himself wearily, lifelessly, to the house, in which some kind helpers had got ready for the supper an upper room, matted and carpeted, and a little table roughly spread. The audience numbered seventy-two, every spot that a speaker's voice could reach being utilised—the roof, the stair, the court.

Characteristically, the spell of his surroundings fell upon the man, and seemed suddenly to touch some secret spring of strength.

"Opposite to where I stood," he writes, "was an open window, a cubit square, through which I could see the empty tombs of the old Thebans in the brown Libyan hills. Across the plain, and by stepping two feet to the right, I could descry 'Vocal Memnon' and his dumb

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consort, Kurnah and Medinet Habou, all in one view. The ghosts of forty centuries or more seemed to be gazing from those empty tombs across the plain at the unwonted spectacle of a gospel feast being spread in this upper room within a stone-cast from the temple of Amenoph III and Rameses the Great. The spirit of the vision took possession of me and my biliousness vanished."

The examination of the candidates for membership interested him intensely, and one is constantly struck with the personal and searching character of the ordeal as he conducted it. Any who expected that an intellectual knowledge of the truth would suffice them would be sorely disappointed. Two who bought and sold grain made a solemn promise in the presence of the whole company that they would use false measures no longer. One said he had abandoned them on the day he became a Christian, and that while his gains had been much reduced his bread had been given him, and he could now sleep at night with a clear conscience. The third, a weaver, pledged himself in like manner to steal no more yarn, and the missionary could see conscience at work among the onlookers.

A silver communion set had been borrowed for this occasion, but on his next visit to the same town an old pewter teapot with a broken lid, two thick tumblers, and a coarse plate, were all that could be secured to hold the elements, while the candidates for admission to the Church were nowhere visible. They were there, however,—three women squatting humbly in a remote corner, carefully concealed from view by a thick curtain extending from floor to ceiling, through which questions and answers had to find a passage. The preacher at first found his sense of humour troublesome, but the simple unabashed replies

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soon dissipated any sense of strangeness, and the separating curtain seemed to help the unseen candidates to unveil their hearts.

Some of the labours of the road appear in the following letter, which shows also what a valuable asset he possessed in a vigorous frame. Writing to Dr. Barr, president of the Board of Foreign Missions in America, he says:

"I have been 'roughing' it a little this last fortnight among the out-stations. The whole Nile valley is flooded over at present, so that one has to travel twenty miles zigzag along the dykes to reach a village eight miles distant. In going to Azziyah from Menfalut station I had to cross the inundation (three-quarters of a mile broad) on a *raft* made of two pieces of the trunk of a palm tree and a bunch or two of dried corn-stalks. I had an aquatic escort of four brawny Protestants—two out-swimmers, and one balancing and pushing on either side of the 'car,' so that we resembled Neptune and his Nereids *at a distance*. A nearer view broke the 'enchantment'—as it always does, you know. After conducting two services, one in the afternoon at which half a dozen young Protestants were baptised, and another long one in the evening, attended by all the town, at which I bound a couple together for better or for worse—most probably the latter,—a sleepless night spent in a passage on the leeward side of forty or fifty natives who passed the night on the 'church' floor, and a Communion service of four and a half hours' duration, I returned next afternoon as I came, except that after crossing the flood I had to walk to Menfalut (seven or eight miles), as my poor donkey of the previous day had not yet recovered from the fatigues of his passage.

"The last place I visited we spent five hours in going there and thirteen in returning—all in a small open boat. With a good wind we could have done it in an hour and a half. I took a hasty spoonful or two of rice and milk at sunrise before leaving—found the congre-

gation had been waiting on me for hours on our arrival, and therefore without waiting for refreshments began the series of services (examination of candidates for church membership, baptisms, Communion, etc.) which lasted nearly four hours, had breakfast at sunset, and then left. Our boat stuck in the middle of the inundation, and we did not get home till three hours after sunrise next morning.

“The above will give you an idea of what I mean by ‘roughing’ it. I did not mean to give you such a long ‘screed,’ but it will perhaps amuse you. I have had three weeks of it and it seems to have done me good.”

The reputation he gained for physical strength was not always to his advantage however. That any effort could be beyond his power did not often occur to his parishoners.

On one such occasion he had started feeling ill, but without definite symptoms, to fulfil engagements at Beni Adi, and Azziyah. It was a roasting afternoon in June. His road lay over rough ground, baked and rent by the sun, and for an hour and a half he was forced to walk dragging his donkey behind him over gaps and clods. A long heavy service awaited his arrival, followed by a late supper and sleep in an open court, from which he woke next morning hot and shivering in the grip of tonsillitis. It seemed impossible for the people to realise that he was “dead down sick,” and he was dragged to house after house and asked for a solution of every difficulty that had accumulated since his last visit, from a question of school fees to the mysterious prophecies in the eleventh chapter of Revelation. Its “woes” proved his last straw, but after he had tossed and turned for hours on a hard mattress he was again entreated to rise. One more visit was absolutely necessary. Some “big” man who was just beginning to regard the cause with favour would be seriously offended if omitted, and the sick man forced

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himself through the ordeal as required. The morning brought him another ride that was one long pain, and the preacher reached his new congregation so ill that he had to lie on a divan till the point was reached in the service at which his presence became indispensable, the reception of new members and dispensing of the sacrament.

Jawili was the next point awaiting him, but fortunately he returned to the "Ibis" on the way, and his wife as nurse and doctor forbade further effort. After forty-eight hours he was still so ill that Cairo was talked of, but through the night a turning point was reached and next morning, weak and shaky, he declared himself cured. That very afternoon he undertook a baptismal service involving a long ride and late hours, and during eight successive days visited eight different villages holding one or two services in each, with no sense throughout of submitting to unavoidable martyrdom, but buoyed up by the interest and pleasure of his work, and nursing an obstinate conviction that from the continued effort he was deriving physical benefit.

We have referred to 1879 as the date at which the change of emphasis in Dr. Hogg's life began to appear and his "care of all the churches" to become more absorbing. But from the time of their planting much oversight had been essential, and each year a tour, however short, had been attempted. In 1876 he made his first experiment in combining the training of theologues with itineracy, and at all times when possible he had with him as his companions Egyptian workers—licentiates and colporteurs, or even senior students from the College. The advanced classes dismissed early to render such vacation service possible, and the young men dropped off at various stations on the route, the missionary remaining only long enough to see them fairly launched in their new sphere,

and returning in the autumn when necessary to make local arrangements for carrying on the work begun, while the worker resumed his studies.

In his oversight he was never for any lengthened period the sole worker. River trips fell from time to time to the lot of other missionaries, and in 1876 Rev. Tadrus Yusuf, the pastor of Nakheilah, also did valiant service. But while others came and went who laboured with equal earnestness and whom God blessed abundantly in the work, there remained to Dr. Hogg from first to last a mass of responsibility which none could share. Permanently settled in the midst of the people, it was to him they naturally turned in every perplexity, and to him they voiced every complaint, with "Are you not our father?" as all-sufficient excuse.

Such responsibility did not always take the interesting and personal form that awakens love and gratitude. Often it consisted mainly of long and dreary correspondence, or a heavy battery of appeals for redress aimed at official quarters, while those in whose interests he laboured showered letters upon him as plaintively as though he were idly forgetting their troubles. Amongst such cares stand out pre-eminently the Motiah and Kus cases; in the former liberty to build and in the latter liberty to worship being withheld by government for four and five years respectively as the result of local intrigue. To these was added a case of more flagrant persecution at Nakadah where two Copts were bastinadoed by a powerful co-religionist for visiting at the house of a Protestant, one of them dying shortly after in consequence of the cruelty. While in Britain in the summer of 1876 Dr. Hogg did his utmost through the Evangelical Alliance to rouse the British Foreign Office to action, and after protracted delay the Egyptian Government redressed the grievances,

and thereby extinguished the local opposition as suddenly and effectively as though it had been but a candle flame, not even a smoky trace remaining visible in the air. The redress, however, was only secured after reams of paper and gallons of midnight oil had been consumed in sacrifice.

In 1877, besieged by requests for a personal visit and bound to his centre by a programme of work that proved absolutely prohibitive, Dr. Hogg mapped out a scheme for oversight by means of statistics, and set himself to train his workers to keep accurate account of work done, and of the changing conditions at their various stations. A list of thirty questions was drafted, printed, and distributed, and a college student initiated into the art of tabulating clearly the monthly replies. The questions were so elaborated as to prevent flagrant guesswork on the part of the worker from passing unrevealed. While a few stations failed to respond and blunders were often made, yet the system succeeded sufficiently to place in his hands the data for deriving a fairly correct estimate of the conditions prevailing over the field, and the varying efficiency of the workers employed.

To his successors such tables of names and figures are less illuminating, but the work had not yet grown beyond the limits of intimate and complete knowledge. Each worker was a living personality to him,—a man he had helped to mould and had sent forth in hope and prayer. Each place held for him some vivid memory of the past, to which the list of figures often made a striking foreground. While this system might prove admirable for discovering flaws, their cure remained no easier to effect than before, and sometimes the problems thrust on him made him feel as though on him rested the burden of keeping the whole “monstrous machine” in motion, and he were about to be crushed in the attempt. He

then proposed a scheme for dividing the responsibility by allocating different districts to different missionaries and pastors, but though this was adopted conditions remained unaltered, as neither he nor they were able to visit the districts allotted to them, and while his own district stood badly in need of a man in its midst, appeals from other places also continued to revert to him as the man best known and nearest.

He felt that if the Evangelical Church of Egypt was to be left to itself at so early a stage of advancement, it would do no more for the Mohammedans and for Africa than the Coptic Church had done, for even the best labourers, without the stimulus of frequent visits, relaxed their efforts. They lacked initiative, but rallied gladly to the call of a leader. Letters were ineffective. What they needed was suggestions embodied in the concrete, some one in their midst with the power to initiate and organise, leaving them the task of imitating and completing the copy set. He wrote in distress to his colleagues in the north, and the situation was relieved by the appointment of Dr. Harvey during two consecutive years to spend six months in the Luxor district.

The summer of 1878 Dr. Hogg spent chiefly in the translation for his theological class of his friend Dr. Calderwood's *Handbook of Moral Philosophy*, completing his first draft of the work with extreme relish in sixty working days. In the autumn the inundation brought distress to the whole land, a year of flood following a year of drought bringing disease of every kind in its train. Every station suffered. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander were laid low with typhoid fever and Dr. Hogg's own family suffered much, the parents often at their wits' end as to how to treat their children's ills. The heat was terrific, pillows and mattresses even in the night hours unbearably

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hot, and the children in such a miserable state that the father spent four nights swinging them in a hammock as the only way of stilling their distressed cries. "Do you know what it is," he wrote to his brother, "to get so fagged that you can't be bothered to fix your mind on anything? For months past I have felt so every night, and often I have spent hours rolling on the sofa,—too tired to sit up or lie still"; and his wife remarks "John has been nurse and doctor and is much run down with weary nights and so much anxiety," and again "John is weary, weary weary." No wonder that in such a year but one week of boat-work was secured.

With 1879 a change set in, and henceforth twelve weeks is the yearly average of time devoted to work upon the Nile, an average almost double that of the previous period.

The plan agreed to at the meeting of Association in the spring of 1879 had been that Dr. Hogg should spend the first three months of the summer in Ramleh with entire charge of the theologues. But before he had set his face northward, a document reached him requesting his presence at Ekhmim, a town in the south that had previously kept its doors closed against all mission work. As the document ended with a long list of signatures that included the names of all the influential Copts of the place, the event seemed little short of miraculous. How could he pass it by? Why not teach his class at Ekhmim instead of Ramleh, and so combine the appointment of Association with what appealed to him and would surely appeal eventually to all, as the appointment of God?

On this idea he immediately acted, and the experiences of the summer made upon the theologues an impression so ineffaceable that the tale is recounted to-day with a vividness difficult to reproduce in the printed page. For even before the "Ibis" had reached her moorings beside the

high bank whose dust the hot winds sifted daily over the boat and her contents, the great door wide and effectual that had invited the missionary to enter, was slammed deftly in his face. The priests, alarmed at the dimensions to which the disaffection of their flock had grown, and willing for any compromise that might keep Protestantism at bay, had set themselves with every art and craft available to win back the leaders. They had succeeded. On Dr. Hogg's arrival three men ventured timidly to the boat,—no more; and whenever he showed his face in the streets a hooting mob of boys gathered at his heels, who boasted loudly that they would drive him out of their town as they had driven some previous visitant on a similar errand. The students shared his fate, being escorted back and forth from the inn in which they lodged by a band of youngsters, sometimes a hundred strong, who vied with Gideon's braves in the clatter they produced with broken pottery, and the noise of their lusty chant—"Death seize you, and spare your tarbooshes! Death seize you and spare your tarbooshes."

Dr. Hogg seems to have been in no way discouraged by the turn events had taken. He writes of the place as "A needy field ready to be opened but requiring every preparation for a lengthened occupation before any response will be given to the overtures made by us," and he felt the essential to be that he stay "long enough to gather such a nucleus of resolute spirits together into a compact body, that the gates of Hades shall not prevail against them."

The young men could not at once understand his attitude. They were indignant that their leader should have been befooled, cordially invited to come and heaped with dishonour on his arrival, and they expected him to turn his back on a people that had mocked him, shaking the

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dust off his feet as a testimony against them. Instead they heard with amazement that he wished to rent a house. The news spread at once through the town and rents were raised to prohibitive prices, but a small place was at last discovered, built of sun-dried brick and worth half a dollar a month that might be secured at six times its value. "Rent it," said the missionary. "But it will take twenty dollars to repair it," the students expostulated. "I will pay it," was the answer, and they deemed him mad.

The house was chiefly court, and in this court they met for worship, the preacher seated on a broken water-pot, while on the ground sat the only audience who cared or dared to attend,—his students and three men too poor to lose much in the venture. Overlooking them on the roof women gathered, women used to seclusion but prepared to outrage custom in a zeal not according to knowledge. They came not to listen but to peer down at the "wolves" below, and fire curses on their head, hideous curses coming from women's lips. But the curses seemed strangely innocuous, and the service proceeded. More tangible missiles were then substituted, dirt, brick, anything available; but these too failed of their purpose, the audience shifting to a position out of range, and worship continuing uninterrupted.

Would the man now see his folly? Not he. "Send us your boys," he said to the men, "and we will start a school"; while to his students he explained, "This is just the ringing of the bell and later the audience will come," and he had not forgotten that in Egypt some time elapses after the bell has rung before the people gather.

In the interval benches must be prepared for them. But the Bishop's ban was on all who should help the intruders, and carpenters were hard to hire. They de-



Market on Outskirts of Village



Typical Group of Fellahin



Market Day

VILLAGE SCENES



manded sixty cents a day instead of twenty, and the students stared as their teacher accepted the terms. What did the man expect? Why throw away time, effort, money in a vain attempt? "Strange! strange—his faith!"

But they were still more deeply impressed when they began to realise at what cost the money was secured to bombard Ekhmim's closed gates. The ties between teacher and taught were such that his family interests were not unshared, and they had heard with sympathetic pleasure of a projected visit to Scotland and its purpose. Dr. Hogg's eldest son in completing his course at Dollar Academy distinguished himself by winning four medals and thirteen first prizes, a multiplicity of honours unprecedented in the history of the institution. The family had not been united for three years, and while a reunion was at present too expensive a luxury to contemplate, they had decided to stretch their purse strings to the extent of enabling the father to witness his boy's triumph. The students now learned that the project had been abandoned. To go to Scotland would not only curtail the campaign at Ekhmim; it would cripple its resources, for it was of necessity a private venture, having found no place in any mission estimate. The missionary had remitted the matter to his wife for decision, and her answer—"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it"—settled the question.

The few letters written during the siege give no suggestion of anything heroic in this sacrifice. "You do know," writes the mother to her sister, "how to make it hard for John to resist the temptation to go home. But duty first, there's the rub,"—and with that the subject is dismissed. A few facts of daily life filter through in an accidental way. The cook, inexperienced but willing, has at last learned to make soup. The plague of flies has

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been put to flight by a plague of strong wind. The heat is "quite bearable," 113° under the awning of the deck (the missionary's study). He can use his eyes "now" without pain. When his wife joins him she is somewhat perplexed as to how to whet the family appetite, as the market provides nothing but tough buffalo-meat and a few wild pigeons; no vegetables,—not even potatoes; no fruit,—not even lemons. But "John's health is better, as he has neither reports nor statistics and few Arabic letters to write," and a change of mooring at last brings partial respite from the swirling dust. Besides even opposition has its compensations, and the absence of visitors at night makes possible some ideals of family life long remitted to dreamland, quiet evenings when one reads aloud and the other listens and enjoys, while the moon showers silver on the waters, and tremulous wavelets lap around the river-home and ripple to the shore.

The small meetings were, however, a nightly trial, for "after weltering through a hot day one wants something inspiring." Yet Dr. Hogg refused to cater to the men who had desired his presence by preaching against the corruptions of the Coptic Church as they had desired, preferring, he said, "to preach Christ, and to teach people to hate their own sins rather than to hate their priests," however small an audience might be tempted by such fare. His method and his faith were fully justified, and before the disbanding of the class at the three months' close, when the missionary turned his attention to the needs of other stations, the work at Ekhnim had been established on a permanent basis, with a school whose daily attendance numbered from eighty to ninety pupils, under the management of two efficient teachers, and an audience of some sixty souls gathering to listen nightly to the sim-

ple truths of the Gospel, over whom within three years a native pastor was ordained.

The following year a similar campaign was conducted at Minya, a prosperous town midway between Assiut and Cairo. It was a centre at which Dr. Hogg had urged the location of a missionary as early as 1867, but Monsurah had been chosen instead. No internal dissension but a genuine hunger for truth prompted the request that brought the missionary to the field of action, and on his arrival the boat was crowded night after night with earnest, intelligent young men, who listened with rapt attention to teachings on the fundamentals of Christian faith, and of the life hid with Christ in God. Dr. Hogg thought he had never had so attractive an audience at a new station. Precautions had been taken to rent a house before his arrival, and it was well, for opposition soon awoke. One of the most bigoted Copts held a high position in the government, and his threats were more effective than the Coptic Bishop's curses. Subordinate officials who dared frequent the meeting-house faced the danger of instant dismissal from their posts, artisans ran the risk of a sudden rise in their taxes, while those beneath the range of such arrows might suffer a beating or imprisonment under false prettexts. But the meetings continued with unfailing regularity even when the audience numbered but two, and though soldiers guarded the lanes, the attendance gradually rallied, few but the poorest however venturing to appear.

One night a gale blew and a choking dust fog filled the air. The captain protested when the missionary stepped ashore. "Ya, khawaja,* it is a night like pitch. No one will expect you." "There will be more than usual," was the reply. And he was right. Under cover of the storm

* Oh, sir.

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fifty had gathered. When at 10 P.M. the speaker resumed his seat, watches were pulled out. "It is still early," the men pleaded, and after a slight breathing spell the willing preacher launched on a second discourse.

When the persecutors had committed a few glaring indiscretions, Dr. Hogg changed his tactics, and used his influence where such influence had power. By a circuitous route, the surest road in such cases, it reached the government official, a Moslem superior, warning him that it would be to his interest to mind his own business and let the Coptic hierarchy fight their own battles. The hint was sufficient and the current of religious inquiry was allowed henceforth to flow undisturbed.

Lectures on the life of Christ were the nightly food provided, the meeting usually lasting from 8:30 to 11, though Dr. Hogg had already spent four hours in close work with his theologues, and visitors had used much of his time. He was to be in charge of Alexandria station from July to October and was to take two weeks' rest before entering on the new task, but his holiday was freely dispensed with as he could not bear to leave Minya one day sooner than was needful. Students and teacher worked on Saturdays to finish more rapidly the prescribed course, and thus secure for the missionary a few uninterrupted weeks in which to devote his whole strength to the starting of a school. In educational work he believed strongly in the power of proper equipment; and an abundance of benches, tables, and maps, a blackboard and the indispensable modulator to teach the art of song, were in the absence of mission funds all provided at his own expense, without a misgiving as to the success of his venture. When he launched on his enterprise and but three small boys appeared, he devoted himself to them as heartily as if they had been thirty, regarding them as Elijah re-

garded his cloudlet in the west. In twelve days they numbered eighteen, all small however, and he threw his energies into teaching the two teachers he had engaged how to tackle their work, teaching before them, beginning each lesson to show its method, then delivering to one of them the book while he remained at hand ready with hints, help, and encouragement, for on these teachers would rest the responsibility for the future,—a future of which he entertained as little doubt as though the boys of the town were already crowding to the doors. "Strange—his faith!" But it was justified. The school whose foundation was so carefully laid prospered as it deserved, and before twelve months had passed its income was such as to cover all expenses.

Through the winter that followed Dr. Hogg's desire to be out amongst the churches grew if possible more acute. "How I long to be free from all other work," he wrote, "and permitted to spend my whole time and strength in watering the seed that has been planted! Yet even were this possible, what could one man do among thirty stations (in Upper Egypt alone) scattered over an area 400 miles long?" He once more turned to the American Church, the gist of his message being "Double your force. Without twenty picked men of the first order we cannot begin the work of the Delta or control the work in the South. It is not the number but the type of the churches planted that is of primary importance, but our shortage in men is endangering the type."

For two years he had noted with growing anxiety a tendency among the converts everywhere to leave to their paid agents the privilege of striving to spread the good news of the Kingdom. How could such a Church evangelise Egypt? Only a Church in the life of whose private members Christ appeared re-incarnate, could convince the

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Moslem world that God was incarnate in Christ Jesus. The fear haunted him at times that they who assisted at the birth of the Reformed Church of Egypt were to be doomed to see it sink in its childhood into a living death for want of needful nursing.

An effort had been made at the Presbytery meeting of 1880, after much prayer and conference, to inaugurate a movement towards organising aggressive work in every congregation however small, the volunteer workers to be taught, helped, and led by the agents in charge. Dr. Hogg meanwhile put much study and thought into the preparation of weekly Sabbath School lesson-helps, planning them in such a way that each leaflet would provide suggestive material for a daily study-hour, and guide the inexperienced in their attempts to interest others. Though the plan had been warmly approved by all the pastors and elders present, yet on scattering they lacked the power to set it in motion, and as no one was free to help them the year passed without apparent improvement. Again the Presbytery spent nights in prayer and conference on the subject, and it was suggested that when pastors and elders separated to their homes they should arrange to hold similar conventions in different towns, at which the church members could be present, to stir each other up to deeper consecration and earnestness. Once more the plan proposed was warmly approved, and once more for lack of power to execute it, failed of its purpose.

At the meeting of Association Dr. Hogg urged the need (felt surely by all) of a more personal assistance to the native leaders. Two experienced missionaries, he claimed, should be permanently freed from every responsibility except the care of the churches, one to visit between Assiut and Cairo, one between Assiut and Assuan. If this were a counsel of perfection, let one at least be

set apart to the work. He himself would willingly give up his connection with Assiut and the College—the Seminary too if need be, unless the theologues could accompany him—and do all that was in one man's power to grapple with the call of the hour.

Serious practical difficulties stood in the way of the project, and its only outcome was five months spent on the Nile, during but three of which he was free for the special work required.

It was an arduous tour. At Ekhnim he spent six days, finding much to set in order. Peace was successfully restored and the first Communion service held. At Suhaj he remained long enough to aid the reform party in organising a school, and at Minya he spent four weeks amid a rising tide of interest, marked Sabbath by Sabbath by the increased attendance, 80—100—180—230.

But to secure these longer visits he was forced elsewhere to spend only a day, while to ensure permanent results he would have considered a period of eight days advisable. Each day was therefore filled to its utmost capacity. Visitors lingered late into the night, and usually by sunrise the dahabieh had reached a new village to find a new group of village friends awaiting her arrival. At times his brain was so tired that it almost refused to work, but at the demand of circumstances he drove it on. "Biliousness can't outlive a hard preaching bout," was his theory, and time and again he proved the truth of his adage; but the biliousness when brought to so violent an end was apt to rise from its grave with unabated vigour before many days had passed. "How John drives and drags through it all I do not know," wrote his wife, "but I suppose he is wearing himself out sooner than he should by working his brain so hard."

For the last two months he was forced to moor his boat

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at Cairo in order to share with the missionaries at that station in the teaching of the theologues, and though such an arrangement involved a concentration of the missionary force that chafed his spirit, it was no doubt a blessing in disguise to his over-wrought frame.

The Mohammedan problem which was increasingly engaging his attention was one of his studies with the theological class at this time. Disguised under the title, "Neither is there salvation in any other," it became the subject of a book which he brought out the following winter,—a volume of historic interest, its printing poor, its paper poorer, its cutting and binding the poorest, but worthy to be remembered and treasured as the first book ever printed in Upper Egypt. It was this great problem of Islam that gave its unique importance to the other subject which throughout these years had so occupied his thoughts, the type of Church which Christ desired for the accomplishment of His great purposes, and how such a type of Church could best be produced. With reflections on this subject the correspondence of the period teems, and a few selections may fittingly close its history.

"I believe the millennium is now (nay, has been always) within the reach of the evangelistic labours of one generation of Christians, who have learned, like Paul, to live 'not to themselves but to Him who died for them and rose again.' I believe also that this will be accomplished only when pastors learn that their duty is not only to *feed* the flock, but to see to it that *each* member is put to his proper *work* and *kept at it*."

Summary of a pastoral letter addressed to Assiut congregation. Subject: "*Saved in order to serve.*"

"The work for which the Church exists is that for which the Son of God became incarnate. 'As Thou hast

sent me into the world even so have I also sent them into the world.' Christ's work was not completed by His incarnation, but was only then begun. Your work is not completed when you take to yourselves a bodily form as an organised congregation, it is only begun. 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.' This is precisely your calling as an organised body of believers. Though you support your pastor and wait faithfully on his ministrations, you but prepare yourselves for beginning to fulfil this calling. You are but being ministered unto. If you rest content with this you have no right to exist, and are nothing better than cumberers of the ground which you cover."

To Rev. James Henry, Melbourne, Australia :

"I believe that every congregation of Christian adults ought to meet three times a week at least—once to learn what is duty (a preaching service) ; once to ask for grace to do it (a prayer meeting) ; and once to hear the report of what has been *done* and to plan for the future (a missionary service). All the work of the congregation ought to be carried on under the direction of the Session. The Pastor and his elders would thus be somewhat equivalent to a *general and his staff*—leading the hosts of light out against the hosts of darkness."

To the Earl of Aberdeen :

"I have always felt that the ultimate success of our work in a missionary point of view will depend not so much on the *number* as on the *nature* of the churches gathered or planted by us. Already, in Upper Egypt, we have at least the *nuclei* of as many churches as are needed to evangelise the whole of the Thebaid, provided the 'salt' retains 'its savour' and the 'leaven' is propagative, as by *nature* it ought to be. If, however, the members of our native Church cannot be trained to take a heartier and more serious interest in Christian work,

than is the case with most of them at present, then—as I solemnly assured them wherever I went,—although the thirty stations in the Thebaid were increased to three hundred to-morrow, the ultimate Christianisation of Upper Egypt would be no nearer than it is to-day. Not that our converts in Egypt are less fruitful in Christian effort than the majority of their brethren in Scotland. Such is far from being the case: but both here and at home the growth of ‘Christ’s’ Kingdom is checked and thwarted by the failure of His subjects to realise that the very thing in which the great difference lies between them and other men is this—that others live to themselves, while *they* live ‘not to themselves but to Him who died for them and rose again.’ Oh, for an Evangelistic Baptism all over the Church! Then in one short generation would the kingdoms of this world become the Kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ.”

XV

ARABI PASHA'S REBELLION

The question is What will it next do [the Revolution]; how will it henceforth shape itself? . . . As a thing without order, a thing proceeding from beyond and beneath the region of order, it must work and welter, not as a Regularity, but as a Chaos; destructive and self-destructive; always until something arise strong enough to bind it into subjection again. Which something, we may further conjecture, will not be a Formula, with philosophic propositions and forensic eloquence, but a Reality, probably with a sword in its hand.

—CARLYLE: *French Revolution*.

WE now approach the story of a year that has left a deep impress on the history of Egypt and on the memory of all who were swept along in the current of its political events.

The Arabi rebellion of 1882 influenced strongly the remainder of Dr. Hogg's life, not only because it incidentally condemned him to three years of bachelordom, but because it affected permanently the interests he had most at heart.

It affected the Evangelical Church that was so largely of his planting. He wished for her a baptism of power, and new power came through a baptism of suffering.

It affected the Coptic Church that he longed to see regenerated. The fiery trial that assailed without discrimination all who were beyond the bounds of Islam burned away barriers of suspicion and hatred through

which she viewed her Protestant sister, and brought into full view their common Christianity.

It affected the unreached millions of Islam of whom twenty years before Dr. Hogg had written, "There is little hope of a Christian missionary's gaining a hearing amongst them until some political upheaval shall force upon them the unwelcome truth that the Mohammedan races are no longer the world's conquerors." Such an upheaval now took place and new possibilities emerged.

For years the forces of revolution had been slowly marshalling for combat. When in June, 1879, Ismail Pasha, deposed by the Sultan, handed over to his son the reins of Khedivial government, he burdened him with a legacy from which a stronger man than he might well have shrunk. He ceded to him a country loaded by debt, her foreign creditors greedy of high interest, her people groaning under oppression, her army awakened to a sense of its power, and in her capital a band of unscrupulous men ready under the guise of patriotism to turn the popular discontent and the army's new-born consciousness to their own advantage.

These were serious elements for such a man as Tewfik Pasha to handle. He was a sincere and kindly soul of domestic tastes, interested in education and agriculture, devoted to religion, anxious for his country's welfare and loyal to her allies. He lacked the virtues and the vices that enable a man to keep the upper hand in turbulent times.

Ismail had before him in every crisis one clear issue, "What course of action will further my immediate interests?" Burdened by no scruples as to right and wrong, decision was easy to him, while his extraordinary shrewdness, his personal charm, his strong will, and his power of managing men, were tremendous assets in controlling

events to his own advantage. He moved forward without hesitation.

To the son the situation was more complicated. He was no diplomat and prompt decision was not his forte. Unlike his father he was willing to listen to duty's call, but he was often unable to distinguish it, his eye dazed by the magnitude of the issue, his ears deafened by the clamour of conflicting claims. Where Ismail acted, Tewfik deliberated and asked advice.

The first overt act of rebellion took place in February, 1881, twenty months after his accession, when during the trial by court martial of three colonels, the soldiery in obedience to previous instructions from the culprits broke into the council chamber of the palace, and knocking over tables and chairs seized their officers and demanded the dismissal of the minister of war. The offence passed unpunished and their demand was granted.

A more spectacular incident occurred seven months later when Arabi, one of the reinstated colonels, at the head of his regiment demanded of the Khedive a change of ministry, a constitution, and the increase of the army to 18,000 men. The soldiers evinced little interest in the proceedings, but filling the square before Abdin Palace and awaiting their officer's command, they presented a formidable appearance to the man who, though Khedive of Egypt, could not guarantee the loyalty even of his body guard. Conciliation once more seemed the only chance of averting bloodshed, and after prolonged negotiation the first demand (a change of ministry) was granted, the remainder were remitted to Constantinople for decision, and the soldiery dispersed more assured than ever of their power to rule the land.

From that moment the plot thickened by sure degrees, and events were watched with acute interest by the

European creditors of Egypt. Surely in no other country in the world could so complicated a situation have existed!

The Khedive though helpless was nominally independent. The Sultan as tribute-master was nominal liege-lord. Britain and France were nominally exercising a dual control. Four other European powers as co-creditors held secondary rights of consideration, and twelve had treaty privileges to be safeguarded. How could so nondescript a regiment keep step and move effectively? No wonder that threats and explanations took the place of prompt action, and ultimatum followed ultimatum till they became the laughing stock of the land. By February, 1882, Mahmud Sami, arch-intriguer in a movement falsely called national, had succeeded in creating a situation that forced Sharif to resign, and had installed himself as prime minister in Sharif's stead, with Arabi the tool and nominal leader of his choice as minister of war.

Four months later came the final crisis when in June, 1882, Dervish Pasha, the High Commissioner of Turkey, who had arrived upon the scene to restore order, threw aside the policy of conciliation and treated the rebel leaders with scant consideration. Carefully concealing their hand, they retaliated with a blow that brought him to his knees. At a crucial moment news reached the palace that in Alexandria a massacre of Europeans was raging and that the troops stationed in that city refused to interfere until they should receive definite orders from their chief. Arabi was notified. "Let Dervish Pasha come himself and ask me," was the answer. He did, and the massacre ceased as suddenly as it had begun; but Arabi Pasha henceforth held Egypt under his sway.

Even at this juncture France clung to a neutral attitude, but Britain had too many interests at stake in Egypt to

forbear action further, and a war followed, short and decisive.

Three days after the massacre Dr. Hogg and a few others were closeted in the mission house in Alexandria, discussing the situation in its bearing upon their families then living in Ramleh, when a message came from the consul urging that all women and children should be conveyed to an American warship in the harbour, and disclaiming all responsibility for their protection should this precaution be neglected. Almost immediately a strange confused hum made itself heard, and the men adjourned hurriedly to the roof to discover its cause. The narrow streets had filled with sudden activity, and from every door men hurried out impelled by some common motive. Was another massacre afoot? Had their warning come too late? Would they reach Ramleh in safety, and if so would they be able to place their families in safety when they reached them?

The short journey was accomplished without mishap, and when the party entered the little compound at Ramleh discussion was short and pointed. "Can you leave at once?" "Impossible." "Then pray God the line be not cut before we reach town." Hurried preparations followed with few words, and an hour later the houses were left chaotic, and men, women, and children, carrying babies or holding bundles of necessities in their hands, stood on a platform wondering anxiously if the train would come or what fate awaited them in the city. The train arrived already crowded with similar companies of every nationality similarly marked by tokens of haste and anxiety. But when Alexandria was reached all was quiet. The commotion had died away as mysteriously as it had awakened. The city was like a city of death, with shuttered shops and silent streets, few men and no women

visible. Here and there a soldier might be seen loitering at a corner, or a few gamblers who played with dice some game of chance, as Arabi and his compeers were playing with higher stakes at the capital the game of personal ambition.

The American warship "Galena" was gained in safety, almost every yard of deck already occupied with huddled refugees. Here the mission party were hospitably housed and from time to time new relays joined them from inland stations, while the gentlemen made excursions to the desolate houses at Ramleh to complete their preparations for prolonged absence, and wives watched anxiously for their return, wondering what dangers might be lurking in that sleeping town and counting the slow hours till evening.

Orders having been received from the British Admiral to the effect that refugees lodging in the harbour should be conveyed to safer ports by whatever form of transport should first offer, a party of forty sailed on June 21 aboard the "Falernian," thirty of whom belonged to the mission circle, and amongst them Dr. Hogg and his family. The vessel, built for cattle transit and used for freight, possessed no accommodation for passengers, and the captain, irritated at being compelled to carry a less profitable cargo than was his wont, made little effort to secure their comfort. The party arrived as night was falling, and there still rung in their ears the warm cheers with which the American marines had wished them Godspeed, to bring into sharper contrast the cold welcome awaiting them. Through a yawning hatchway a rough precipitous ladder led into the dismal hold in which all were to be housed. In its centre a primitive table and benches had been rudely fashioned of unplanned wood, and the black vistas beyond were dimly visible in the light of two dingy

lanterns. No further preparations were in evidence. An ominous silence fell as the arrivals surveyed their new abode, broken at last by a pitiful wail from one small damsel whom not even her clutch on a mother's gown could reassure in so dark a cavern.

Before long it had been so transformed as to resemble some subterranean laundry, its empty darkness interrupted by interlacing ropes from which dangled innumerable sheets unearthed from the family trunks. Thus subdivided it furnished each family with the privacy of one whole bedroom to itself, beds being prepared by the spreading of cotton quilts on the iron flooring behind the shelter of the suspended sheets. The dim lanterns were the luxury of the nights, and when a violent storm occurred and the hatchway that opened on the deck was carefully covered to keep out the lashing waves, only such feeble daylight mitigated the gloom as could penetrate from the other end, where a second ladder led up to some dark passage near the ship's kitchen. The swaying sheets and the hold's broad expanse revealed to full advantage the violence of the vessel's roll, and sea-sick passengers were wooed from absorption in their miseries by the necessity of clutching to a rope at some critical juncture to prevent the quilts on which they lay from sliding with their human freight under the dining table, or beyond (should the angle attained favour rapid travel) to some other family's bedroom on the opposite side.

In this cavern seventeen days were spent, and though its greasy blackness seemed every day to thicken, staining clothing and children indelibly with grime, and the steamer-fare became more Spartan, the layer of mould on the loaves deeper, meat tainted and water scarce, yet the health of none suffered lasting injury from the hardships they endured. Imprisonment was lightened by

humour and good fellowship, while the strong sea-air brought colour to some wan cheeks, and Dr. Hogg's youngest child, who had lingered long under a death warrant and shrivelled to skin and bone, became suddenly renewed in all but his morals and proclaimed with lusty frequency his unreadiness for an early grave.

Dr. Hogg had intended to land at Malta in order to return to Egypt at the earliest opportunity and join Dr. Watson and Dr. Ewing, on whom the lot had fallen to remain in Alexandria harbour as the mission's representatives in case some opportunity for helpful action should arise. But the little island of Malta had been already brought to the verge of famine by crowding refugees, and permission to land was refused him. He therefore accompanied his family to Edinburgh, helped to establish them in a new home, and in early October after welcoming another son into the world, bade all farewell and returned alone to Assiut.

In Egypt events had moved with great rapidity and war was at an end. With the bombardment of the Alexandrian forts by the British on the 11th of July, had come the explosion of Arabi's dreams of victory. To his dismay he discovered that the enemy's gunboats failed to sink even when hit, while their shot and shell did dire execution on his forts and earthworks. A paralysis of fear replaced his ignorant confidence, and while his soldiers looted and burned the stricken city their general remained passive and unconcerned, apparently powerless to plan for aught but his personal safety. Henceforth action was left to his underlings, and his chief anxiety seemed to be to avoid battle. In attempting at last to evade the invaders whom rumour placed at Kafr-id-Dowar, he unexpectedly confronted them at Tel-el-Kabir, and his forces were thrown into wild disorder, soon fol-

lowing their terrified leader in his flight from the field. The latter only slackened rein when Cairo was reached, where, too weary to flee farther, he surrendered as prisoner, to be banished soon after to Ceylon.

The end came not a day too soon for Copts and Protestants. In every Mohammedan land politics and religion are indissoluble, but though "Death to the Christians" had been the cry of the Alexandrian mob on the Sunday of the massacre, all but foreigners had then been immune from assault. The subsequent retreat of missionaries from the field was held at the time not only by them but by the native Church to be equally expedient for all, making less prominent the ties that united them, and thus decreasing the danger of the converts being swept into the vortex of Mohammedan hatred that threatened their foreign friends.

But it was only by extending and intensifying this passion of hatred that Arabi and his party could win the support they needed. The measures for which they contended had no power to move the people, who knew nothing of constitutions, cared not who ruled if he but decreased their taxes, and dreaded an army levy as they dreaded the plague. With the wisdom of the serpent, Abdullah Nadim, creator of official bulletins for the party, from the opening of the war in the fall of Alexandria till its close in the final crash at Tel-el-Kabir, flooded the country with exciting tales of glorious victories, and stirring philippics in prose and verse in which he urged the faithful to purify the land from the taint of the cursed Christians. In these thrilling pages British warships went down at the bursting of the first shell, or were easily captured and tugged ignominiously up the Nile to spread the triumph of Islam! On shore success was equally constant. "Tell the faithful of another glo-

rious victory," would be the day's tidings, or "Seven thousand infidels slain and only one of our men received the crown of martyrdom"; and surely the climax in the art of fiction was attained in one historic bulletin where 10,000 British soldiers were left dead upon the field while the only casualty occurring in the Mohammedan ranks was a wound inflicted on one horse, "in its *mane*"! For two months such items were the people's daily food, accompanied by more certain tidings of conscriptions and requisitions which kept them in hiding for weeks at a time, and a growing rumour ever gaining in definiteness of a holocaust with which the campaign was to end, when every Christian in the land would be slaughtered in one great sacrifice.

In Cairo the day was actually fixed and the butchers' knives were whetted in readiness—such at least is the general belief, though proof is not now available. After noon prayers on Friday, September 15, the massacre was to begin, and telegrams sent north and south would ensure a simultaneous rising everywhere. But before the call to prayer sounded its knell of doom from Cairo's minarets, Islam was forced to sheath its sword and the Christians' day of fear had ended. Lord Wolseley entered the capital, and British troops marching through its streets proclaimed the downfall of Arabi and the beginning of the British occupation of Egypt.

As already indicated these stirring events left their mark both on Dr. Hogg's personal life and on the work with which he was identified. The trial of separation was for a time almost obliterated in the pleasure of re-entering on his labours. The mission made a determined effort to visit the entire field without delay, Dr. Watson spending three months in the far south, while Dr. Hogg undertook the towns and villages within a radius of 120 miles

from Assiut. Mondays were freed from college work to render such an arrangement possible, and in eleven weeks he preached forty-eight times, the warmth of his welcome surprising him constantly, sometimes by its intensity, sometimes by the unexpected quarters in which it awaited him.

There were also new evidences of the affection of old friends. He received one morning a call from one of these who seemed to him singularly nervous and ill at ease. Efforts at conversation drew forth monosyllabic responses, and the host was growing perplexed and curious, when the gentleman thrust an open letter abruptly into his hand, which requested Dr. Hogg's acceptance of a gift of \$400 as a token of the gratitude of a few of his Assiut friends. Greatly touched by this unexpected kindness he endeavoured to decline, but his visitor, relieved of the letter, hastily withdrew, and Dr. Hogg found on his return to his study that a napkin containing the money had been unobtrusively left behind. "What would you advise me to do?" he wrote to his wife. "What I did do was to go to my bedroom and thank the Lord for this tangible proof of the affection and esteem of such valued friends." Perhaps they had divined the financial difficulties that had arisen from the unexpected necessity of establishing a new home in Scotland, and found in them the occasion for their unprecedented gift.

One of the donors was a leader in the Coptic Church. Many of the most bigoted had now become cordial well-wishers and the attitude of the whole body seemed altered. Coptic schools desired Protestant teachers, and requests poured in from towns that had never seen a missionary. When the Coptic school at Assiut held its public examination Dr. Hogg was asked to preside, treated with every honour, and requested to close with prayer! Statistics at

the end of the year revealed the fact that there had been more accessions to the Protestant Church and better attendance on week nights and Sabbaths than ever before. Abuna Feltaos, Dean of the Patriarchate, returning to Cairo from a visit to the south, reported to the Coptic Council that the Copts were all becoming Protestants, and suggested as a remedy not suppressive measures as in the days of old but writing of tracts and the education of the clergy! Dr. Hogg, seeing in these and other tokens the dawning of a day when Protestants and Copts would provoke one another only to "love and good works," felt that he and his colleagues had "not lived in vain."

In the Mohammedan field the stirring of a new life was equally striking. At the beginning of the Arabi rebellion the number of Mohammedan converts baptised by the American mission during its whole history had reached but twenty-six. By the close of 1883, twenty-two more had professed their faith in Christ, thirteen of whom had already been baptised, while the remaining nine were still under instruction. Mohammedan pupils in Protestant schools numbered 523, an increase of about a third in two years. At Ekhmim, over a score of Mohammedans were in attendance at the little village church. Everywhere Christian books were bought and read as never before and the Christian faith discussed and examined. Dr. Hogg's hopes rose high. "If Egypt is given religious liberty worthy of the name," he wrote, "our success amongst Mohammedans will soon surpass that amongst the Copts."

But the conditioning "if" was momentous, and depended on the manner in which Britain would interpret her new responsibilities. So keenly did he realise this that his life seems henceforth burdened by a new anxiety,

and by a form of service not new in essence but branching out in new directions and receiving a new emphasis.

His work had already in the past involved him in spasmodic intercourse by voice or pen with a great variety of men outside of his own sphere in Egypt and in England. Such intercourse had been chiefly the outcome of his efforts to secure the suppression of persecution, equal rights for all, whether Protestant, Copt, or Mohammedan, and the removal of obstacles in the way of Sunday observance. But it was partly the outcome of matters less closely connected with his work, partly of accidental circumstances—as in the case of the Maharajah, or of his casual interview with the future King of England. As an interesting bi-product of a busy life these extraneous interests and incidental links with other lives seem to deserve some special notice, the more so that in the closing years they come into greater prominence.

It was Dr. Hogg's usual custom to write with copying ink and keep for future reference a copy of letters despatched. Twenty folios of correspondence have thus been preserved and in turning over their leaves it is amusing to notice the variety of topics dealt with.

Naturally there is a large number of letters all through the years in regard to the Arabic books that are issuing from the Beirut press. Once or twice an author sends him some volume and desires his good offices in introducing it into Egypt. A gentleman in London makes the same request in regard to some illuminated texts in Arabic characters, and receives likewise a cordial response. Some one writes of a project for evangelising Central Africa by bringing natives from various tribes to Egypt for education, and Dr. Hogg criticises the scheme in detail, making both its advantages and its obstacles plain. Another correspondent is keenly in-

terested in industrial work for the Egyptian blind. Several letters ensue, but the effort is doomed to failure owing to the easy profits of the Eastern beggar. Egyptian friends write to him for sewing machines and reaping machines, and he answers their inquiries and corresponds on their behalf. A clerical party want to know the probable expenses of a long desert trip, and some one else the rent of a dahabiyeh for the winter, while a firm in Alexandria writes periodically inquiring as to the agricultural prospects of the year, and careful details are returned in regard to the various crops.

Correspondents of another type he owed to Egypt's historic interest, which drew men of all classes to the Nile and incidentally to the mission house at Assiut. His encounters with such were sometimes of mere passing moment, and sometimes left tracks in his life for years.

He felt a peculiar pleasure in making the acquaintance of Sir George Elliot, whose career he had followed with special interest. The author of *The Light of Asia*, was also a welcome visitor. Moberly Bell, correspondent and afterwards manager of *The Times*, devoted three pages in his *From Pharaoh to Fellah* to his interview with this "Chief whom one would be glad to meet elsewhere than in Assiut," noting his abundant information, his love of his work and his zeal tempered with common sense, and reporting in detail his defence of the Egyptian character and his views of missionary and governmental policy. He met Professor Blackie of Edinburgh University under circumstances characteristic of the erratic humour and erudition of the man. A meeting with Professor Sayce, the oriental scholar, and his offer to propose Dr. Hogg's name for membership in an Assyriological society, were the occasion of a letter to his son Hope suggesting that they begin together the study of Assyrian, as being of

unique importance in its bearing on Biblical study, a letter which acquires peculiar interest in the light of the services his son was afterwards to render to Biblical scholarship by giving to Assyriological study and research its just emphasis and appropriate setting.

But perhaps the most interesting visit and certainly the most prolific of correspondence was that of Lord and Lady Aberdeen during their tour on the Nile in the spring of 1878. They had made their trip serve a double purpose, as the Earl's father and mother had done in 1861, by carrying with them an Egyptian colporteur to sell religious literature wherever opportunity offered, and they returned with four slaves whom they had bought and freed from slavery. Three were but children, and on their arrival at Assiut a baptism took place that could never be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

The contrast in rank and colour, the deeper differences that these typified, and the strange relationship that subsisted between the little Sudanese blacks whom the missionary baptised and named anew, and the Earl and Countess on whom he laid the vows on their behalf, gave to the ceremony an interest as unique as that of the wedding that had crowned his first intimacy with a man of title. Incidentally it led to Dr. Hogg's first clash with Egyptian officials in regard to the slave trade, which though contraband was still secretly indulged.

The boys were left in Assiut College for training, a convert from Islam of their own race and tongue being secured as teacher, and two months later teacher and scholars made a gallant rescue of three slave-girls whom they brought to Dr. Hogg for protection, and whose scanty garb of camel grease and leather fringe proclaimed them as fresh arrivals from the far interior. The

subsequent proceedings made strikingly evident the desire of the authorities to avoid investigation.

Still more revealing was the next slave catch which occurred two years later, when in the dead of night a large gang was captured on the borders of the desert and lodged in the mission church for safe-keeping. The captor was Adolph Roth, a Swiss teacher in the Assiut College, who began his career in the East by walking from Alexandria to Assiut and ended it in the far interior while under the Mahdi's rule. A telegram brought Dr. Hogg from Minya to the scene of action, and days were spent in a vain attempt to secure a thorough examination of the case. An amusing sample of the inventive genius of the captured slave-drivers is preserved in the tale of one who, forced to account for the possession of a girl of thirteen and two boys of seven and nine claimed the girl as his wife of three years' standing and the boys as the fruit of their alliance! In spite of Dr. Hogg's utmost endeavour, the witnesses were so dealt with as to secure the suppression of all evidence that would incriminate those in high power. Entering his protest, he refused to sit through the farce, and along with his son devoted the next days more profitably to the preparation of a careful and exhaustive account of the facts, a lengthy document which was forwarded to those who had more power to act. Strange clues that came later to his knowledge were communicated to the same quarter, and from the pages of Dr. Hogg's correspondence certain corrupt officials of those days might learn unexpected links in the chain of circumstances that deprived them at last of the posts they dishonoured, and rendered useless the petitions for their re-instatement which they forced from the reluctant hands of underlings who feared their revenge.

The increase of British influence in 1882 gave an added

value to the missionary's power of gathering accurate facts, and of seeing Egypt through the eyes of her people. In their view of the situation he and his colleagues were at one, and at Lord Dufferin's request he drew up on their behalf a careful statement of their opinions which was considered by the recipient of such value as to occasion an important despatch to his government which was incorporated in the Parliamentary blue-book.

Dr. Hogg had already had an opportunity of expressing his opinions privately to Mr. Gladstone, whom Lord Aberdeen had invited him to meet while the war was still in progress. At the base of these opinions lay a recognition of the fact that "the Moslems of Egypt, as elsewhere, would yield submissively and without a murmur, to any dispensation of Providence that came upon them with something like the *finality* and *certainly* of a *Divine decree*," and that "anything like wavering or uncertainty in policy and action must inevitably convert this very fatalism into a weapon of rebellion." Unfortunately Gladstone's ruling policy was to avoid all appearance of such finality, and accordingly the splendid men to whom was committed in Egypt the task of reconstruction were fettered in every attempt at reform.

Meanwhile a Mahdi had arisen in the Sudan, and rapidly extending his sway, was rivetting the attention and expectations of Islam. Recruits being required in the Sudan, repeated conscriptions kept the land in a ferment. The native press, given a free voice, inflamed the people, and seditious Arabic papers published in Paris were distributed free of charge. In such an atmosphere stable reconstruction was impossible, and Dr. Hogg felt that Britain was making the mistake of trying to buttress a ruin when it should have been digging and laying a strong foundation on which to rear a new building. Her attitude

in regard to religious liberty was equally disappointing to him. The conversions from Mohammedanism that followed fast in each other's footsteps awoke each in turn a storm of persecution, and as much labour as ever was necessary to secure redress—distracting days and nights of anxiety and toil, urgent telegrams, translation of Arabic documents, repeated visits on the part of his colleagues in Cairo, and a voluminous and wide correspondence, lasting sometimes for months. Dr. Hogg believed that the prompt and firm handling of the first case would have made all easy, but Britain, anxious to interfere with no man's religion, fell short in her interference with crime, and desirous to deal fairly with other creeds failed to command fair dealing for her own.

Dr. Hogg had opportunities of studying the whole situation, religious, social, and political, peculiar to his life as a missionary. He moved much from place to place and was on terms of intimacy with Egyptians of every rank, simple peasants, wealthy landowners, tradesmen, and trusted officials of the government. Of their views, their wrongs, their hopes, and their fears, they could talk to him with an unguarded freedom that would have been impossible with any one connected, however remotely, with the government.

Such information as he thus gathered, purged of details that might implicate the speakers, he was able to hand on to responsible authorities to aid in the righting of wrongs or the guidance of policy, and the men at the wheel as they came and went learned to value these communications. Lord Dufferin, Lord Northbrooke, Col. Johnstone, General Baker, Clifford Lloyd, and Sir Evelyn Baring (afterwards Lord Cromer), were all in their responsible tasks glad to make use of the knowledge and experience of a man whose evidence was always gathered

with a lavish hand and minute accuracy. Some he knew by letter only, while with others he became personally acquainted. Lord Wolseley he met in Luxor, accompanying him over the ruins of Karnak; Lord Northbrooke he met twice, the second time dining with him and remaining in close conclave for hours discussing the elaborate information which at his request he had gathered.

After this last interview he wrote home despondently:

“The British Government do not seem even yet to have resolved on a decidedly strong policy in Egypt. I made a strong point of raising the tax on tithed lands (these being usually rich and well-watered, owned for the most part by wealthy Pashas, yet liable to a tax often less than a third of that exacted from the poor fellah for poorer land). He was not prepared to recommend this, simply because a change so radical would virtually imply that Britain had taken the administration into her own hands. It was the same in regard to the appointment of British officials in the provinces as a check on the venality and tyranny of the Turkish officials, although he admitted it was what everybody was crying out for. He spoke freely of his own opinions and gave evidence of having studied the subject with great care.”

This tone of despondency deepened as disaster, thickening in the interior, gave birth in Egypt to more open hostility to British influence on the part of those through whom she attempted to execute her reforms, and to exciting tales amongst the people of the northward march of Moslem hordes.

A rumour that Khartum had fallen was followed by the news that Gordon was passing on his way southward. He was accompanied by the new Sultan of Darfur, and, with the General's generous sanction, also by the Sultan's wife, whom on reaching his steamer at Assiut he discovered

with dismay to be a composite body of forty-two black women squatting each with her bundle of clothes at her side and covering his whole upper deck! Gordon was in the best of spirits. "Tell all your friends," was his message "that there is absolutely no cause to be alarmed about the Mahdi. All will be arranged and very soon too."

But the sense of cheer the message brought was fleeting, and the next news was of General Baker's defeat in the East Sudan. "If this does not bring the British cabinet to its senses," Dr. Hogg declared, "and lead to a reversal of policy, I shall be tempted to pull down the Union Jack and tell Salim to hoist the American flag."

At last came the crushing word that Gordon had fallen. "I am sick at heart," he wrote. "The newspapers' ominous silence the last few days makes me fear that it is true." And a week later when the rumour had been verified beyond question, "I feel more like praying than talking. What an outburst there will be on poor Mr. Gladstone in next week's papers. I wish it had been less deserved."

It was the dark hour that precedes the dawn, but before its gloom had been dispelled by the light of a new day and Britain had begun to approve herself as a bringer of prosperity to Egypt, Dr. Hogg had left his tasks in other hands and passed behind the veil.

XVI

WINDS OF DOCTRINE

I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend.

I show my thoughts, another his; if they agree, well; if they differ, we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces.

—CARLYLE: *Past and Present*.

FROM cares political our tale swings back once more to cares more Pauline, but it is with a new phase of labour for the Church that we have now to do, a combat with Plymouthism that threatened division and blight.

One would expect the history of an 'ism to be of somewhat scholastic flavour, to show us perhaps clearly Dr. Hogg, the polemic theologian, but only through a foggy atmosphere Dr. Hogg, the man. The reverse is the case, however, and the whole tale, from its opening scene in the resignation of a missionary to the unfinished act in which Dr. Hogg steps off the stage, is thoroughly human in its interest to any one whose attention is not confined to the surface of events.

Rev. B. F. Pinkerton resigned his connection with the mission in 1871 at the dictate of his conscience. He had adopted the Plymouthite views of the Church, the world, and the Christian's responsibilities, and from that point of view his duty seemed to him to lie elsewhere than in Egypt. There is always a tragic element in an unfinished task resigned. His colleagues felt this deeply, and regretted his departure the more that he had won from all both love and esteem. When, however, in 1874, Mr. Pinkerton's conscience reversed its dictum and sent him back to Egypt to win to his point of view "elect" souls in the Egyptian Church, his return could awaken in his old friends little pleasure. Such a line of action seemed inexplicable. How could a Christian deliberately set out on an enterprise whose inevitable outcome would be the creation of division among Christ's people? How could conscience demand his coming to teach to those who were already Christians in heart as well as in name, doctrines which, even had they been true, were of secondary importance, while millions around were living a starved life for lack of the great essential? How indeed could he reconcile his course with the most ordinary code of honour? The missionaries found themselves in a delicate position. To avoid the appearance of setting their seal of approval on his strange doctrines, they felt bound to hold aloof from a man whom for his own sake they would gladly have welcomed. They could not hinder him from disseminating his views, but they could make it evident from the outset that they considered those views erroneous, and could thus put the unwary on their guard.

Dr. Hogg, like his comrades, regarded Mr. Pinkerton's return with apprehension and was equally anxious to prevent the harm likely to result from his visit. He

prayed much for guidance as he awaited developments, but the developments that followed led him into a course of action diametrically opposed to that adopted at the other stations.

Discovering one day at his own door the man about whom he had been praying, he unhesitatingly urged him to become his guest, and Mr. Pinkerton, who had purposed another door and to whom therefore the encounter was equally unexpected, could not resist the welcome accorded him. A fortnight followed, in which Mr. Pinkerton preached nothing but the fundamentals in regard to which both were agreed, and discussed his peculiar views only in his host's study.

It is not in the province of this narrative to decide the right or wrong of the course adopted but rather to call attention to the singular situation it involved. Here were two men whose whole systems of thought were not only at variance, but in important points actively antagonistic. The one believed the other to have set out on a line of action wrong in itself and certain to injure seriously a cause dearer to him than life. His attempts to correct the influence of the other man's conduct were in later years to cost him such strain of heart, brain, and nerve that at his death it would be said by some, "The Plymouthites killed him." Yet the fortnight the opponents spent together was one of pleasant fellowship, an uplift, not a strain, and this end was secured while indulging the most absolute candour and discussing freely the subjects of disagreement.

The letters that tell of the visit are revealing. True to his nature, Dr. Hogg dug through all the corollaries of his friend's belief to reach the ground thoughts of his Plymouthism. Doing so, he discovered a platform that rested on what seemed to him an illogical and fan-

tastic scheme of Scriptural interpretation, but a platform from which the man's outlook became intelligible and his conduct so inevitable as to leave no room for resentment, whatever harm he wrought. It is not great things that cause friction but the small excrescences on their surface. Dr. Hogg, understanding the man, attacked not the smaller details of his conduct that were the logical superstructure of his friend's thought and the irritating factors in the case, but their illogical foundation only. Their discussions thus ranged in the region of the great fundamentals of religion, which make men humble, and from which spring forces that unite them in love of God and man, single-hearted devotion to duty, and confidence in prayer.

At the close of the fortnight Dr. Hogg wrote full particulars of the visit in a letter to his mission friends, and explained the circumstances that had led to his action. He told of the frankness with which he had expressed to Mr. Pinkerton his disapproval of his mission, of their subsequent discussions of their views, in which his guest, though unconvinced, was often unable to answer his arguments; of their prayers together that no harm should result to the work through his visit, and of the hope he treasured of final success in inducing him to accept a more reasonable interpretation of the Bible. At the same time he expressed the utmost sympathy with the man himself, and strove to make clear the reasoning that compelled the holder of such views not to preach to "sinners" but to labour only towards "the edifying of the body of Christ."

"I have no doubt," he remarked, "that it is awfully hard for him to do as he does, and nothing could nerve him to do so but the firm belief that there is a woe laid upon him if he refuses to take up this heavy cross—the

cross of losing the respect and incurring the ill-will of so many of Christ's ministry."

One peculiarity of his letter, however, created misunderstanding. So usual is it in explaining the views of an opponent to prejudice the reader by one's mode of presentment, that Dr. Hogg's very opposite course staggered his friends. All else in his letter was overlooked, and a false impression created. He discovered the misunderstanding that had arisen, and wrote to explain his position more fully.

"Your remarks in regard to my letters about Mr. Pinkerton's visit, etc., and the extract from Mr. ——'s letter in regard to my rumoured sympathy with Mr. Pinkerton's views, astounded and pained me. Surely you must have read my letter very hurriedly, or I must have failed egregiously in making it plain that it was not of his peculiar notions that I wrote as I did. There is no man in our mission who can have less sympathy with Plymouthism than I have; but surely one can respect a man who acts consistently with his own peculiar ideas of truth and duty, without thereby endorsing those ideas. If the brethren in Alexandria treated him as 'a brother that walketh disorderly,' their object was to prevent the spread of his peculiar opinions among their flock. It was with this very object that we gave him a different reception. We may have erred in judgment. I think we did not. Circumstances alter methods and means, though they do not alter principles. It is possible that when he returns we may see it necessary to treat him differently. In this we must be guided by wisdom from on high, not by the example of others who will not be responsible for us and our actions when we stand before the judgment-seat. All things went on while he was with us just as they had been doing and as they have been doing since. Had we received him as an enemy it would have been VERY DIFFERENT."

Mr. Pinkerton, after a short stay in the south, left Egypt, and the two men seem to have met only once more, in 1880, when Mr. Pinkerton, as the guest of an Egyptian friend, was paying his third visit to Assiut. They exchanged calls marked by the same candour and cordiality as before, and Mr. Pinkerton accepted and promised to study some literature on the subjects of dispute between them.

He had meanwhile, however, been prosecuting assiduously the mission to which he believed himself called, and was slowly but surely leavening the Church, not so much by his distribution of Plymouthite tracts as by concentrating upon a few of the ablest and most earnest young men in its ministry the full force of his personal friendship and influence. His attractive character and the joyous fervour of his religious life enabled him to exercise over them no mean power, the more so that his difference of creed was not at first apparent to them, and they were thoroughly permeated by his interpretation of the Bible before they realised whither such methods of interpretation would lead.

As early as 1879, Dr. Hogg had begun to write laborious answers to the questions that had arisen in their minds, but it was not until after the Arabi rebellion that the movement assumed such proportions as to threaten the unity of the Church.

In January, 1883, Dr. Hogg, at the pastors' request, held for them a special class for the study of their difficulties. Their minds, however, were full of questions of Church government, order of service, and the exercise of spiritual gifts, and these matters had assumed for them such exaggerated importance as to dwarf the more vital points of controversy. Dr. Hogg wrote pathetically to his wife of his difficulty.

“I found the pastors very difficult to please in regard to my manner of conducting the class, but I hope to succeed now a little better. They do not wish general principles; they wish little odds and ends of details and side issues, and would like to have them settled without having their minds ‘distracted’ by what seems to them (blind that they are) to have no earthly connection with them. The material that I had prepared wherewith to put them right on these general principles, and so prepare them to understand the drift of my future discussions, they have simply refused to look at, at present. When the class is over they would like to have copies of it, but now they do not wish to have their minds distracted by it from the subject on hand! I wish the month were over. Yet they want to be edified!”

But not even when the class was over would those most affected by the Plymouthite views concentrate their minds on fundamentals and give to the work of the teacher they loved the patient study it deserved; and two months later they addressed to the Presbytery a letter raising seven objections to Presbyterianism and Church organisation and claiming the right to teach opposite views unless they were controverted by categorical proofs from Scripture. To this letter Dr. Hogg was appointed to prepare a reply, and as the controversy was henceforth transferred from a private to a public arena, the story might at this point become irredeemably ecclesiastical, had not a living picture been preserved for us of the man in the midst of his polemic labours, which seems to humanise the whole.

His answer was written in Dr. Lansing's little square house at Hilwan, in the corner of whose court stood a small building which acted as church on Sabbath, and theological seminary on week days to five Egyptian students. Around stretched the pure sand of the

desert; behind, a line of rocky hills; in front, the valley of the Nile, "a glorious panorama of desert, green field, river, palm groves, and pyramids, with the white Mokattam, the wall of the great desert, beyond."

Surely no atmosphere could have been secured less tainted by the aroma of ecclesiastical disputes! A morning hour in the desert while his friends slept, three hours of teaching of the type his soul delighted in, exhilarating intercourse with congenial comrades round the family board, and games with the students in the cool of the day, made up the routine of the life into which was sandwiched the writing of the pamphlet for which the Presbytery had asked.

Dr. Cairns,* who, as a young man in search of health, was spending the spring months with Dr. and Mrs. Lansing, speaks of Dr. Hogg as coming into the circle "like a breath of life." He had met him in Cairo a month before, and thus describes his first impressions:

"Dr. Hogg was seated cross-legged on the divan, wearing a long grey dressing-gown and a cap, and seemed to my eyes curiously like an Eastern sheikh. . . . His figure at once caught one's eye, his face so mobile and full of power and his whole frame muscular and instinct with vitality. His talk that night was to me of extraordinary interest. He had just come down from Assiut, and brought with him news of the first beginnings of the great Mahdist uprising in the Sudan . . . the unknown, formidable Moslem Messiah, the wild tribesmen that were gathering to his standard, and the dread that they would swoop down on the Nile Valley from the eastern desert and even divert the water of the river and turn the Delta into a wilderness."

He thus describes the man:

* D. S. Cairns, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, United Free Church College, Aberdeen, Scotland.

"He was then in the very flower of all his power—a fine man physically as well as mentally and spiritually. I remember his athletic figure opposite me at table, and above it his remarkable head, energy and character written in every line of the features and in the high arched brow. A more delightful companion and friend no man could have had than he was to us all. His relations with Dr. Lansing, as well as with Mrs. Lansing, were delightful. The two men worked together in congenial fellowship. With the students he was equally admirable, and they adored him."

The visitor recalls foot-races in the desert, "the students tailing out in the rear, and Dr. Hogg far in the van, his long arms tucked in and head and chest out, making splendid time." The following passage preserves a picture of an occasional hour of recreation snatched at night "to refresh his spirit with some humanity in the midst of his polemics."

"I would be lying on the divan," Dr. Cairns writes, "reading away at McClintock and Strong's *Theological Encyclopædia*, and Dr. Lansing would be deep in his Hebrew Bible, when a knock would be heard at the door and Dr. Hogg would enter, smiling in response to our hails of welcome. He was clad in a long dressing-gown which came down nearly to his feet, and in his hand he bore a small volume of the *Tonic Solfa Reporter*. . . . Then for about an hour there would be a time of unrestrained merriment, corresponding to the 'rag' at a students' camp and having just the same psychological meaning and value. Dr. Hogg was of course the centre of it all, singing gloriously and eddying about on the floor in the dressing-gown acting the songs, while Lansing lay back in his chair with his fez on the back of his head, his eyes twinkling and his body shaking with laughter, and we both applauded and encouraged the disgraceful scene. Many Scotch songs were sung, but not all classical or Scotch. 'Villikins and his Dinah'

and 'Shivery Shakery' represent the cosmopolitan element. Where he got them I have no idea, but there they were. But he could sing pathetic songs most beautifully, too. One in particular I remember, partly for its own simplicity and beauty, and perhaps partly because it was, too soon for us, to be fulfilled.

“ ‘Beyond the sighing and the weeping,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home, sweet, sweet home;
Lord, tarry not, oh tarry not, but come.’ ”

After an hour or so of this touching of the many strings of the instrument, he would put on his cap and take farewell, and the door would close; the old doctor would turn to his Hebrew Bible and I to my encyclopædia, and Dr. Hogg to his *Plymouth Brethren*.”

Was it because every string in the instrument was kept responsive to the touch, that it remained in tune with life, and awoke no discords through the weary controversy that followed?

The details of that controversy may be left for the future historian of the Egyptian Church to relate. The traces are now visible only in unobtrusive groups of pious Plymouthites in various towns and villages, who delight in informal worship and the singing of hymns, and are accused by others of considering themselves holier than their neighbours, and of caring more for their own growth in grace than for the conversion of the world. While to an outsider such defects might seem a natural outgrowth of Plymouthite doctrine, they invade too successfully every branch of the Christian Church to allow any of us to cast at them the first

stone, and all that concerns us at present is the effect of the movement on the life we are tracing.

For long a serious split in the Church seemed imminent; and while many laboured with him to avert the catastrophe, he stood so pre-eminently before the public as the exponent of the Church's views and the exposé of the innovating errors, that to his deep regret, not to say disgust, many confused the issue at stake, and believed that the contest was not between the Church and Plymouthism but between Dr. Hogg and the Egyptian Plymouthite leader, Rev. Girgis Rafael. That such a position entailed a heavy burden on the man who held it was patent to all. The public, however, could see but a small part of what Plymouthism cost him. The heaviest price was paid in secret in the weary effect on heart and soul of disappointment and sorrow.

We have already touched on the hopes that the events of 1882, the year of the Rebellion, had stirred within him by their effect upon Protestants, Copts, and Moslems. In the summer of 1883 a scourge of cholera moved to more active life the new-born forces, and a revival awakened in the Church that spirit of evangelism for which Dr. Hogg had so long prayed. It was no slight pain to him to watch it vanish, its work but half accomplished, before the spirit of dissension that was the offspring of the doings of those he had loved and trained.

The cholera visitation had occurred in his absence, and he returned to Assiut to find the town moved to its heart, the Church aflame, and her Coptic sister in self-defence imitating her tactics. A crowded evening meeting was held by both, and as he threaded his way by lantern-light through dark streets, his heart thrilled to see up narrow lanes dim groups of men, a lantern

and a Bible in their midst, listening to the message of the Gospel from the lips of a Protestant schoolboy or some member of the Church with a little knowledge and much faith. There had been no need of a foreign missionary to organise such efforts. They had sprung into spontaneous being from a new experience of Christ's power to keep the heart calm while death walked through the land.

Into the midst of the movement came Dr. Hogg's Plymouthite friends, while the effects of their influence at other places compelled his absence, and he came back to find that its precious fruit had under the blight of discord fallen ungarnered to the ground. The same sad drama was enacted at Nakheilah, and the church of Ekhumim, of which he was the earthly father, was only saved from dissolution by a timely visit, during which, after weary conferences, one of them of ten hours' duration, he was able to restore harmony and hope.

The strain involved by such visitation was great. One siege of discussion with a disaffected pastor began at 8 P.M., after a full day's work, was interrupted in the early morning by four hours of restless tossing enlivened by mosquitoes and their allies, was continued after breakfast through the hot hours of the day, resumed at night when the evening meeting had dispersed, and abandoned at last without result a few hours before a second dawn. But the strain of the actual labour that the controversy involved was nothing to that caused by the harsh jangling of its irreconcilable claims. It was more important than ever that he should be abroad among the churches, yet more likely than ever to prove disastrous should he neglect his own station. The Assiut pastor was ill and the congregation in the missionary's charge, and his departure would be the signal for the

entrance of discord. Yet appeals for his presence poured in from every quarter and the substitutes he suggested were refused. "It almost drives me crazy," he wrote, longing to respond.

For the most part, the message of the pen had to take the place of more effective help. And even here he found himself shackled; for while fifteen Arabic documents of varying size were his answer to the people's call for an antidote to Plymouthite teaching, they had to do their work, like Paul's epistles in the first century, without the aid of printer's ink. Manuscript copies were eagerly made, circulated, read, and declared by the people to be the message for the hour, but when they pleaded for printed copies to reach a wider public he was helpless. This was the case even with the lengthy pamphlet, already referred to, which was written at the request of Presbytery. The churches were clamorous for the 400 copies promised them, but mysterious delays occurred in its publication. "Perhaps they will be ready some time before the end of the British Occupation," the author wrote rather grimly to a colleague; and another year passed by before his work appeared in print.

His writing was in part a pleasure. "The true calling of the Christian Church," "The righteousness of God," "The relation of the Christian to the moral law," "The Christian Church the Kingdom of God"—these were themes vital to the controversy yet big enough to arouse his enthusiasm. But another class of subjects, inevitably thrust upon him, caused severe strain of soul. How it can be lawful to follow parliamentary order in Church courts, though clerks and minute books are not mentioned in the New Testament; why only ordained men should be allowed to dispense the sacraments; why the

American United Presbyterian Church and its offshoot in Egypt use no hymns in their church services,—these and kindred topics uncongenial and secondary he could only by sheer force of will treat as exhaustively as the peculiar circumstances demanded. His task was the more thankless, as he knew the leaders to have reached a state of saturation in Plymouthite thought which rendered them almost incapable of feeling the force of arguments that they could not refute, while they had abundant leisure to deluge him with long replies which neither his conscience nor his affection would allow him to pass by unanswered.

While his efforts to convince the leaders were thus futile, his writings played no insignificant part in the final restoration of peace, by enabling the members of the Church to choose sides intelligently. The real issues at stake being clearly understood, few were willing to leave the parent Church when the day of decision arrived, and Rev. Girgis Rafael found himself at the last with but a small following.

An all-conquering affection for the men who were causing the trouble pervades Dr. Hogg's whole correspondence. Not once did he impute to them motives lower than his own. Not once did he write of them words it would have wounded them to read. "They are among our best and most pious men and I am loth to give them up," he could say in the very letter that tells that two of his best years had been consumed in checking the mischief they had wrought. For Rev. Girgis Rafael his sympathy was acute, and it was with deep anxiety that he noted in his haggard face the marks of prolonged struggle and its resultant insomnia. "I can see his difficulties from his standpoint," he wrote, "but I fear no one else does;" and he was deeply troubled lest the

Presbytery should act in the case "more under the influence of the subordinate standards than of the Bible." He did everything in his power to avert such a calamity, and in the final breach it was the men themselves who took the initiative.

Dr. Hogg's "last Irenicon" was not even read. It was a long letter to Rev. Girgis Rafael, the outcome of laborious thought, accompanied by a new thesis in which he made a final effort to meet his difficulties. It was an appeal to study the thesis and talk it over with his old teacher before taking decisive action. It reached the pastor on the eve of the Sabbath on which with a few followers he was to cross the Rubicon, separate from the Church, and take an initial step in the formation of a new sect. The letter covered eight large closely written pages and was handed to him by one of his old flock. He read the first two pages, returned the letter to its envelope, and laid the whole aside. "Why don't you finish it?" asked the bearer, who was anxiously awaiting developments. "What is the use?" was the hopeless answer; "it will only keep me from sleeping." And the writer, hearing of his action, understood, believed him conscientious and sincere, and though grieving deeply, blamed him not at all.

It is pleasant to preserve from oblivion the memory of this understanding affection and the bridge that it built over a strong current of separating creeds; for the air of ecclesiastical dispute is often redolent of other odours than that of the charity that hopeth and believeth all things. To the end of his life, Dr. Hogg and the Plymouthite leaders met on the old footing of respect and affection, and his last letter is bright with the hope of finding soon some common platform on which reunion will be possible. Whether he would eventually have suc-

ceeded it is impossible to tell; for he laid down unfinished a task which none could take from his hand, to enter the wide gates of the Father's house, where all are welcome who love Him, and where theological differences vanish in the clear light of Truth.

XVII

THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Beyond the sighing and the weeping
 I shall be soon,
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home, sweet, sweet home;
Lord, tarry not, oh tarry not, but come.

THE traveller in the borderland of life, before the veil falls from the unseen, is often affected like the traveller in the Sahara. He is beguiled by a prospect enticing but unreal. Years of happy usefulness seem to stretch alluringly before him, their horizon vague and distant but their details vivid and clear, like the lakes and palm-trees that are conjured into being by the mirage of the desert. The river of death by no sound of rushing waters betrays its nearness, and his feet have already reached its brink, before the vision vanishes to reveal the unexplored stretches of eternity.

Through such a borderland Dr. Hogg now travelled, drinking to the full the joy of life and eager as ever to make the most of its opportunities.

Once some one in his presence desired a recipe for arousing ambition. "I have one," he said impulsively, but when asked what it was he shyly parried the question. "I think you know it yourself," was his only answer. His smile however was expressive, and his life and teaching eloquent. "With the King uncrowned whose right it

is to reign, what man who has tasted the joy of His salvation can play with life's gifts or feel satisfied with low achievement?" Such was the feeling that ruled him, and his public addresses and private thought laid increasing emphasis in these closing years on the two ideas thus indissolubly linked, the "Kingdom of Christ" and "service."

He was erect and strong as ever, but his hair was creeping farther from his forehead and grey mingling greatly with the black. At last there came to him a day when he realised with a sudden shock that he had already lived longer than his father. The fact appeared incredible. It seemed to him but yesterday that he had first entered Assiut, and he felt in heart no older now than then. The boyish impulse still lingered, as he walked along the river-bank, to run down and up again for sheer joy of motion, and let him have his family once more around him and in his ears the music and singing that he loved, and he was young enough still for the idle wish that his days might remain ever unchanged.

"Yet it cannot be," he wrote, "one generation cometh and another goeth, and we are of the generation that goes"; knowing which, with his ruling passion strong upon him, his mind and his prayers became greatly occupied, not with death and the other world, but with the years that he pictured before him, and how they were to be laid out to the best advantage for the mission to which he belonged and the churches and schools of its planting.

The Protestant community was calling out insistently for Christian literature, and in spite of that call, the fruit of his overwork in thirty-nine Arabic manuscripts—original, translated, or compiled—was lying idle in his desk for lack of time and means to prepare it for public

use. Only nine of these manuscripts had ever been published, and these were out of print. Fourteen were incomplete and all required revision, some entire re-writing, to fit them for publication, each one having been called into being to meet the immediate need of some special class of men. Only the pressure of these passing claims had made it possible for him to create such documents amid the confused demands of mission life. To perfect them for permanent use he needed leisure and a climate less inimical to nerves and brain.

Would it not be wise in the future to consecrate his summers in some healthful and cool retreat to the perfecting of this harvest of his past, which ungarnered must be lost for ever to the King's service?

In such a question the problem of his family future was involved, and a definite pronouncement was necessary both from the mission and the Board. He concluded therefore to write to them fully and frankly of the matter, and having done so a sense of detachment fell upon him and he could peacefully await their decision, confident that God would guide, and willing to follow His finger though it should point to continued separation "even in Khartum."

During his last journey on the Nile these thoughts engaged him. Though a theological class, evangelistic work, and lengthened correspondence on Plymouthism with the pastor of Luxor, divided his energies, he found many an opportunity for silent musing. His red-letter days (the twenty-eighth anniversary of his arrival in Egypt, his silver wedding-day, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the rescue from the deep) were all kept with peculiar sacredness, as under a starry sky he paced the deck alone, his thoughts roaming afar over the ocean and across the years.

The wedding-day demanded a memento in silver, but he added a curious gift, knowing it to be one his wife would value at its personal cost—an Arabic psalter, newly published with tunes printed in both notations, each psalm analysed in a rhythmic heading, and arranged in suitable paragraphs, whose subjects were clearly indicated to aid in the selection of passages appropriate to the demand of the hour. In the translation of the psalms he had had no part. For the rest Dr. Lansing, while knowing nothing of music, had shared the responsibility; but the bulk of the labour was necessarily his own, and he had expended upon it without grudging, an amount of time, care, study, and strenuous toil, which only a pioneer in such forms of service can conceive.

On his return to Assiut, another of his red-letter days was more publicly celebrated—the twentieth anniversary of the first arrival of the mission party, on February 21, 1865 to establish a permanent outpost in Upper Egypt. God had blessed the weak venture abundantly, and its results were now scattered far and wide over the land. In reminiscent mood he wrote to his wife and children on the changes the twenty years had wrought. He recalled the river journeys of the pioneers of Upper Egypt, Dr. Lansing, Rev. Mr. McCague, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the influences they had stirred into being by the Bibles they sold and the message they preached, his own keen joy in that early success, and the emotion called forth by the reception awaiting him when he too was privileged to sail to Egypt's limits on the same errand. But he recalled too the strength of the apprehension that weighted each worker's heart as he faced northward, the longing for some more permanent form of effort, the knowledge that unless supported by miraculous power the influence they had exerted must prove fleeting and the trace of

their work be effaced, like the track of the "Ibis" on the waters its passage had disturbed.

And now at fifty-five points that they had passed on their pioneer journeys the Gospel was plainly preached Sabbath after Sabbath and night after night, to thousands of men and women of whom 1,842 had deliberately taken upon themselves vows of allegiance to Christ. The rate of progress had become so rapid that of these fifty-five evangelistic light-centres twenty-seven were the fruitage of the last five years. Moreover the sale of Scriptures and religious books had continued in steady increase, doubling every five years, and attaining for the final five a daily average of over forty-one volumes.

Every large Sabbath Market but one had been transferred to a week-day, many places of worship had been built, and over \$36,000 contributed by the people for religious purposes.

In the realm of education the fruit of the crucial move southward was equally striking. Dr. Hogg in 1865, on the opening day of the new school in his renovated stable, had enrolled four boys; now 338 students were receiving a Christian education in an attractive and substantial college, well built and well conducted, under the careful management of competent American colleagues and a loyal Egyptian staff.

During that slow evolution 43 smaller Evangelical schools and 8 Coptic schools had sprung into being in Upper Egypt, and the parent institution had under the strongest religious influences trained and sent forth the teachers that manned them. These were now 90 in number, and all had been drilled even in advanced studies, while in 1865, for lack of native helpers, the teaching not only of Arabic grammar and arithmetic but of the very alphabet itself had often fallen to the lot of the mis-

sionary. Nor were pastors and teachers the only fruit of the College. So thorough had been the education imparted that everywhere its pupils were in demand. Interpreters in the British Army, station-masters, telegraph workers and almost every clerk in the Postal and Steamboat services of Upper Egypt, hailed it as their Alma Mater, and claimed its founder as their teacher or as one by whom their teachers had been taught.

What had been accomplished meanwhile for woman was evidenced by the Egyptian ladies who presided at the celebration feast. Here was a type of Eastern womanhood which without noise or contest could attain to liberty and compel respect, and whose education was the fruit of a sister institution that had arisen side by side with Assiut College, and owed its being chiefly to the labours of Miss McKown, another of the little mission party of 1865.

Under Miss McKown's zealous and efficient care a flourishing boarding and day school had won its way into popular esteem, and on New Year's Day Dr. Hogg had been able to brighten for her the opening year, as in Alexandria she sat with bandaged eyes on the threshold of night, with telegraphic tidings that he and his colleagues had after indescribable manœuvres succeeded in securing for her a long-sought site for a new building. Now on this twentieth anniversary of her first arrival at Assiut the camels were carrying to the chosen spot the first loads of building material for the Pressley Memorial Institute, the promised-land of her dreams which she would ere long enter but never with the eyes of the flesh behold complete. The fiat of total blindness had not yet fallen upon her, however, to darken this day of retrospect and hope, and its celebration formed a happy close to Dr. Hogg's life of separation from his family.

Three weeks later he was journeying joyfully homeward

under instructions to spend six months in Scotland in the preparation of Arabic tracts on the nature and work of the Church, his general plan for the future summers having received informal sanction, with Ramleh as his probable place of retreat. He reached Edinburgh early in April and was never again separated from his wife and children till he left them to join the rest of the family in their heavenly home.

The years of loneliness had strangely enriched him. They had given him a more intimate knowledge of his fellow-workers at Assiut by rendering him more dependent on their sympathy and aid. "I admire them the more the better I know them," had been his testimony. "They are a splendid staff of workers, men and women both." And there is a touch of pride in his reference to his "noble young colleagues," as he tells of the place they are taking in the work. More than once in his closing years he suggested handing over the principalship to his successor; and though the younger man refused the honour till the death of his senior thrust it upon him, the incident remains the strongest proof possible of the trust and appreciation that intercourse had engendered.

Meanwhile separating seas had but drawn the tighter his family ties through the medium of a full and free correspondence. His home-budgets, with their regular contributions from each of his children, he had regarded as a weekly feast to be proudly shared whenever he could find a willing victim, and to be answered with equal fullness and a dexterous manipulation of the details of daily life to suit the varying ages and tastes of his correspondents. The results were evident on his arrival, and he marvelled and gave thanks.

His surroundings were now ideal for the success of literary work, but ill-health soon dogged his efforts and con-

centration of mind became often a physical impossibility. While in Scotland he wrote 340 pages of Arabic on the subjects assigned him, but he failed to complete his task, and was so dissatisfied with his accomplishment that he desired to remould the whole. It had been decided that at the close of the summer all save his eldest son should return with him to Egypt, but as his troubles increased a minor operation became necessary which left him prostrate, and his immediate future doubtful. Medical consent for the suggested move was at last secured, the physicians rightly discerning that with proper precautions the missionary would recover tone and strength more rapidly in the land that absorbed his interest. The mere prospect of return acted upon him like a charm, and before Egypt was reached he seemed remade.

Once more in Assiut, the condition laid upon him that no hard work should be attempted was naturally forgotten, and he soon launched forth on a full tide of missionary activity. Sabbaths and sometimes Saturdays were spent in village preaching, three or four hours of teaching were undertaken daily for the college, and amongst other irons in his fire were the translation of a book on logic for one of his classes and the revisal for the press of a theological textbook he had already translated.

During a short vacation in January he became absorbed in another literary scheme of which he writes in some detail to Dr. Watson in his last letter preserved to us. He had been studying for some time with growing interest Bryennius's edition of the *Didache* or *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, an ancient manual of Church ordinances and moral precepts the manuscript of which had lately been discovered in Constantinople. He had shared his spoils with his Plymouthite friends, criticising their views from the new basis thus supplied, and had

found them interested, arrested, and hopeful of securing some new footing on which reunion might become possible. What had proved valuable to them, he believed, might prove equally so in relation to the Coptic Church. His plan was to print in parallel columns translations of the *Didache* and of the corresponding portions of the Book of the Coptic Order and of the Seventh Book of the Apostolical Constitution, and he believed that such a work would prove in many respects a thunderbolt to the Coptic hierarchy. It would be impossible to complete it while college remained in session, but that did not hinder him from running races with time in the preliminary stages of progress.

On a Saturday night, February 13, 1886, he finished a portion of the work, which had necessitated the use of a precious document venerated by the Copts, the loan of which he had secured through an influential Coptic friend. It had been a strenuous day and he was to preach an important sermon on the morrow, but he had been unwilling to close the week till he should complete this portion of his task. About 11 P.M. he joined his wife and daughters, tired but happy, with the Arabic word "Khalas" upon his lips. His literary work was indeed "finished." He had laid down his pen forever.

Sabbath was a day for which he had long waited. The junior class of theology contained at this time but two students. Government positions lucrative and honourable were now available for any college graduate, and the salaries that some teachers could secure were far beyond the reach of any pastor. What wonder that the changing conditions of Egypt should have turned ambition into fresh channels of usefulness, and created a drift away from the ministry? Dr. Hogg viewed the situation with sympathy mingled with deep concern. He believed that

the new opportunities were deafening many a young man to the claim of a service that would be a greater blessing to his country and develop in him a higher type of manhood. A sermon had long been burning in his soul, and at last the necessary absence of the native pastor of Assiut gave him his coveted opportunity.

To an audience composed largely of college students he delivered his last testimony, with a conviction that was a legacy from the experience of a life-time—"He that chooseth the office of a bishop chooseth a good thing." The sermon made a deep impression on the audience, but drained the speaker's strength. An unexpected funeral, a Sabbath-school service, and the entrance of visitors, combined to consume the remainder of the day and to render rest impossible. By evening he was prostrate and on Monday, while he dragged himself through his accustomed work, he felt unable to break his fast till sunset. A violent pain soon seized him, and his wife discovered him in his bedroom writhing in agony on the floor.

The days that followed were full of growing anxiety and grief to those who watched and nursed him and to an ever increasing circle of inquiring friends. For a time the possibility of a fatal ending seemed past belief. His sudden seizure was by no means unprecedented, and his doctor's prophecies encouraged hope. The utter collapse of power was pathetic in a frame so strong, inhabited by a spirit so virile, but the patient had marvellous recuperative force, and it seemed reasonable to expect that as soon as he was able to retain any nourishment strength would begin to return. The period of nausea passed, however, and no improvement followed. Sleep became the next desideratum. Let that be but secured and Nature aided by the remedies employed would surely do the great Healer's work. But a second time hope proved

beguiling, for when sleep came it was no refreshing slumber but a dull coma that evidenced the subtle progress of disease.

A veil of silence and separation speedily enshrouded the sufferer in its folds. Even from the first, little intercourse had been possible. When pain abated, sores had broken out in the patient's mouth and nostrils, and these along with his great weakness rendered speech a burden. Still a cool wet cloth on his brow or the bathing of his hands and arms would often call forth expressions of delight, and for the first ten days he showed great enjoyment when his wife or daughters sang for him his favourite hymns, and always begged to have the doors opened when his children gathered around the old harmonium for their daily singing lesson. "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," he whispered once; and again, "I did not know it could be so nice to be ill."

In the shadow of sorrow the mission circle proved anew the strength and worth of the ties uniting them, and the wife and daughters were surrounded from first to last by an inventive sympathy that left no possible channel of helpfulness unutilised.

On the second Wednesday evening death seemed imminent. For a time both husband and wife thought that the hour of parting had come, and though the shadow passed and for three days the sick man lingered, the feeling had not been wholly unfounded. He had now reached a region where his soul must dwell alone, and of which he could give no account to those who yearned to follow him even to the river's brink. Once when his wife spoke to him of the joy that lay before him, he seemed to be struggling to respond, but he could only articulate faintly, "I have no power." The brain had finished its work, and

the life that he had lived must remain his answer to the questions that loving hearts might seek to ask.

Meanwhile on Friday evening a special physician had arrived for consultation, but "Dr. Hogg's condition hopeless" was the word sent back to Cairo. Another night and day dragged slowly past. Dr. Watson and Dr. Harvey journeyed south still hoping against hope, clinging to the thought that God who doeth all things well could not will the death of one whose life seemed so necessary to the progress of His cause. Two hours after their arrival, however, as they stood with the family and friends around the bed of their unconscious comrade, God opened for him noiselessly the gates of eternal day, and he passed without sadness of farewell out of weakness and suffering into the joy of his Lord.

To some who spent the next sad hours in the mission house, and who had never seen the East bewailing her dead, it seemed almost as though the wheels of time had rolled back centuries. Was it not thus that grief had spread that fatal night when Egypt's first-born was stricken? Out of the stillness came the terrible sounds of grief, a confused and pitiful wail mingled with the uncontrollable sobbing of strong men. The people were mourning now for a father taken from them in his prime. Their sorrow had broken out with sudden violence at the very door of the stricken house, in the court, in the street, and in the girls' school adjoining. When kind friends strove to restore quiet in the immediate vicinity, the air seemed still full of weeping, and through the silent hours of dark the wind bore back the sound, rising and falling faintly like distant waves of the sea, and breathing that note of hopelessness that seems to haunt the dirges of the East.

Only within the house all was quiet. The last hymn

to which the dying man had listened breathed the spirit that now ruled.

“ If thou shouldst call me to resign,
What most I prize—it ne’er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine.
Thy will be done.”

She who sang it had long since learned the secret of such resignation, and in the days that followed she was the people’s comforter, the strengthener of their faith and the restorer of their drooping courage. Of the deep and widespread need for such comfort and encouragement the months that followed were to bring ceaseless proof, and from the first it was abundantly evident.

The night of weeping ushered in such a Sabbath as Assiut had never witnessed. At both services the church was full to suffocation, and the Mohammedan Governor of the province along with his suite occupied a foremost place in the audience.

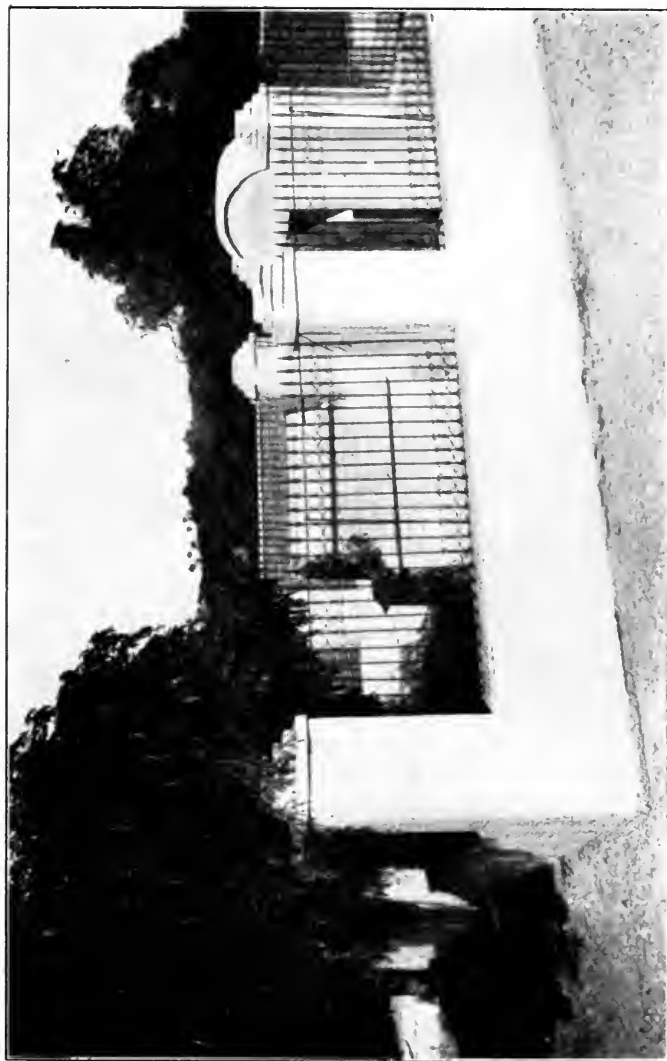
In addition to the thousand packed within the church almost an equal number were gathered without even in the morning, and during the funeral service in the afternoon a crowd of men filled not only the large space in front of the building but even the streets on either side, Protestants, Copts, Moslems, and Greeks united for once by a common bond in their respect and admiration for a man whose life had overcome hatred and scorn and created a new ideal of goodness among people of every condition of life.

The service within was conducted by the Egyptian pastor assisted by some of the missionaries, and at the end the people petitioned to be allowed to look for the last time on the face of their friend. “ How they loved this

man," the Governor remarked as he watched that moving throng, and he and his suite joined in the procession that followed the casket, and walked behind it to the limits of the town. In that procession were many of the wealthiest citizens of Assiut as well as its aristocracy of mental and moral force. Many poor were there, many villagers who hearing the news had walked or ridden from surrounding towns. A company of British soldiers sent by the commander of the Assiut forces prevented a complete blockage of the road and preserved order.

The way to the Christian burying-ground lies along the edge of a strip of desert at the foot of limestone hills. The place itself might look grim and forbidding to a Western eye, for it is without flowers or shrubs and each grave, an exact copy of its neighbour, rises bald and gaunt out of the rough ground with none of those tokens of loving remembrance that are often so eloquent in a Western cemetery. But the spot has the inalienable beauty that belongs to sunshine, solitude, and stillness. There is no sound but the endless song of the lark, or the call of a hawk far up in the blue. On the one side stretches the emerald plain, on the other runs the Libyan range, every detail of cave and rock standing out with startling distinctness in the clear air. Under one's feet is the pure sand of the desert, to which twenty years before the missionary had committed his firstborn.

That act had then seemed to him significant, consecrating to him for life and labour the whole district, and for death and rest the spot it had made dear. From that time it had been his hope to spend his life for Egypt in the sphere where his early hardships had been borne, and to be buried here at last before the shades of evening should begin to gather upon him. His wish was now fulfilled, and though at noon the call had come, it had



GOD'S ACRE: GRAVE OF JOHN HOGG

found him ready, ready for rest and peace, ready also to work on, serve ever, there as here.

Mr. Wissa Buktor, a life-long friend of the missionary, begged to be allowed to assume all the expenses connected with his burial. The tomb was his gift, and the monument that marks the spot is his loving memorial. It is a large solid erection of white marble, with elaborate inscriptions in Arabic and English, and decorations in red and blue and gold. The irregular English lettering was typical of the time, while the oriental colouring, now faded and subdued, acquired a peculiar fitness in the light of the life the stone commemorated. For such a life no monument would have been suitable that did not proclaim itself Egyptian. Four acacia trees now shelter the tomb and by their grateful shade add a touch of softness that at the time was lacking.

The funeral Sabbath was the first of many days of mourning during which in the mission house the people came and went in an incessant stream, entering often in tears to leave quieted and subdued, resting in the thought that God could make no mistake.

A letter written at the time says:

“It is impossible to give you any idea of the sympathy we have been shown by all and sundry. They look upon the sorrow as as much theirs as ours. Protestants, Copts, and Moslems unite in mourning the death. Moslems are seen sometimes weeping in the streets, and they comfort themselves with the thought that he is in Paradise. Two Moslems began fighting in the street as to whether he, being a Christian, could go to Paradise. They came to blows and were taken up by the police. The one who had said he would go to heaven pleaded his case, and the answer was, ‘True enough. He was a better man than our Kadi.’ On Sabbath the Mudir, in answer to one who remarked to him, ‘He was a good man that,’ said, ‘Yes, the first man in all Egypt.’”

The death came upon the whole Protestant community with the shock of a thunderbolt. Even those who had known the full gravity of the illness had been incredulous of the blow that was to fall upon them.

"The whole mission was astonished, stunned, dismayed. The native brethren from one end of the country to the other wept as for a father, while many were so disheartened that they began to think that the cause of truth was lost. In some places the people were saved from utter confusion and despair only by the historic saying, 'God is not dead.'"

Dr. Lansing writing a month after the event refers to it as "that staggering blow . . . a blow between the eyes, that kills"; and for him it had so shattered some secret spring of youthfulness that henceforth age pressed upon him subtly.

"It is a dream," he says, "I cannot yet realise it. For thirty years have we planned and worked together in this valley of the Nile, and is it over? When I think of it or attempt to write of it to others, my heart begins to flutter again and I must desist."

When Presbytery met "a feeling of irrepressible loss filled the heart of every member and a sense of utter helplessness manifested itself in every prayer." But "a sense of duty to Christ and His Church and Cause, and of God's special grace gradually aided them." Resisting the paralysis of sorrow, they set themselves to awaken the stricken Church from her grief to face the demands of the hour. A circular letter was sent throughout the land as a rallying call to the people, urging them to hear in their strange visitation the voice of Jehovah repeating for them His command to Joshua and Israel with its ac-

companying message of good cheer. "Moses my servant is dead. Now therefore go over this Jordan thou and the people, unto the land which I do give to them. Be strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whither-so-ever thou goest."

EPILOGUE

TO write an epitaph as its chooser willed, we have told the story of his life. Will the epitaph so written touch springs of action? He willed that in that epitaph what he did should be lost to sight in what he strove to do: what he was, in the convictions that moved him. What were those convictions? That we must be willing to sacrifice all for the creation of a Church that will prove adequate to the task of bringing the Gospel within the reach of every soul. That the adequacy of the instrument will depend, not upon its size, but upon its type. That all success will prove but a stumbling-block that is numerical, not spiritual.

What type of Church was the ideal of his dreams and of his toil? A Church "whose *raison-d'être* is to carry on the work of Christ in the world," whose pastors and elders are "a general and his staff leading the hosts of light out against the hosts of darkness," and between whose members and other men lies this radical distinction, "that while other men live unto themselves, they live not unto themselves but unto Him who died for them and rose again."

Has his epitaph no message for to-day? "Methods change but principles never." So long as the goal he strove towards is still unreached, should not the question be repeated with the changing years? "What to-day would prove the most speedy and effective means of attaining it?" Should it not be regarded as the question of paramount importance—a question to be faced individually by every church-member and collectively by

every body of Christians, in a spirit expectant of new answers for new conditions, prepared to receive *God's* answers in humble and self-denying obedience?

The answer of God to our searchings might mean to the Church in Christian lands such gifts of men and women and money as she has never yet offered on His altar. It might mean to the missionaries of her sending the abandonment of some long-cherished plans, or of some forms of service good but not the best. It might mean to the churches of their planting searching of heart, the purifying of communion rolls, a parting with this world's goods, and a venture of faith along paths of undreamed-of labour.

Whatever God's answer be, we may follow without fear the pointing of His finger, assured that He will guide us to victory and everlasting joy. But let us remember that no worthy goal can be attained without concentration of endeavour, and that those who would be the saviours of the world must be willing to tread a path that leads into valleys of humiliation and up heights of sacrifice in the footsteps of our Master Christ.

DATES

- 1833. John Hogg, born April 30, near Edinburgh.
- 1842. Employed in coal mine.
- 1848. Joins the church.
- 1849. Enters University of Edinburgh.
- 1856. Arrives in Alexandria, 6th December. Opens a school.
- 1860. Married to Miss Bessie Kay, Edinburgh, January 10.
Shipwreck, January 31. Arrives in Alexandria, March 18.
Ordained by Presbytery of the American (United Presbyterian) Mission.
- 1862. First extended tour on the Nile.
Transferred to Cairo.
- 1865. Begins work at Assiut, February 21.
- 1867. Coptic Patriarch visits Assiut.
- 1870. Dedication of new Church at Assiut.
- 1871. First College building erected.
- 1872. Visit to America.
- 1874. "Preamble and Resolutions." January.
- 1875. Staff of College increased.
- 1879. Nile work increases—average twelve weeks a year.
- 1882. Arabi Rebellion.
- 1883. Plymouthite controversy; pastor's class.
- 1885. Death of Dr. Hogg, February 27.

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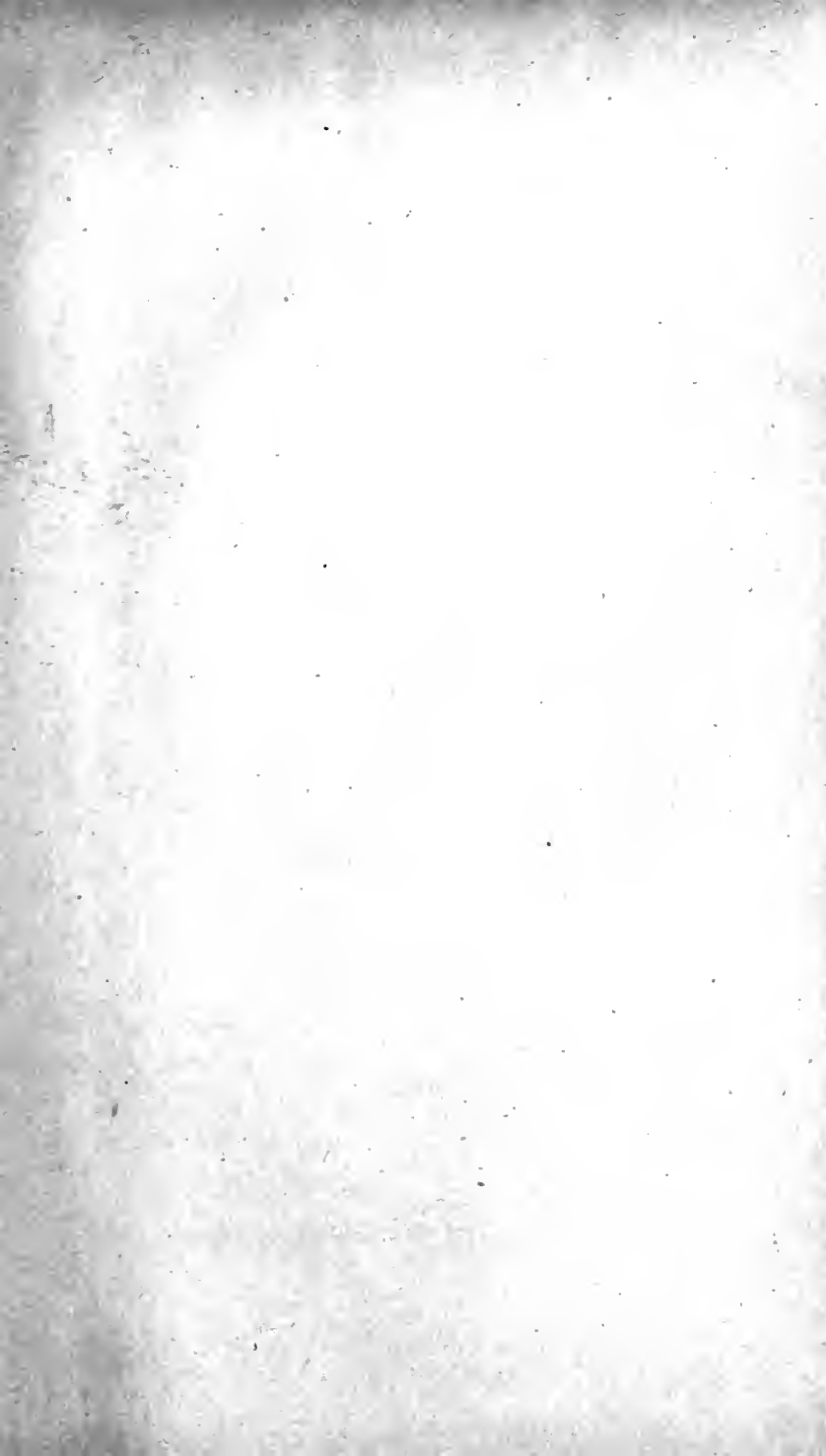
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